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# THE IRISH MONTHLY.

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BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER I.

### A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY.

**B**RACQUEMONT, Bracqueton, or Bracdune, may possibly be found enrolled in Domesday Book, that predecessor, for Norman England, of the peerage and baronetage of our day. Ancient title-deeds give us those forms of the name, as that of a knightly and distinguished family under the successors of the Conqueror. If they traced up their lineage, as the Herald's College would be likely to permit them, to the possessors of the old feudal keep of Bracquemont, on the southern borders of Normandy Proper, where one of its pleasant valleys slopes down into Le Perche, then few holders of the present coronets of England could show such a family tree. But these are things of a dim and obscure past. Our present history concerns itself with a much later date, and we leave Garter King-at-arms and Portcullis to settle the question when it shall come before them.

Later provincial histories, then, make honourable mention of the Bractons, now shorn, by an unceremonious age, of the full proportions of their ancient name, and describe them as a leading family in that more northerly tract of the Midlands, where Ernham Hall is seated. Their possessions, like those of others owning what Justice Shallow calls "an old coat" of arms, had been curtailed, through various causes; but enough remained to maintain their position, even before the discovery of a profitable coal-mine on an outlying part of the estates. The Wars of the Roses had seriously impoverished the stout knight who reigned over his vassals during that disastrous time, and gave blood and treasure without stint for the Red Rose of Lancaster. But the monastic spoliations of Henry VIII. had restored the fortunes of the house, by the dubious and perilous gift of Ernham Priory, with

all its messages and appurtenances, to Sir Hugo de Braqueton, who had served the king in his French wars. Other accounts would have it that Sir Hugo had been equally fortunate, or equally sacrilegious, with Sir Miles Partridge, who won from his Majesty, by a cast of the dice, the sweet peal that went by the name of "Jesus bells," belonging to a desecrated church in London. They who held to this account of the matter pointed to two undeniable facts in confirmation of it: the almost continuous misfortunes which appeared to cling to the ancient house, and the insane devotion of its modern representatives to the gaming-table. It seemed a fitting Nemesis of retributive justice, that if hazard had put them in possession of the broad acres and religious buildings, once solemnly dedicated, under anathema, to divine service and the relief of the poor, hazard should, in like manner, render their ill-gotten spoils delusive and treacherous as a demon gift.

In the dark picture which these unfavourable outlines compose, there was at least one brighter spot. The Bractons had never lost the ancient Faith. This tenacity might, indeed, be little more than a family tradition, and the Catholic religion a kind of heir-loom at Ernham, together with the old Tudor plate and the deeds by which the hereditary demesnes were held. But the fact remained no less true, that neither the malignity of persecuting times, nor the more seductive smiles of court promise at a later day, had availed to deprive the descendants of Sir Hugh de Braqueton of that jewel which some of them, certainly, had possessed without greatly adorning.

Sir Edward Bracton was the present inheritor of these ill-gotten domains, and of the fatal propensity that seemed to cling to them. When our tale commences, he was noted in London as a reckless gamester, yet a successful one. The wonder was, that with so incessant an application to the fickle wheel of fortune, he had not long since shared the fate of many of his gay companions, who had crippled themselves in various degrees by the same adventurous career. Some of these disabled Knights of the Green Cloth were dragging out a painful and dishonourable existence on the wrecks of their former fortunes; some, self-exiled, or earning a bitter daily bread in foreign lands; some—the period of these events is sufficiently removed from to-day to allow it—were languishing in a debtor's gaol.

Sir Edward, meanwhile, lived, and appeared to flourish, amid the overthrows of less fortunate men around him. Though subject, from time to time, to inevitable reverses, and those severe ones, he seemed possessed of some marvellous power of recovery. His losses were in great measure repaired, and he seldom appeared to be distressed for money. In what degree, bystanders asked, was this attributable to the mere courtly *insouciance* with which every gentleman was expected to take his losses, even as the prize-fighter is bound by the code of the ring to take his punishment, and come up smiling again at the next

round? At all events, Sir Edward Bracton, to outward appearance, held on the prosperous tenor of his way.

This exemption was attributed to various causes, according to the disposition of those who speculated on it. Some thought it the result of unusual skill, and power of mental combination: for, during his residence as a fellow-commoner at Cambridge, Bracton had given no small promise of mathematical talent. His friends, or at least companions, asserted that nothing but the reversion of the fine fortune that fell to him on his father's death, had prevented his attaining the honours of a wrangler. Less favourable rumours, indeed, existed, to account for his success. It was darkly hinted that a talisman, brought by a merchants'hip from the far East, was always worn round his neck: though even his confidential valet could give no certain account of it, so jealousy was it concealed, if indeed it existed. Others whispered, with equal caution (for Sir Edward was as skilful with his small-sword as with the dice-box or the cards), that his practice, if not the result of preternatural assistance, at least lay outside the laws of human honour. No mere give-and-take of ordinary fair-play, they averred, would account for so long and prosperous a run of luck. One son of Mars, indeed, Colonel Reynolds of the foot-guards, undertook to allude to this general opinion on the part of the club. But Bracton, though holding no commission in his Majesty's service, and inexperienced alike in skirmishes and general actions, convinced the gallant member that cold steel may be efficient even in an unprofessional hand. At a meeting in the gray of the morning behind Montagu House, the man of peace succeeded in pinking the man of war: and the Colonel, though gaining by this act (of which the present notice implies no sort of approval) unbounded popularity at Crockford's, wore his arm in a sling for three months after.

This is not the description of a man liked or trusted by his fellows. In truth, Sir Edward was neither. There was nothing about him to inspire the confidence so often given or withheld by a kind of instinct tending, in some instances, to harsh judgment, but not seldom justified by the event. His laugh was one that communicated no sense of cheer. His infrequent smile was a gold glitter. Polished, with a measured, unfriendly courtesy of demeanour, he attracted none who could look beneath the mere brilliant surface presented by a man of splendour and fashion, with the manners that pass current in society. The face was handsome in outline and proportion; but those clearly-cut features lacked all token of such beauty of expression as often appears in countenances less regular. In a word, then, Bracton was an unloving and unlovable man.

Sir Edward was not the only scion of the house he represented. He had a twin brother, over whom he possessed so slightly the right of primogeniture, as only just to make him the elder son.

Edward and Walter were exactly alike in feature, in stature, in voice and manner, in all that seems to constitute identity. As children, and then as boys, some difference of dress used to be made in order to know them apart. Even in after life, their voices could never be distinguished from each other. It became an amusement among their friends to place them in succession in a *pose plastique* near the diningroom wall, and then, throwing the shadow on it by the light of a chandelier (lamps being future inventions), to make any one of the party, however intimate, guess to which the *silhouette* belonged.

This resemblance, unusually striking even as between twins, in great measure extended to their dispositions and habits of life. The family taint was upon Walter, as well. His limited younger brother's portion did not permit him to stake the *rouleaux* of gold that waxed and waned under Edward's hand, nor to sign the "*I owe you*" to which the baronet attached his dashing signature on the table and on the spot, and which he so often succeeded in recapturing. But Walter, if more limited in the scale of his gambling, pursued the master-passion with an eagerness as reckless and devouring. From the day when he played chuck-farthing with his father's grooms, and betted on a pony-race with young Hodges, the son of a farmer who held extensively under old Sir John, Walter Bracton became a confirmed votary of Fortune. Nor did his reputation for fair dealing stand higher than his brother's. He was a member of no club, for he could not afford to be much in town. But at such parties for play as were made up in his neighbourhood, or in the old cathedral city from which Ernham lay some nine miles distant, certain malpractices were from time to time brought home to him, enough to ruin any man's character. Through some momentary awkwardness, a card dropped out of his sleeve. His dice were so suspiciously fortunate, the *cings* and *seizes* so frequent, that once the whole party rose up, and called for a hammer and chisel to ascertain their interior structure. But Walter, drawing a pistol, sternly announced his determination to blow out the brains of the first man who touched his dice. And so, taking up his hat, he departed, leaving behind him whatever fragments of good name he might still possess to the mercy, or rather the malice, of a circle he never revisited.

His character thus fatally blackened, Walter was reluctantly induced to listen to a proposal made to him by his brother, which he had before contemptuously rejected, and try his fortune abroad. The baronet had one chief horror in life—that of being found out. His frauds upon society were, in his eyes, like the thefts to which the Spartan boys were trained: laudable, so long as they eluded discovery. But Walter had had the misfortune to be found out. What an awkward fellow! was Sir Edward's commentary, in no measured language, but such as must be diluted in those pages, like other forcible expressions,

*Bracton; or, Sub Sigillo.*

of some among the characters to be represented in our faithful mirror. Found out? Why, then, he must go; it is all over with him on this side the Dutch channel.

Accordingly, Walter, with a moderate allowance from Sir Edward, to eke out his private means, set forth on a course of Bohemian wanderings, with his wife and child. He had married a young woman of the upper middle class, who had been attracted by the *air noble* that still hung about him, like the crushed wings of a fallen angel. She had linked her fortune with his, as a desperate venture, on which her tradesman-father had shaken his head and frowned: and only consented when the health of his child was manifestly giving way under the disappointment. So imperious, so unreasoning, is an ill-regulated affection: and if the poets have feigned that love is blind, it must be added that his blindness is often a very poor excuse for his foolishness.

Lucy Wilkinson was a character of no very mean capabilities, and equally great contradictions. She had outgrown and emancipated herself from a narrow-minded education, which, under pretence of being pious, was simply stifling to the soul. But it had not been, as yet, replaced by any better, truer form of Christianity, or more adequate view of life and its duties. The early teaching that had instilled into her mind the proud and morose doctrines of Calvinism had in some measure stunted a soul capable of more generous aspirations for the human race, and worthier thoughts of God. Yet its influence had been a passing blight, not a fatal or permanent injury. She was like one of those plants which, imprisoned rather than nursed in some dank and cheerless nook, away from the genial sunshine and the free air of heaven, has assumed a sickly cast; its attenuated growth seeming to pine and wait for some favourable issue that shall transplant it into a better soil, and develop its latent powers.

Her marriage with Walter, the result, on his part, of a transitory fancy, on hers, of a humble, absorbed admiration of his better qualities, and of the womanly imagination that created others, had not produced happiness or benefit to either. He had soon learned to despise his wife's limited culture, and what he supposed her narrow understanding. and practically to fling her aside. She had found him gloomy, abstracted, self-centred; until, like the Helena of the drama, in her disappointed affection, poor Lucy made up her mind thenceforward to be comforted "in his collateral light, not in his *sphere*." She was not the first, by many, who had staked their fortunes, heart and all, on one great cast, and saw it go against them. Had she, indeed, entered, by her marriage, into the Nemesis of all the Bracton race, and proved the most unsuccessful of them in her great hazard? It was, at least, an innocent throw for happiness; but the laws of the game take no note, or not always, of the moral qualities of those who meet to try the chances of life. These will come into account at a

higher and a more manifest tribunal, when the final separation shall be made between the friends and the foes of their Creator.

Our next chapter introduces us to the only other member of this limited family; but Helen, the baronet's one surviving child, must speak for herself.

## CHAPTER II.

### HELEN BRACTON TO EMILY VAUX.

"DEAREST EMMY,—It is not I who am the bad correspondent, but somebody else. Three whole weeks, and not a word! Is Mrs. Vaux reduced to calculate her eightpences so accurately that she cannot throw away a sheet of letter-paper upon the poor recluse of Ernham? Are the briefs so few and far between, that the *bon père de famille, ce grand génie de la robe*, is obliged to infringe on his wife's pin-money to provide bread and butter for my little namesake and godchild? Or (what I take to be more likely) is she so happy in herself, so absorbed in her little treasure, who might almost be put into a jewel-box, that the outer world has paled before the light of tiny Helen's eyes? Well, but I claim not to be of your outer world, remember; so we charge you, on your allegiance, on receipt of these presents, forthwith to give tokens of life under your sign-manual, and commit the missive to our slow and roundabout country-post. We hear, by the way, the mail was robbed last night between this and Stourchester, which makes the third time within these two months; so I will charitably suppose that a most affectionate epistle, crossed and written under the seal, gushing, and unintelligible to all but a friend's eyes, full of gossip—all about Mr. Vaux and his daughter, of course—has been dispersed to the four winds with the mail-bags. Fragments of their contents, torn and dabbled, and blackened with powder (for there was fighting over it, I assure you), were found in a ditch by the roadside. But neither the constables, nor the hue-and-cry, reported any letter from Emily Vaux.

"My dear child,—*mille pardons*, I forget the dignity of a married woman—but how I should like to have you here! You positively have never been to Ernham since we left New Hall together, and that was full two years before your marriage. And when we met in London, and at Brighthelmstone (shortly before my poor brother Harry's death, when I was with him, poor dear fellow!) we had no time to ourselves, for what I call a real good *pross* about our school-days. My present life is solitary enough, as you may imagine. My father seems to shut himself up more, as time goes on. I mean, literally so, for we never go anywhere. 'The neighbourhood,' by which is meant everybody but ourselves, inquire for us, and we are not. Indeed, by this time I believe they have almost ceased to inquire, and take it for granted that, for some reason or other, we choose to keep to ourselves. Now

and then I hear, distantly, the most absurd rumours. Papa is said to be growing quite a misanthrope. Ah, well—with all my filial duty to him, I *do* wish he seemed to love his kind a little more; but that is between you and me. He is what our housekeeper, Tarleton, called the other day ‘so stately-considerate, like,’ and there is no breaking through that polished surface. ‘Polished?’ she echoed, when I used the word. ‘I say varnished—but I beg your pardon, Miss.’ And so ought I to beg pardon, I think, for reporting such words. If I ran my pen through them, you would only be the more curious to know what I had erased; wouldn’t you, Miss? Let them stand, as an expression of a daughter’s regret at an unmistakable and, alas! increasing state of things. Why should he become a recluse in his father’s halls? Still on the sunny side of that seven-times-seven, which is said to be the *acme* of human life: handsome, accomplished, fitted in every way to take the lead in all country interests and amusements, and make *Ernham* ‘the centre of the glittering ring,’ as Mr. Scott says in his new poem (have you read it?—‘the Lady of the Lake.’ It is making such a stir, I am told, and has—oh, such exquisite pictures of Scotch scenery). Alas, when I think of all this unaccountable gloom that hangs over us, I could almost endure the notion of a possible step-mother!

“A stepmother, though, would be incompatible with another wild report which reached me lately—that papa had been corresponding with the abbot of La Trappe, with a view to entering that austere community! I am sure I should wish anything that would be for dear papa’s happiness; and that would be happiness of the best kind, would it not? if at his age, and with his unbending character, he could bow his neck to the yoke of holy religion. But I cannot look at him, and believe it for a moment. I wish it could be; for, dearest Emmy, it is no want of charity to say it—you know it as well as I do, and it is an outpouring of grief into your heart, my more than sister—but papa still neglects his religious duties. He has provided everything handsome for our little chapel in the house, so that the thing is a gem in every way, and people of all sorts and kinds, and creeds, and no-creeds, perpetually come and ask to be allowed to see it, as one of the lions of the neighbourhood. But I am afraid he does it chiefly to please me. He is affectionate in his own way, poor papa! I sometimes catch him looking at me with such a sad look, it almost frightens me; at other times he seems half scared himself, at something he seems to fancy he sees or hears. I cannot understand it, nor could I make you understand the undefined, horrible dread that comes over me at such times: what can have happened, or is going to happen?

“For shall I tell you again, Emmy, of a thought I remember to have spoken to you about, one autumn evening at New Hall? Do you remember it? We were sitting under one of the cedars in front



of that dear old place, and watching the sun getting near the tops of the neighbouring trees, just before the bell rang for us to go in: I then told you, what you had not known, that all our place here, and the land round it, was once church property, and belonged to the friars of Ernham priory; and I asked you if you had ever seen or heard of a book called Spelman's 'History and Fate of Sacrilege.' And you asked me, in turn, who Spelman was, and what was meant by the title of his book; and when I told you, you were very much frightened, and we both had a good cry about it, before we went in to night prayers.

"Well, it is precisely that thought which haunts me. Oh, Emmy, perhaps you do not remember what dreadful anathemas were pronounced, when the grant of land was originally made by the founders and benefactors of the priory, on all who should disturb or vex the monks in its quiet possession! I ferreted out that book again the other day, and showed it to our chaplain, Father Morton, who looked grave enough over it, I assure you, though he tried, in his kind way, to put as gentle a construction on it as he could. He made me see (and that is one great weight off my mind) that the holders of abbey lands have been released from ecclesiastical censure; and so far well. It would have been a crushing thought otherwise. But does that relieve us of the temporal anathema? Who shall resolve me that? I declare to you, Emmy, I never ride near the Priory ruins, but something of a cold creeping comes over me: I feel as if our presence here was not only intruding, but sacrilegious. The wind that sighs through the deserted aisle seems to bemoan the condition of a place that was built to be vocal as a house of prayer. I do not wonder that the labourers on our farms avoid passing near it after dusk. They declare that old Sir Hugo has been seen there, rattling, some say, his bones, others say his chains, and others the dice by which the tradition affirms that he won the place from his master on a Good Friday at Greenwich.

"But here I will stay my melancholy wanderings, at least on paper: why should I bring a shadow over your young and happier life by my gloomy forebodings? Your husband, working hard at an honourable profession, to secure for you and yours the competence you so well deserve—your light household duties, and the smile of my godchild to cheer you—I love to turn to such bright thoughts as a relief. I have told our bookseller at Stourchester to forward to you a book which I daresay you have not seen; it is not exactly light reading, but I have found things in it which have pleasingly jogged my brains of late—and taken me off from Spelman, you would add? It is Coleridge's 'Friend:' miscellaneous essays, full of thought, going, indeed, too deep for a lady's mind, as I daresay Mr. Vaux would declare, as he turns the leaves over his dish of tea, or looks up from his briefs, with

that abstract look of his—well, I beg pardon; of course, all his looks are charming. But this 'Friend' was written some three years ago at Grasmere, in the lake country, which is nearer to us than to you; and so I take a kind of provincial pride in the book, and look on the author as a local celebrity. Of course you already know his translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein?' As far as my German extends, the version seems to be quite up to the original. But what I specially like about Coleridge is his sincere admiration for another mind—shall I say a greater?—at all events, one very differently endowed: my special favourite, Wordsworth. How I am running on!

"To turn to a still lighter topic; we have had a great escape here. I am half inclined to keep you on the rack of curiosity—what is it? Has the Hall been on fire? Has there been a Lord George Gordon riot hereabouts, or a Northern Rising? Nothing of the kind; but there has been, on the *tapis*, a visit from the Prince Regent! A royal, or at least a princely, Progress, was 'toward,' and Ernham lay sufficiently near the line of march to be threatened by the invading forces. Prince, chamberlains, equerries, grooms-in-waiting, and gentlemen-at-large—only fancy poor me, behaving pretty on such an occasion! I should have had to put in practice the most profound courtesy ever taught by our old dancing-master, De Tourville, and mind my *ps* and *qs* in every way, and remember when to say 'Sir,' and 'Your Royal Highness.' Happily, a touch of gout, together with some continental anxieties connected with that wonderful and interminable Napoleon, of which you know more in detail than I, being so much nearer the Horse Guards—these things, combined with rumours of my father's unsociable disposition, and the undeniable fact of our being Papists and 'Wooden Shoes,' averted the threatened visitation, and we fairly escaped H.R.H.

So, ending in a cheerier strain than I began with, I kiss you and little Helenkin a thousand times, (witness this drop of wax, which I shall drop o' *porpoise*, as they say in these parts, on the outside of my letter), and remain, dearest Emmy, your ever affectionate old

"HELEN.

"Ernham, June 29, 1812.

"P.S.—You will be interested to hear that papa's cousin, Captain Hotham, who received us so kindly, do you remember? on board the *Northumberland*, when poor Harry was ill at Brighthelmstone, has had a brilliant action with two French frigates and a brig, off L'Orient, and the island of Groaix. That will send you to your geography, in which, I remember, you were never very bright; that is, if you are as much interested in the stirring events that are passing around us as poor me, who am otherwise condemned to live, if not 'in high baronial pride,' yet 'a life both dull and dignified.' You may see, by the way, that I am pretty well *up* in my Scott. Adieu—and *write*."

## CHAPTER III.

## II. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

UNDER the striped awning of a sea-boat, lazily floating on that marvellous blue surface of Naples Bay, lay Walter Bracton. It needs no attempt at portraiture to present him to the reader. If we have conveyed any adequate idea of his elder brother, the picture will do for Walter, with hardly the alteration of an outline or a shade. It is the same handsome face, the same tall and shapely form, the same unlovable expression. Not so, however, thinks the devoted wife, who has shared his exile, who now, with their one child, a girl verging upon thirteen, occupies a seat in the boat, opposite to where the husband and father has stretched himself, listlessly dabbling one hand in the blue water, while his eye is fixed on vacancy. His wife watches him anxiously, and a corresponding shade is on her own brow; for Walter, owing to some cause, is more than usually dark and moody. He turns ill-humouredly on the bench; the twangle of that guitar of one of the boatmen, which is delighting little Edith, as he accompanies it with the words of a joyous *barcarole*, becomes intolerable to the sullen man. He motions impatiently to the songster to cease; and Edith has to resume attention to her line, baited with a bit of melon-rind, and dropped into the water in vain hope of catching a John Dory.

Yet the scene round that now silent group was one that might awaken, if not the gladness of song, yet the deeper and more heartfelt joy that arises on contemplating Nature's lovelier aspects. A thin, gauze-like veil of Naples' own blue haze concealed the actual sun, but served all the more to diffuse while it tempered his light. The horizon of the bay, to one who looked seaward, melted into an undistinguishable sapphire tint, in which sea and sky were mingled. It was the blue atmosphere, intense and ethereal, which looks exaggerated in pictures brought from that enchanting spot to our own northern clime. We scan them with eyes attuned to our own "brown heath and shaggy wood," and half turn from them with an impression of unreality in the same way as matured life listens incredulously to the romances of a younger heart and imagination.

Towards the land, the eye of any observer might have followed delightedly the risings and fallings of a varied outline, traced in darker neutral tint against the azure of heaven, from the point above Sorrento, girdled with its orange groves, along the chestnut-clothed crest of Monte Vergine, and so round to the sites of Castellamare, and Portici, and La Cava, dotted with villas, that were now dimly seen through the haze, and relieved by minarets of cypress, until the spurs of the great cone of Vesuvius absorbed all outlines into its own.

From the truncated summit of that grand old safety-valve of the

inner fires, a thin stream of vapour was quietly making its way into the upper air. No breath diverted its tranquil ascent. Neither in volume nor in force could it form the dark pine-like column with spreading top, which the younger Pliny viewed from Misenum, on that day, turned to night, when Pompeii and the neighbour towns and villas were buried under the tempestuous lava-torrent and cinders of the angry mountain. The light ashen dust is now projected by a subterranean power that seems to slumber, by comparison with the fury of its awakened energy at other times. It is the breathing of a giant in deep sleep. The ashes, when they have gained their utmost elevation, will float, under the gentle impulse of the sirocco that has winged its lazy way from the African coast, until they lightly powder every south-west window in Palestrina.

"Mamma," whispered Edith, lying in her mother's lap, and looking up into her face, "do you think the angels' waving garments you were telling me of are only white, like the clouds at home, or are they light-blue, like the brightness up there?"

Mrs. Bracton, for all answer, stroked her child's wealth of chestnut locks. Angelic topics of thought seemed out of place in that moody hour.

His little daughter's whisper was partly heard by Walter. He relaxed, as he looked into her face. "Turn your prow towards Capri," he said to the men. "Spread your sail. We will make for the Blue Grotto, as I promised you, Edie," he added, turning to his child with a more pleasant look than he had worn that day.

"*Eccellenza, si!*" cried the boatmen, to whom the silence of the Englishman was a thing so strange and oppressive. The creaking of the mast, as the sail was bent to it, had a kind of joyousness, by comparison. That a man should lie at his ease, was intelligible; these votaries of the *dolce far niente* promised themselves that enjoyment on the beach, with a roll of macaroni for supper, when they had landed the silent party, and pocketed their *scudi*. But that any one should lie at ease, and say nothing, when he had liberty of speech, was beyond their philosophy of life.

Walter's position in Naples was, at that moment, a strange one. He was living on sufferance in the dominions of one, at least half an enemy of his country. Joachim Murat was on the Neapolitan throne. Placed there by the genius and will of his imperial brother-in-law, Murat was not the unworthiest of the batch of gingerbread kings whom the broad English caricaturist\* has represented as thrust into the oven by Napoleon, the aproned master-baker who has moulded them.

\* Gillray, in one of a series of caricatures of that period, which must have had a powerful effect in educating the popular mind of England to confidence in the struggle against the gigantic power of the then ruler of France. Napoleon is represented as the "little Corsican" in various undignified employments and situations.

Murat, the *beau sabreur*, is, however, out of his place as a practitioner of kingscraft. Intrepid at a charge, brilliant at a levee or a review, he is at once hero and child among his fellow-kings of the Revolution; and now, with a prescience, perhaps, of the decline of the splendid meteor to which he has owed his own rise, but in whose train he is likely to be entangled, he looks around him to Austria, to Russia, Prussia, and even to England, for help and alliance. The Bourbon on the one hand, and on the other the Secret Societies, intolerant of all kings who are not their own creatures, menace his ephemeral crown. The successes of Wellington in the Peninsula have taught the brand-new King of Naples to look upon surrounding nations as possible and even desirable allies. Added to which, his own temper is generous and genial. Without the commanding genius of his wife's brother, he has more soldierly frankness, and capacity for admiring a brave enemy. Place him on the throne at Paris, and he would have been guiltless of conceiving or of enforcing the narrow-minded and odious "Continental System." He would have detained no luckless voyagers at Verdun. Thus, when Walter, an Englishman of aristocratic connexions, bringing the recommendations his brother had procured for him, with no political object, or even bias, a citizen of the world, of polished, if not very attractive manners, presented his passport at the frontier; and his credentials at the bureau of police, he found no objection made to his sojourning awhile in "the Fair City," provided he acted with common prudence, and kept himself quiet. His success at the Casino and other tables of chance, was likely to prove his most dangerous enemy. But the *sbirri* and the *stiletto*—he has hitherto escaped them all.

"Way was got on the boat," in seaman's phrase, but more by the oars in the bronzed and sinewy arms of the boatmen, than by any assistance from the sail. The deep sea gently heaved and slumbered, as though it were girdling the island of the lotus-eaters, while the party approached the picturesque heights from which the arbutus woods of Capri look down upon the bay.

A small shallop, hardly drawing any water, was attached to the boat, and followed lightly in its wake. It had been a promise to Edie that she should see the Blue Grotto before they left Naples; and to that marvellous scene of beauty they now steered.

Their leaving Naples was, indeed, the question before them. Walter, as already noted, had led a vagabond and Bohemian life since his virtual expulsion from England. Baden Baden and Frankfort had seen him at their gaming-tables; and, though the remarkable luck of the elder brother had not been shared to the same extent by the younger, he was considered to have fairly "held his own" on those slippery paths of fortune. All the persuasions of his well-meaning wife had failed to divert him from the master-passion. Indeed, Lucy Bracton was scarcely the person to cope with her husband, even

with the intrinsic power of truth and right on her side. Walter had come to consider his marriage an ill-assorted union; as indeed an average acquaintance with human character would have pronounced it. His wife had, no doubt, the passive and gentle courage which belongs to all the worthiest of her sex, when a plain duty lay before her; but she was wanting in the inventive, elastic genius which can intuitively perceive and use the best means, under circumstances, to arrive at the best end. The tone of her mind was somewhat mechanical; and, being weak in the mainspring of hope, and not abounding in the enthusiasm that loves the noble for its own sake, she tended, like others of her character under adverse surroundings, to subside into a meek and passive despondency. Wedded to a happier existence than Walter Bracton's, she might have risen to much of nobility in character and act; as he, on his side, could he have found a help meet for him, would perhaps have escaped the snares in which we find him entangled. But we must take the personages of this veritable history as they come before us.

Meanwhile, the large boat is rippling the water into lines of sapphire light, that merited, if ever water did, to have its "unnumbered laughings" sung by old Greek poet or modern lyrist. It woke up in Edith's face responsive smiles. If such was the pure tint and radiance of the sea without the cave, what would it prove, when the light, imprisoned within the rocky walls, self-centred and intensified, and framed by the darkness as by a foil, should meet her delighted eye?

"Look, *Signorina*," says Gennaro, the elder of the boatmen, speaking to the child in order to attract the notice of the father; "see that low mouth of a passage from Napoli on to the bay—nay, *sousi*, not so much to the left," extending a great brown hand to guide her eye—"below the height of Sant' Elmo—a little, low, sally-port thereaway, leading to the water; there, now, between those two feluccas. Shall I tell you what I saw there, about the time"—touching his Phrygian sea-cap, that fell over one side of his bronzed, good-humoured face—"no, I mistake—before the *Signorina* was born? I saw your gran capitano, the *milordo* Nelson—"

"Nelson!" exclaimed Mrs. Bracton, roused by a name at which English hearts still beat, but at whose casual mention they then bounded. "Do you remember him? Tell me what he says, Edie; brush up your best Italian for us."

Even Walter awoke out of his dark mood to listen; and Edie, reporting old Gennaro, held forth to her parents much after this sort:

"I remember," said the boatman, "fourteen years ago, on an early morning in September, all Naples was roused by the booming of guns at sea, behind the point there, *Signorina mia*, where you see the orange-trees of Sorrento hang over the bay. We were all expectation, for the news of the great victory at the Nile had reached us, brought by

some fast-sailing vessels, while he was refitting his ships after the action. But all was uncertain; the sounds might be an engagement out at sea, or it might be some of the French ships that had escaped the destruction of their comrades. But when his ship, with his broad pennant flying, rounded that point, and we knew the English colours, your excellencies (for by this time Gennaro's audience consisted of the whole trio) would have thought all Naples was gone mad, with her navy, and the very lazzaroni on the beach. We children of the South are made up of fire; be it anger, or joy, or hatred, we blaze out like yonder mountain"—he pointed to Vesuvius—"that hangs over us, and always threatens our homes and lives."

"But Nelson," interrupted Walter, by no means disposed to listen to Gennaro's disquisition on the differences of national character, "what did he?—how looked he?"

"Ah, Signori!" cried the boatman, shaking his hand in the air, "the gran capitano stood on the poop of his vessel, surrounded by his officers; he took off his hat with his *left* hand, alas! and waved it in answer to the acclamations of the multitude. The bay was alive with boats and barges—many hundreds of them—that had gone forth to meet him, with bands of music and flags. The guns from the Castel-del' Ovo there, where my hand points, and all our other forts, were thundering their welcome. '*Evviva! evviva!—Nelson! Nelson!*' Oh, God, bless and protect our brave deliverer! Oh, conqueror! saviour of Italy! the sounds are still ringing in my ears. Then our king—he that *then* was," added Gennaro, in a lower voice, and looking instinctively around him, ordered out his state barge (myself had the honour to row in it), and so we went out beyond Capri to meet the British war-ship, and the hero on board. Never shall I forget it. His majesty was assisted up the side of the great ship, and then took *milordo* by the hand, saluted him as his deliverer and preserver; ah! was he not, indeed, under Providence?"—the boatman reverently moved his cap again. "If that victory in Aboukir Bay had not been wrought by the hero's genius and dauntless courage, the tricolour"—he lowered his voice again, though there were but some distant feluccas gliding over the bay—"si, Signori miei, the tricolour of this accursed revolution would have floated, fourteen years ago instead of four, on Castel-del' Ovo!" and Gennaro shook his clenched fist at the hated combination of colours, as they drooped from the mast over the battery of the fort commanding that part of Naples Bay.

Edith was a little shocked at the strength of his indignant words; but when his sudden wrath subsided, her look encouraged him to go on.

"Ah, well, then it was that I observed, as we lay on our oars and watched these greetings on the quarter-deck, what everyone sorrowed to see when Nelson's ship steered in, the old *Vanga*"—it was Gennaro's best attempt at a name as intimately associated with Nelson as the

"Agamemnon" of his former triumphs, or the "Victory" of his last eventful fatal success. "When all that multitude could look closer at him," the old man continued, and the tears rose to his eyes as he spoke, "that thin, pale, and shattered hero seemed only to be upheld in life by the invincible spirit within. We had not seen him for more than four years; and in the meantime, one desperate fight had emptied the right sleeve of the admiral's coat, and another had quenched the light of an eye—ah! it was a noble wreck of a man!"

"It was a man who still lived to wreck not a few of his country's enemies," observed Walter; "but what were you saying about that sally-port on the beach?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, changing his theme with Neapolitan quickness, "through that subterranean passage that leads down from the palace to the sea, the wife of your ambassador that then was, *miladi* Hamilton, having first explored it herself, safely conducted our king and all his family to the protection of *milordo* Nelson, who had come for them in his boat; and they all got safe on board the *Vanga*—"

"Vanguard," interrupted Bracton, rather impatiently. "You see, Edith, about three months after Nelson first arrived, the French revolutionary army was approaching; a revolution against the Bourbon throne was springing up in Naples itself—in short, they could not remain in their own kingdom in safety. So Nelson, aided by some transports, took the royal family off, bag and baggage—treasures, pictures, marbles, fiddles and guitars, Punch and Judy, and landed them all at Palermo. But these things happened, as the old fellow truly tells us, fourteen years ago, and meanwhile, here we are to-day at the Blue Grotto."

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## A LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE pagan king on his couch reclined,  
Brawny and fierce and old,  
While close behind, with a face refined  
And locks of fairest gold,  
A page with a jewelled goblet stood,  
Brimming with wine as red as blood.

But ne'er through their veil of long, bright curls  
Did the sad young eyes look up,  
For the teardrops rolled, like shining pearls,  
Into the costly cup;  
And the king, as he turned, beheld the brine  
Of his page's tears mix with the wine.



*A Legend of Saint Nicholas.*

Then waxing wroth, he cried : " Dost brave  
Mine ire in this bold wise ?

Tell me, thou dog of a Christian slave !

Why dost thou droop thine eyes ?

And why do these baseborn tears of thine  
Mingle and mix with a monarch's wine ?"

" O King !" (on his knees sobbed forth the boy),

" Forgive me if I weep.

To-day in my far-off home, with joy,

My friends and kindred keep

The feast of St. Nicholas, great and good ;

Fain would I join them if I could !"

" Ha ! weep thy fill : yea, weep a flood !"

(The tyrant's wrath increas'd),

" Though ev'ry tear were a tear of blood,

Thou might'st not join the feast.

Thy good Saint Nicholas great may be,

But he hath no power to rescue *thee* !"

Lo ! on the instant shook the hall,

As by an earthquake riven,

And, grave and tall, o'er the broken wall

(Clad in the robes of heaven),

With sparkling eyes and flowing beard,

The great Saint Nicholas appeared !"

Down on the trembling king he swoop'd,

Like an eagle sailing low ;

Over the kneeling page he stoop'd,

With his grand old face aglow ;

And caught the boy by his golden hair,

And bore him aloft through the sunny air !

The while the King, like a wounded beast,

Lay, prone on his palace-floor,

The boy went home to his father's feast,

And looked on his friends once more ;

And the guests at the banquet cried with glee,

" Oh, good Saint Nicholas ! thanks to thee !"\*

[\* American readers, who are familiar with the name of the author of " Out of Sweet Solitude " (reviewed at page 125 of our Second Volume), may suspect us here of returning a compliment that is often paid to us by our brethren across the Atlantic, and appropriating what was not meant for us. We therefore think it well to thank our contributor for sending us her poem all the way from the City of Brotherly Love.—ED. I. M.]

## UP AND ROUND MONT BLANC.

BY NATHANIEL COLGATE.

## I.

## UP MONT BLANC.

GLANCING over the IRISH MONTHLY's table of contents for this month, ninety-nine in a hundred of its readers, perhaps, will pause at the title of this paper to ask themselves the question: Is there anything new to say about Mont Blanc? To be perfectly candid, I must answer this question in the negative. The literature of Mont Blanc, from the days of De Saussure to our own times, if collected together from newspapers, books, and magazines, would make a mass of printed matter such as, perhaps, no other mountain has called forth—in modern times, at least. No aspect of the subject has been overlooked: the mountain, to borrow a Gallicism, has been exploited in every imaginable direction. Geologists have chipped, and splintered, and classified its rocks; surveyors have mapped its humps, and aiguilles, and valleys; physicists have studied its vast glaciers and snow-fields with the passionate devotion of lovers; and painters in words and painters in oil-and-water-colours have caught and fixed, more or less successfully, its endless phases of beauty and terror. So that, in fact, the last shred of mystery that clung to the great snow giant has been torn from him finally and for ever; and he stands now, shorn of all the terrors which haunt the unknown, familiar, yet who dare say contemptible, as he looks down on Chamouni at his feet.

Still, though no new fact remains to be added to our knowledge of Mont Blanc, the story of its ascent, even if told for the hundredth time, may, I think, have enough of fresh personal interest infused into it to make it readable; for no two ascents of the mountain can ever be altogether similar in their incidents. This much, at least, the present narrative of an ascent made in last August will sufficiently prove, that guide-books and public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, it is quite possible for an absolute novice in mountaineering to reach the top of Mont Blanc without any ruinous outlay, whether of money or muscle. And is not the dissemination of right views on any matter, the spread of truth, in short, ample condonation in itself for indiscretions and errors of judgment far more glaring than any involved in adding one more drop to the ocean of Mont Blanc literature?

Bedecker and Ball, with one voice, proclaim the view of the valley of Chamouni from the Col de Balme a magnificent one. Bedecker and Ball are trustworthy men. I believed what they say about this view

from the Col de Balme when I left Martigny at early morning on the 6th August last. I believed them still, when after crossing the Col in company with an American picked up on the road, we descended to the bottom of the valley and halted at the "Crown" in Argentière at four o'clock the same evening. But with both of us this yet remains a matter of faith. From the Col de Balme we got not a glimpse of the valley below, for this sufficient reason, that its whole extent was filled with thick, fleecy cloud, and we ourselves were being buffeted and drenched by a sudden storm of chilly rain and hail, enlivened by liberal discharges of lightning and rattling volleys of thunder. Long before we reached the solid stone auberge on the top of the Col, we were both drenched to the skin. We staggered into its sheltering doorway, half blinded with the hail; and as the rain dripped from our hair and streamed from our coat-tails to make a cordon of pools round us on the clay floor, we found the broad grin of the host so natural that we could only respond with a broader. Under the circumstances, Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself might have relented towards alcohol; and we, though fully persuaded that milk was the best drink for mountain tramping under ordinary conditions, considered it, for the moment, a duty we owed no less to ourselves than to society and the inn-keeper to accept the glass of brandy he recommended us.

Five minutes' halt, and we were floundering down-hill from the Col towards Argentière, under still heavier rain, and through what a distinguished writer from Chelsea might have styled "an unutterable mud wilderness," the mountain side being torn and seamed in all directions by tiny new-born rivulets, each turbid with a heavy freight of clay, and rushing madly downward to lose themselves in a foaming torrent. An enthusiastic geologist might have paused here, under the icy rain, to watch the vast sedimentary forces which a couple of hours' rain had set in motion over the surface of the hill-side. But we floundered on, chiefly concerned in keeping up our vital circulation, and only reflecting on the sedimentary agencies at work around us when the subject was thrust on us by a slip or a splash that spattered us over with a rich yellow alluvium. We were not sorry when we came to a halt at length at the modest portal of the "Crown" in Argentière, the storm having lulled by this time, so that we caught random snatches of the sea-green glacier, peeping out mysteriously from rents in the soft white curtain of mist thousands of feet above the valley. Before reaching the refuge of our rooms, we had to run the gauntlet through a whole boarding-school of storm-bound Swiss girls, sheltering in the hall of the "Crown" *en route* for Chamouni, under charge of the customary middle-aged griffin in the inevitable mushroom-hat. What a giggle ran along the line of blooming girl-mountaineers in their monstrously unserviceable climbing outfits of daintily-rosetted high-heeled shoes and robes of airy muslins and cashmeres; what a twisting of equally unservice-

able broomstick alpenstocks, coquettishly capped with tufts of rhododendron, as we passed up the centre like a pair of shipwrecked mariners just rescued from the deep.

We were put into rooms adjoining each other, and separated only by a thin wooden partition. Between us we had, in my knapsack, just a quarter of a suit of dry clothes, the American having sent on all his baggage from Martigny to Geneva. So there was nothing for it but to plunge into bed ignominiously, and dine there with a freedom and comfort the wearied *table d'hôte* diner dare never hope to enjoy. During dinner we exchanged words of consolation and encouragement with each other in a shout loud enough to make ourselves mutually intelligible through the partition; and before we had grown hoarse or roused the landlord's wrath had arranged for an early start at three o'clock next morning to Chamouni *viâ* the Mer de Glace and the Jardin. Boots, being heavily bribed, undertook to have our clothes dried within two hours; and threw himself into the work with such excessive zeal, that he brought me up my gray overcoat at the end of that time, dry, indeed, but bearing in parallel sooty bands, the unmistakeable marks of the kitchen fire-bars. Our guide was engaged, and everything was ready for the start in the morning; but when morning came, there came with it thick clouds choking up the whole valley of Chamouni, and our glacier expedition was knocked on the head.

By six o'clock, however, the clouds lifted and at length floated away, laying bare the whole giant range of Mont Blanc. We hired a mule carriage for the six miles' run to Chamouni, as the American was anxious to catch the 8 o'clock diligence for Geneva; and by half-past six we were rattling along through the pine-woods by the roaring Arve. Who can recall the "wild freshness of morning" in the glorious vale of Chamouni without yearning to drink in once more its pure liquid air laden with reviving odours from the pine-woods. As our mule trotted briskly along, the road plunged at intervals into scattered patches of lofty pine and *melèze*, rising up stiffly from a carpet of fresh green dewy herbage, sprinkled over with granite boulders shot across the valley by some glacier long since shrunk far up the mountain-side. Through the coppery tree-trunks on our left we caught glimpses of sea-green glacier or immaculate snow-field hanging suspended in mid-air where one would have looked only for the clouds or the blue of heaven; and when we passed out into the open once more, the soft, snowy domes of Mont Blanc were seen rising up in majestic, clear-cut outline against the background of bare sky. And yet so cloud-like did these massive snowy summits appear in the morning sunlight, that one would scarcely have wondered to see them melt away into the sky, leaving behind the solid buttresses of pine-clad mountain and the great shattered pinnacles of naked rock. A deep sense of peacefulness steals over one in the presence of this noble mountain mass, whose imperturbable

beauty is brought out more vividly by the life and motion that stir the earth beneath. The gentle swaying of the pine-tops in the breeze, the rippling of the ripe corn, the tossing and tumbling of the Arve as it foams over its rocky bed, even the play of the golden chequer-work of sunlight as it trickles through the trembling branches and falls on the green sward beneath, all these combine to emphasise the impression of everlasting permanence made by the huge mountain barrier above.

At eight o'clock we drove into the main street of Chamouni, at once the main street of the great tourist centre and the high road through the valley: for Chamouni is nothing more than a group of hotels and shops and chalets planted on both sides of the highway on the left bank of the Arve close by the foot of Mont Blanc. Here we parted company, the American taking his seat in the diligence to Geneva, homeward bound to his native land, I taking up my quarters in the quiet little Hotel of the Peace. Having a long day before me yet, I sent out to hire a guide for a few hours' ramble over the lower slopes of the Glacier des Bossons, the beautiful ice-stream that comes tumbling down the flank of Mont Blanc right above Chamouni.

A very short time spent among the Alps is enough to make one critical in man-flesh; for since a good climber must be first of all a good animal, with stout legs, strong sinews and sound lungs, one comes to have as keen an eye for the points of a guide as a trainer has for the points of a horse. Now there is no weighty reason why man, as an animal, should be judged by rules different from those by which a horse is judged. So, without any hardness of heart, I ran my eyes over the meagre form, and stole a glance into the mouth of the wizend little man allotted to me as guide to the Glacier des Bossons, and concluded that he was on the wrong side of fifty and was the last person I would have chosen as a leader in a difficult or dangerous expedition. These physical shortcomings may have been compensated for by rare mental endowments: we are accustomed, perhaps, to look for such compensation. Alexandre (why give his full name when I cannot give with it a warm recommendation?) may have possessed rare stores of fancy, and wit, and imagination; but, to do him bare justice, I must say that during the twenty-four hours I passed in his company he made no fulsome parade of these qualities. Taking him, however, at the lowest estimate—and the estimate I had made at first sight turned out to be a little too low—he was quite dashing enough for my purpose; and so we started off, well contented with each other, half an hour after I had reached Chamouni, promising the hotel people to be back to dinner by six o'clock in the evening.

The centre of life in Chamouni, the point where the *cul. de sac*, running from the little church and the rude granite monument of Jacques Balmat, crosses the high road to the wooden bridge over the Arve, is always a curious study on a fine morning in the season. This

morning we had to elbow our way through a dense mass of guides and porters, standing with their arms folded, smoking and waiting calmly for something to turn up; files of stout mules, ambling briskly; with blooming English girls *en pillion*, or soberly pacing along with chaperones of a certain age and no uncertain weight, came converging from the four points of the compass to the narrow bridge: while potential mountaineers, English and French, for the most part, swaggered around with a fierce air of determination, ready to vanquish the grimest peak in the valley, if only victory went with blue veils and opera-glasses, resplendent brand-new cow-hide leggings, and pastorally-crooked alpenstocks. In a few minutes we cleared the last chalet on the skirts of Chamouni, and entered the pine woods clothing the lower slopes of Mont Blanc. The path wound upwards in steep zig-zags. On the left huge submerged granite boulders, clutched in the sinewy roots of tall pines, cropped out here and there through the soil; on the right the pure green expanse of the Glacier des Bossons, lightly powdered with snow, was seen in streaks and patches through the net-work of pendulous branches, with their solemn beards of ash-gray moss. Thick tufts of oak-fern, so purely verdant that the sun shone through their delicate frondage, crowned the sober granite rocks and nestled in their crevices; the yellow alpine violet and the wild pansy bloomed in every sheltered cranny, and where the sun broke in through a rift in the tree-tops, the banks blushed with crimson wild strawberries ripe for the plucking. About half-past nine we reached the Chalet du Dard, where the pine-woods cease for a while, and the mountain-sides begin to bloom with the rhododendron. Here we halted for a few minutes to see the lovely cascade of the Dard, leaping down between dripping walls of dark rock in ares of snowy foam.

“For ever shattered and the same for ever,”

and then crossing the torrent known as the Nant des Pelerins and passing a second chalet, plunged into lofty pine-woods once more. Here as we sat down in the shade to rest and shelter from the fierce glare of the sun we heard a measured tread behind us, and in a few minutes two mountaineers, Englishmen evidently, armed with ice-axes and ropes, passed us by at the deliberate pace of men who have a long day's work before them. We exchanged greetings; and after a short halt I and Alexandre took to the path again, chatting as we went along of the commune—not the Paris Commune, of Plutonic memory, but the microcosm of government and civil society which revolves round M. le Maire of Chamouni as its centre; and on such local topics of never-dying interest as land tenure, cost of stock, and distribution of timber, my companion grew positively eloquent.

Shortly after ten o'clock the zone of pine-wood was completely left behind us; we came out on the open mountain-side, sprinkled with hardy

rhodendron scrub radiant in pink bloom, and soon caught sight of the wooden chalet of the Pierre Pointue, with the tricolour waving lazily above it. At half-past ten we reached the chalet, the first stage in the ascent of Mont Blanc, where at a height of 6,700 feet above sea-level a sort of caravansery for mountaineers is kept by Silvain Couttet, a very worthy member of the guild of Chamouni guides. Alexandre turned into the kitchen here to have his breakfast, and the genial proprietor led me into the snug parlour, where the two Englishmen were already busy with coffee and the national beefsteak; for they were Englishmen, as I had guessed, and, as I soon found out, mountaineers of considerable experience, too, who had already had several seasons' climbing in Switzerland, and now, after a week's work among the Savoy Alps, were bent on making the ascent of Mont Blanc without a guide. They were to reach the cabane on the Grands Mulets that evening and start for the top early the next morning, this plan being divulged to me in confidence while Couttet was in the kitchen, as both he and Alexandre were sure to make a fuss if they discovered such a nefarious plot against their vested interests in the mountain. Independent amateur climbing, indeed, in the eyes of a true-born Chamouni guide is simple poaching on his preserves, to be repressed by the righteous arm of the law some day, as soon as the Assembly, tired of frivolous Constitution-building and Army Reform, should awaken to the necessity for domestic legislation. As the track from the Pierre Pointue to the Grands Mulets leads right across the Glacier des Bossons, and gives one an admirable opportunity of seeing its fine *seracs*, or ice-tables, I readily accepted the Englishmen's invitation to rope on with them with my guide, and make the ascent, so far, in their company, intending to sleep at the cabane on the Grand Mulets that night and return to Chamouni in the morning. But I was quite unprepared for such an expedition. A good ash alpenstock, a veil, and blue glasses made up my whole equipment. I had neither gaiters nor gloves; and the guide had nothing but a wretched deal alpenstock, almost useless for glacier work. Couttet, however, made all things smooth. Out of his well-stocked magazine he furnished both of us with snow-gloves and gaiters, and Alexandre with an ice-axe and twenty feet of rope, so that we found ourselves as well equipped as if we had carefully planned the expedition beforehand.

At mid-day we left the Pierre Pointue, all four of us roped together in a string some thirty feet long. Quarter of an hour's winding along stony paths by the edge of the ice brought us to the Pierre à l'Echelle\* with its weather-beaten ladder, and here we launched out on the Glacier des Bossons, and felt the soft snow crunching beneath our feet. The air was clear as a dew-drop, the great snow hump of the Dôme du

\* A prominent rock, against which a ladder is left standing for the use of the guides in crossing the glacier when the crevasses have become unusually wide and dangerous.

Goûté in face of us, but fully three miles distant, seemed close at hand, as it rose up against the cloudless blue sky. The silence was almost absolute. When we stopped to test some doubtful snow-bridge over one of the countless crevasses that seam the glacier at this point, the tinkling of the bells from the kine grazing on the mountain-side thousands of feet below was heard with strange distinctness. Now and then the dull boom of a large stone as it was melted out from its icy mould and tumbled down into the depths of a crevasse on the higher slopes of the glacier, made us pause and listen with suspended breath for the thunder of a distant avalanche, to be put off, perhaps, with a paltry rattle of small arms, as a discharge of stony rubbish shot out on the hard ice-surface from the face of some crumbling cliff.

After hearing and reading of the Alpine glaciers from childhood, after devouring the many pages of fine writing which have been lavished on the subject, it is hard for one to avoid a feeling of disappointment when he finds himself floundering over his first glacier. The ice is not so ravishingly blue as we have been told it was, nay, we see that its surface is often defiled with mud to such an extent that we might pass by a glacier without ever recognising it. The depth of the crevasses, too, and the mass of the *seracs* or ice-tables are far below the standard we had fixed for them long ago, when we touched off our mental picture of the glacier. But a closer study of one of these great ice-streams never fails to win back a large share of our old wonder and admiration. If you reserve judgment until you have peered cautiously over the edge of a crevasse of say five feet in width by fifty in depth, you will confess that the tints of the ice, fading off from sea-green near the surface to a blue that grows deeper and deeper with the depth of the cleft, are really beautiful, if much less brilliant than you had expected. What struck me as being the strangest feature in the glacier as we leisurely mounted towards the Grands Mulets, was the laminated form occasionally taken by the ice in the depths of the crevasses. Here, at from twenty to thirty feet from the surface, great rumpled and curved sheets of a thin gray substance, exactly resembling rough packing-paper, hung stiffly from the walls of the cleft. These sheets were often many square yards in area; their thickness seldom exceeded a quarter of an inch, and was often less than an eighth of an inch. A close examination showed that they were laminæ of pure ice, lightly frosted over; but to what they owed their origin I will not even venture to guess. The alternate daily thawing and freezing of the upper snows and the washing action of the water on the walls of the crevasses, though a plausible theory at first sight, seems quite inadequate to account for the peculiar shape of these ice-laminæ, differing so completely as they do from stalacite formations of any kind.

It was slow work crossing the rugged surface of the Glacier des Bossons, winding in and out among the frequent crevasses, so as to



take advantage of the snow-bridges which spanned them. The toil was not great, however, mounting at the easy pace we kept up, and danger there was practically none. In fact, with the most ordinary care, any party of more than two persons must be safe against risk, from crevasses, at least. The probabilities are enormously in favour of not more than one of a party slipping or sinking at the same moment; and it must be a slope much steeper than any on the track up Mont Blanc, or the party must be very much exhausted where two men are unable to support a third.

Half-past three found us at the foot of the lowest of the three rocky pinnacles known as the Grands Mulets; and a short scramble up its steep face landed us on the small platform where Couttet's famous cabane is perched. It was not empty when we entered. Two young Roumanians, who had come up an hour before us, lay stretched on the beds in a state of semi-exhaustion from their climb; but they had energy enough left to start up and break out with an indignant negative when we eagerly asked if they were going any higher. No, they had got enough of snow and ice for some time to come, and they were starting back for Chamouni immediately. We silently blessed them. A load was lifted from our breasts; for had the Roumanians (with impracticable Slavonic names) slept there that night, occupying by right of priority two out of the four beds in the cabane, one of our party of three would have been obliged to lie on the floor. The Roumanians left us in a few minutes and went floundering down to Chamouni with their two guides, leaving behind in the traveller's book a few French sentences strong in gushing adjectives.

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP:

BY HENRY BEDFORD, M.A.

### No. 5.—HEAT.

#### PART I.—*What is it?*

WE wish to direct the attention of our readers in the present paper to a curious and certainly a very interesting question: What is heat?

A simple question enough, we may at first be inclined to consider it; and certainly upon a subject with which we are all familiar; and yet it is one that philosophers have been disputing about from generation to generation, and which, perhaps, even now, with all modern appliances, is not so completely answered as people who are fond of dogmatism

would desire. For our readers scarcely need to be told that this class of men is not at all a small one, which grows terribly impatient and is apt at times to wax wrathful at the idea of its not completely understanding everything to which its attention is invited, and that turns with scarcely concealed contempt from any explanation which can be called in question, as though nothing short of absolute certainty could be worthy of its notice. They seem to require an infallible dogma in a region where infallibility is not, simply through the nature of the case. And as there is no revelation to guide men in such philosophical investigations, they act as though they thought the whole matter beneath their regard. Of course if they choose to act thus no one need complain, for the loss is their own. When they close their eyes to such investigations because they have no revelation to guide them, we may well be content to leave them to that intellectual sleep which generally comes from such closing. But what we do object to is not their silence but their declamation, what we may, perhaps, venture to call, in continuation of the same metaphor, their incoherent talking in their sleep; not that even this would be of any consequence were it received as what, indeed, it is, but because to people of like minds the muttering is apt to be mistaken for inspiration.

Perhaps it may be worth while dwelling for a minute upon this objection to investigations in Natural Philosophy, not so much for the sake of those who urge it, as for those who may be influenced by such reasoning; and who are at times puzzled how to answer these objections, and to see what little force they really have when thus brought forward.

The book of nature is spread open before us. "He that runs may read," but such hasty progress cannot insure any very accurate conclusions from the pages thus superficially glanced over. Some facts are obvious enough, but to understand their connexion with other facts and to combine whole multitudes of them into classes is a work of time, and requires much thought and almost numberless experiments. The book is open, but there is no key to explain its difficulties; the maze is there, but the clue to it is nowhere revealed. But should the book be closed because of the intellectual toil which must be undergone in the reading of it; shall the maze be left unexplored because no silken thread is fixed at its entrance which we can take in hand and so walk to its centre without trouble or thoughtfulness? This is surely not the way in which intellects are trained, nor men formed worthy of the name. Humility is, of course, needful in such inquiries, and probably most signal failures have resulted from the absence of this virtue. But humility must not be confounded with indolence, nor an idle and uninquisitive disposition with reverence: as not unfrequently is the case.

The laws of nature have not been revealed: and so we may well

conclude, not that men are to leave them uninvestigated, but that they must toil the harder to bring them to light. We know them to exist; some have intellectual powers specially adapted to such investigations: and when they lay before us the result of their careful studies, surely we ought to be thankful for what they have been enabled to do, rather than to complain that they have not done all.

That subsequent inquiries should, in part, overturn the conclusions, always tentative, which have been arrived at, is no real reproach to philosophy, because it is almost an essential consequence of the method which alone they can pursue. When facts alone are given to find, as far as may be, the laws which regulate them, the method of inquiry must, of necessity, be what is called inductive. Certain phenomena are observed; what law will explain them? This is the inquiry. Assume a law which will account for them: test the law thus assumed upon other kindred facts; will it explain them also? If it will, so far it is good, and it may be accepted, but only for want of a better. Time goes on; new facts are observed as belonging to the same family of phenomena; will they accord with the same law? If they will, so far has the supposed law been strengthened in its claim: but if they will not, test them again and again, and if they still refuse to come under its action, what then? why, the law must go its way, for facts are stubborn things; and so much the worse is it, not for the facts, but for the hypothetical law.

By some such course as this, most of what we call the laws of nature have been brought to light. Of course first attempts must often be unsuccessful; sometimes they are entirely wrong and have, on failure under crucial tests, been cast aside; oftentimes they are partially correct, but have to be modified and amended like other laws; and not unfrequently they are almost like inspirations, though of course they do not pretend to be such, and take their place among recognised truths; and men wonder, so grandly simple are they, that they did not discover them before. Newton's law of gravitation is an example of this last happy discovery.

So much may be said in general vindication of the inductive method of investigation which is so powerful an instrument in the hands of true men of science. It is one of those things that may be easily misunderstood, but which requires little if anything more than explanation to vindicate it from unjust aspersions. It may truly be said of it that it is the only way in which natural phenomena can be profitably investigated; and that it achieves all that it undertakes to do. If more than this is expected from it, the disappointed has himself only to blame: its success or failure must be judged by what it claims to do, not by an altogether different standard which it does not recognise. Thus, our more immediate object in these preliminary remarks is not so much a vindication as an explanation of the inductive method. Be-

cause this will enable us better to understand the growth and gradual development of the view which at present prevails among men of science with respect to the subject of our present gossip. We shall see what was the previous answer to the question, how that failed under crucial tests, and how what we believe to be the sounder answer took its place, and not only maintains its ground under ever-increasing and more severe trials, but grows more clear and more conclusive with every fresh investigation.

We are all familiar with the old dictum that there are four, and four only, elements: earth, air, fire, and water. If this dictum is to be taken literally we must at once say that it is false in every respect. If by element was meant what is now understood by this word, a simple substance as distinct from a body compounded of different substances, to none of these four can the term element be applied. Chemistry has long since showed that earth is a very complex body, that air is formed by a combination of two gasses—oxygen and nitrogen—that water is similarly a compound of two gasses—oxygen and hydrogen—and that fire, as we now understand it, is not in any sense of the word a body at all, but simply a *form of motion*. Perhaps it may be urged, in excuse for the old and venerable saying, that earth, air, and water were intended as representative substances, specimens, as it were, of the three classes into which we divide bodies, and so the earth represents solids, water liquids, and air the gasses. This, of course, would be intelligible and correct enough, but this implies the entire giving up the claim to the elemental character of each, and with that the poor old dictum falls to pieces.

But passing over these three, which, indeed, have come into our paper only because they have so long been united in the quartett, let us turn our attention to what was considered to be the fourth element, and see what has been held in more recent days respecting fire or, as it is more generally called, heat.

It will be very easy to understand this, because the language which grew up about this idea is familiar to all. Indeed it is one of the difficulties which beset the present view of the subject, that the technical language which time has almost consecrated to its use, or which at any rate has taken so firm a hold upon scientific diction, implies what is now shown to be erroneous. Hence it has come to pass that words are now obliged to be used in (to use a once famous phrase) a non-natural sense; and when we would speak, as we must do, of heat as a form of motion and not as a substance at all, we are still obliged by this tyrant custom to say that heat is poured into, or out of a body, that it is latent or concealed in it, that one substance can contain more of it than another, and so on; while all the while we deny its substantiality and thus find our language misleading those we would instruct: and all this because men of science are so prudent and careful that they

hesitate correcting inaccurate terms and replacing them by others that would better express the truth.

But for our present purpose the older language is of use because it shows what was held some years ago with respect to heat. Let us quote a definition or two from no mean authority, Lavoisier—which is again given as the definition of heat in “Webster’s Dictionary,” with only this note of misgiving: “This theory of heat seems not to be fully settled:” “Heat as a cause of sensation, that is, the *matter* of heat, is considered to be a subtile *fluid* contained in a greater or less degree in all bodies . . . Heat is latent when so combined with *other matter* as not to be perceptible.”

Again for the effect, that is the other sense of the word heat. “Heat, as a sensation, is the effect produced on the sentient organs of animals by the *passage* of caloric, disengaged from surrounding bodies, to the organs. When we touch, or approach, a hot body, the caloric, or heat, passes from that body to our organ of feeling, and gives the sensation of heat. On the contrary, when we touch a cold body, the caloric passes from the hand to that body, and causes a sensation of cold.”

Nothing can be clearer than these definitions of what is heat, both as a cause of a sensation, and as that sensation itself. It is described, you see, as matter, as a fluid combining with other matter, while its effect is produced by the passage of this fluid into or out of our bodies; and all the ordinary language of science uses words which imply this idea of the substantial character of heat. It is regarded in these and similar definitions as a substance, like water, which can be gathered up into a sponge and again squeezed out of it.

Those who maintained this opinion knew well enough that there were difficulties in the way of its reception, and took all due pains to remove them. If it was objected that this substance did not add to the weight of the body into which it was poured, nor diminish that weight when it passed out of it, the ready reply was that it was an imponderable fluid, which of course meant a body without weight, which was rather a stumbling-block in the way, and difficult, if not impossible, to be removed. According to their view, the quantity of heat in the universe is as constant as the quantity of ordinary matter, and so nothing could be added to or taken from it.

Again, the mechanical development of heat by friction or percussion was another difficulty in their way. If I strike a ball of lead with any great force heat shows itself; whence does it come? It was answered that this ball being compressed cannot contain the heat which had before being poured into it, and so a portion of what was therein contained is forced to make its appearance. They could not believe in new heat being called into existence. But Sir Humphry Davy offered an experiment for their consideration which seemed incapable of explanation

by the theory. He rubbed two pieces of ice together, of course holding them not in his warm hands, but in something that would not conduct his bodily heat into them. He rubbed them together, and produced water. Now all know that water at the lowest temperature contains far more heat than ice; indeed, a pound weight of ice requires sixty degrees of temperature to turn it into a pound of water: so that if a pound of ice be mixed with a pound of water at a temperature of sixty degrees, the result will be two pounds of water at freezing point. Whence, then, came the heat which turned the ice into water? Not certainly from the pieces of ice which could not have it, but from the *friction* which generated a heat which was not before in existence.

Let us now turn from the old unsatisfactory theory, and see if we can understand what has in our own day quite superseded it. We must give up what is called the *material* theory of heat—that which, as we have seen, considers heat as a material substance—and consider the *dynamical* theory, or as it is more popularly called the *mechanical* theory. A few simple experiments will serve to illustrate what is meant, and will, perhaps, make a definition more intelligible. When a hammer strikes a bell, the motion of the hammer is stopped, but its force is not destroyed. What has come of it? It would have gone on with the force it possessed, had not the bell come in its way. What has become of this force? It throws the bell into vibrations which impart motion to the air, which reaches in waves the ear, and we have a sound due to those vibrations produced by that blow. So when a sledge-hammer falls on a ball, its motion is arrested, and is not lost, but is transferred to the atoms of the lead, and it announces this fact to our sense of feeling in the form of heat. And the same explanation will account for this, for heat by friction of the two pieces of ice, and for numerous other results. What is this explanation? It is “that heat is a kind of molecular motion, and that by friction, percussion, and compression, this motion may be generated as well as by combustion.” So says Dr. Tyndall.

Let us consider for a moment what this means. A certain motion is produced in the hammer by the muscular force in the wielder combined with the force of gravity acting upon the hammer itself. This motion is suddenly checked by the body against which it strikes; it ceases in the hammer, and is transferred or passed on to the bullet. What happens then? The bullet is not driven on by the blow, as it would be were it free to move; but being fixed in position on the anvil, the molecules or small particles of which it is composed are set in motion among themselves, and this shows itself to our feeling as heat just as the vibrating particles of the bell make their motion felt in the ear, as sound. The harder the blow the greater this molecular motion and the greater the heat developed. Every child knows by experiment how a brass button may be heated by friction, by rubbing it against a

hard board; knows, too, how the heat is increased by rubbing harder or more rapidly, until the young philosopher burns his fingers or, it may be, some one else's cheek to which he applies it.

Sir H. Davy puts the same into more technical language when he says, the mechanical motion lost by the masses of matter in friction is the motion gained by their corpuscles. But the young philosopher may naturally object that he sees no motion in the rubbed button, that it is quite the same in size and form as before, only it has become hot. This is true enough, but he has yet to learn that many things occur before his eyes which he cannot see. The button is not the same size as before; it is larger: but its increase is far too small to show itself in ordinary measurement. When larger bodies are heated the growth is obvious enough. But with respect to the motion of the little pieces of which the body is composed that he must not hope to see. And why? Hear what Tyndall says: "This motion of heat, however, though intense, is executed within limits too minute, and the moving particles are too small to be visible." What must we do, then, if sight will not help us; have we no other faculty to call to our aid? We must summon imagination to help us. "In the case of solid bodies, while the force of cohesion still holds the molecules together, you must conceive a power of vibration, within certain limits, to be possessed by the molecules. You must suppose them oscillating to and fro; and the greater the amount of heat we impart to the body, or the greater the amount of mechanical action which we invest in it by percussion, compression, or friction, the more rapid will be the molecular vibration, and the wider the amplitude of the atomic oscillations." That is Dr. Tyndall's picture which, we imagine, the mind will delight in, when it has once grasped it.

We must quote two more passages from the same book of Tyndall's ("Heat considered as a mode of motion"), because it will help us much in realising the picture, and will, at the same time, show how it accounts for certain obvious phenomena. "Now nothing is more natural than that particles thus vibrating, and ever, as it were, seeking wider room, should urge each other apart, and thus cause the body of which they are the constituents to expand in volume. This in general is the consequence of imparting heat to bodies—expansion of volume. We shall closely consider the few apparent exceptions by-and-by. By the force of cohesion, then, the particles are held together; by the force of heat they are pushed asunder: here are two antagonistic principles on which the molecular aggregation of the body depends. Let us suppose the communication of heat to continue; every increment of heat pushes the particles more widely apart; but the force of cohesion, like all other known forces, acts more and more feebly as the distance between the particles which are the seat of the force is augmented. As, therefore, the heat strengthens its opponent grows weak, until, finally, the par-

ticles are so far loosed from the rigid thrall of cohesion, that they are at liberty, not only to vibrate to and fro across a fixed position, but also to roll and glide around each other. Cohesion is not yet destroyed, but it is so far modified, that while the particles still offer resistance to being torn directly asunder, their lateral mobility over each other's surface is secured. *This is the liquid condition of matter."*

"In the interior of a mass of liquid the motion of every atom is controlled by the atoms which surround it. But suppose you develop heat of sufficient power within the body of the liquid, what occurs? The molecules break the last fetters of cohesion, and fly asunder to form bubbles of vapour. If one of the surfaces of the liquid be quite free, that is to say, uncontrolled either by a liquid or solid, it is quite easy to conceive that some of the vibrating superficial molecules will be jerked quite away from the liquid, and will fly with a certain velocity through space. *Thus freed from the influence of cohesion, we have matter in the vaporous or gaseous form."*

But, it might be objected, is not this altogether a new view? and does it not run counter to all that has been taught before on the subject; and therefore to be received, if at all, with grave suspicion? There would be something in the objection were it well founded; although even then the inductive process can claim this liberty of rejecting entirely what has before been held; on that principle, upon which we have insisted, that what will not bear the test of experiment must give way to what will. But it is not the fact that this view of heat is a new one, and that it owes its birth to the present day. Lord Bacon himself, the great father of the inductive method, in his *Novum Organum*, recognises and speaks of it in much the same language as we have quoted above. He says: "When I say of motion that it is the genus of which heat is a species, I would be understood to mean, not that heat generates motion, or that motion generates heat (though both are true in certain cases), but that heat itself, its essence and quiddity, is motion and nothing else." And again: "*Heat is a motion, expansive, restrained, and acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies.*"

Again, Count Rumford says heat "cannot be a material substance." And once more to quote an authority better known at home than the great Count whose public recognition as a philosopher has to be sought in Munich instead of London; Locke says, in language which if possible seems still more modern, though he wrote of heat nearly 200 years ago: "Heat is a very brisk agitation of the insensible parts of the object, which produces in us that sensation from whence we denominate the object hot; so what in our sensation is heat, in the object is nothing but motion."

Such, then, is the theory which is now received universally by scientific men, and which claims for its supporters such men as Locke,



Rumford and Bacon. The present day has witnessed its fuller explanation and illustration, and what Davy and Faraday maintained, Tyndall and others have confirmed by numberless experiments. The imagination is called in to picture to the mind the rapid motions of these infinitely small particles of matter, and thus to see, as it were, in detail, what is going on in a body where heat-motion is at work. But how fierce the movements are, with what energy the particles oscillate in their tiny orbits, we may see in the results they produce without any scientific apparatus at all. Look at a gas or candle flame; what produces the light and heat? Whence come they? We all know of what they are composed: in gas and candle alike there is the hydrocarbon gas, made in the distant gas-house, in the one case; or from the melting candle itself in the other. It rises into the air which surrounds and shuts it in. We apply a match, which warms the gases, that is, which sets them vibrating; the particles of oxygen in the air dash themselves against the particles of the inclosed gas; there is a fierce conflict between them; the volume of gas is like a solid mass of infantry, the oxygen like cavalry riding round and dashing at the outer edge: the battle rages fiercer; the heat and light are the visible tokens of the fight.

Sprinkle a few steel filings in the flame, and you see little stars hursting into life and light. What is this? The morsels of steel are first heated in the flame; greater and greater grows the heat; wider and more rapid are the vibrations, until they reach that temperature, that is, until the vibrations are sufficiently wide and rapid to cause them to combine (as it is called) with the oxygen of the surrounding air; then the motion becomes apparent, and we see the stars flash off like blazing rockets. So it is when sulphur or phosphorus is burned in oxygen; there is a dazzling light which results from excessive motion; and if we see not the actual collision of the particles, one upon the other, we may form some idea of the forces in action by the fierce and brilliant light which results from the fight.

And so we may understand that all cases of combustion are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions.

Such, then, is our answer to the question, What is heat? We hope, in a future paper, to carry further our inquiries, and to see—upon this theory, that heat is but a mode of motion, and not a substance at all—how heat is communicated from one body to another; how a distant object, such, for instance, as the sun, can communicate its heat to the earth; how, that is, the vibrations of the particles of the sun can set in motion those of the earth.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," ETC.

## BOOK SECOND.

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE SUMMER MORNING.

LORD WILDERSPIN was making one of his erratic tours abroad, and was expected to return to the Park in a fortnight; and Captain Rupert decided on remaining at the Hall to await his return, rather than pass the intervening time in London. Already the fresh breezes of the country were telling upon his health and spirits. The days passed pleasantly; a long ride through the sheltering woods, and over the sunny downs; a lounge in the library, dipping into old favourite books; and occasional conversations with the Signora and Fan, furnished him with sufficient amusement and occupation. Surprise at the simplicity of his own tastes enhanced his enjoyment of the novelty of this unthought way of life, and he was happier than he had been for many years.

Aware that he was looked on by the Signora as a dangerous person, likely to undo some of the difficult work done in Fan by increasing her dislike to public exhibition, and encouraging her to lower her aspirations to the level of those of ordinary commonplace mortals, he was careful to choose wisely his subjects of conversation, and to propitiate the enthusiastic little Italian. But Fanchetta's music was her least attractive charm in his eyes; neither was it altogether her beauty that fascinated him, though that was pleasant to look upon as a rose in June. Never had any girl so near womanhood treated him with so much of the cordial simplicity of a child. It was the joyous transparency of her character that delighted him.

Not a great lover of books, it yet pleased him to read to the ladies under the shelter of the trees, of a morning, while Fan performed the tasks of needlework which the Signora considered a necessary part of the education of a gentlewoman. The Signora's embroideries were works of art, such as hang on the walls, in dusky corners, of old Italian palaces; and Captain Rupert professed an interest in their daily growth. But Fan's fresh comments on the tale or poem he recited to her were more to his taste than the most wonderful tapestries in the world.

Finding that he did not return to unpleasant subjects of conversation; that he invariably spoke with respect of Lord Wilderspin, and that he was careful never to intrude upon their society beyond the most reasonable limits, the Signora forgot the pang of distrust and displeasure she had felt at the close of their first interview, and made Captain Rupert welcome to share their walks and their hours of outdoor recreation. Herr Harfenspieler came and went without even seeing the gentleman, and Fan's industry at her studies was no way decreased.

Fan felt kindly to their new companion from the first, because he had sympathized with her dislike of the career to which she was destined; but she wondered why he held opinions so different from those of her other friends. Her own dread of public exhibition was instinctive; but she could see no reason why a stranger should object to see her fulfilling her vocation in life. One morning the Signora, more easily tired than younger people, had sat down to rest, and Fancha and Captain Wilderspin had wandered a little further into the wood.

"May I ask you about something," said Fan, "something that has been in my mind? Why were you displeased at the idea of my going on the stage?"

Captain Rupert was startled at the directness of the question, and paused a moment before answering, asking himself whether he had any right to interfere with the future of this young creature; but, looking at her eager face, he felt that the question in her eyes must be met with the truth.

"Because I do not think a public life is a desirable one for a lady."

"But I," said Fan; "am I a lady?"

He glanced at her in surprise. Had she been other than she was, he would have thought the question sounded like asking for a compliment; but he knew that Fan meant what she said. Was she a lady or not? In her spotless white gown, with her delicate, blooming face and spiritual eyes, had she really any doubts about her own ladyhood? He had learned to expect nothing but what was unconventional from her, and waited, as he often did, till she would give him the clue to her thought.

Fan's was a long thought, as she stood, fingering with one raised hand the leaves of the sheltering tree above them, and looking with absent eyes away into the depths of the wood. There was no self-consciousness in her face; she was not thinking of her own breeding, appearance, education when she asked her question; her mind had gone back to one point that seemed unmeasurably far away in time and space, when her feet were upon a sea-washed mountain side, and she was carried up and down rugged braes, and in and out of a fishing-boat by Kevin. She was well aware that this elegant person beside

her would not call Kevin a gentleman, and therefore, did she want to be a lady? She knew the advantage of all that had befallen her, and yet the fidelity within her looked back, and claimed a right to be of the rank of her early friend.

So long was her thought, that Captain Rupert at last believed she must be waiting for his answer, and said :

"I think you can hardly be in earnest ; you must know that you are a lady."

"My father and mother were peasant people."

"Indeed ! I did not know it."

"Mamzelle does not talk about it ; she hopes I will forget. And I do not speak for fear of vexing her. But I never forget."

"What is it that you never forget?" said Captain Wilderspin, seeing a whole history in her upturned eyes.

"The sea, and the mountains, and someone who is always looking for me."

"You are half Italian, are you not?"

"Oh, no ; Irish."

"You surprise me. I thought you belonged to the signora. I fancied you the child of some brother or sister of hers who had married in England."

"I belong to her only through her kindness. I am lost, strayed, and stolen from an Irish mountain."

"I might have known by your eyes that you were a daughter of the emerald isle."

"Why, are my eyes emerald?" said Fan, with a flash of merriment.

"No ; blue, like the sea."

"The English sea is blue ; I see it out yonder always, a bluish line. But our sea was green like your emerald ; green, with clouds of foam."

"Who is it that is always looking for you?"

"Kevin."

She pronounced the name as if the utterance was some part of the weaving of a spell, and looked out to the horizon with lifted face, as if she half expected the sound might be carried afar, and overheard from the deserts, or other distant regions of the earth. Then catching at an overhanging branch, she stood on tiptoe and peered forward into the purple dimness of a hollow opening in the wood. But no figure started up on the narrow brown path ; no wanderer appeared with staff and bundle, descending the mossy bank.

Captain Rupert observed her with a curious thrill of interest.

"I half think you are a changeling," he said. "Is that what you mean to convey? Are you looking to see your fairy kinsmen coming riding on the wind?"

"No," said Fan, sadly ; "the fairies have nothing to do with me, or they might have put everything right."

"The postman is the fairy who generally puts everything right in such a case. Have you never written to your home?"

"I have written, but my letters were not answered; and so I know that Kevin is not there. I knew he could not be there. He went out over the world to look for me."

"Is he your brother?"

"Oh, no; but he has the care of me."

"A care which appears to sit lightly upon him. The signora is performing his duties by proxy, I suppose," said Captain Rupert, with a slight accent of contempt; adding mentally, "The old rascal, dozing tipsily in his shanty, while he allows the child to slip through his fingers."

Fan looked at him questioningly, with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"I mean," said Captain Rupert, "that the old man ought not to have allowed you to get lost."

"What old man?" said Fanchea.

"Kevin."

Fan broke into a peal of delicious laughter. Her laugh was almost as musical as her song, and the birds, hearing it, began to sing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Captain Rupert, finding all this gaiety contagious, and contributing a smile to it.

"He is but twelve years older than me."

"Then he was young enough to be more wide awake."

"He was away about some business of his father's, and it was all my fault, for I went where I ought not to have gone. The gipsies are cunning, and they wanted me."

"Then you have been roving with gipsies."

"Oh, yes."

"I should not wonder. That is why you are so unlike tame people."

"I am tame now," said Fan, folding her hands, with a little laugh and sigh.

"Then I should like to have seen you when you were wild. How long have you been caged in this Park?"

"Nearly seven years."

"And you suppose that Kevin has been searching for you all this time?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful faith of a child. Happy belief in the fidelity of human nature. And your only proof of this is the fact that he has not written?"

"Don't!" said Fan, as the accent of sarcasm again touched her quick ear. "I will talk to you no more."

"You look on me as a wicked unbeliever?"

"It is a matter not of believing but of knowing. And you do not know. I am not angry, but I have said enough."

"But I would like both to believe and to know. I promise you to do both if you will tell me some more."

"The signora is coming," said Fan. "Perhaps I may tell you more another time. The signora would not listen to me if I were to talk as I want to talk now."

"I have forgotten myself," said the signora, coming towards them with the look of a person who has waked from a long sleep.

"What have you found in Tasso to make you forget the world?" asked Captain Rupert, glancing at the book in her hand.

"Much, much that has spoken to my soul," said the signora, with her silver ringlets trembling. "The poet has stirred me on a subject that is next my heart. I am anxious to take Fan into Italy, Captain Wilderspin."

"Would she like to go?"

"Yes," said Fan, radiantly; and Captain Rupert knew she was thinking of the likelihood of meeting with the imaginary wanderer, her friend.

"Her musical education is to be completed there," said the signora. "Herr Harfenspieler has done good work in her; but the sun of Italy will be needed to ripen her genius."

"In this there will be a pleasure for you, signora. Is it long since you have seen your native land?"

"Many long years, Captain Wilderspin. These elf locks of mine were pure gold in the Italian sunshine. They have grown grey in your chiller atmosphere. Alas! no glow on earth will ever transmute them into gold again."

As she spoke, the little woman's wistful eyes, gazing from under her deep brows encircled by their silvery aureole, saw, not the grey, gleaming shafts, and bowery undulations of the Sussex greenwood, but azure mountains, surrounding narrow, deep-coloured streets, full of heavy shadows and yellow sunshine, in which her own soul walked, as a girl glorified within and without by illusive dreams.

As they talked, Fan moved on a little apart; her hands were linked behind her back, her feet had fallen into a dancing measure, keeping time to a wild, quaint gipsy song which she was singing low to herself. They were treading that mossy, flower-spangled opening in the wood where she remembered having been found by Lord Wilderspin, and where she had sung for him the gipsies' tarantula. To her, who forgot nothing, all this magic space was haunted by the faces of gipsies, and echoing with their peculiar music which the birds had learned to mock. Her late conversation, having made a slight vent for habitually silent thoughts, had given a more than ordinary vividness to her memories, and therefore she broke out into the gipsy song as she

walked, till her walk became a dance, like the ghost of the dance she had first learned delightedly on Killeevy, and afterwards danced many times in gaiety, fear, sorrow, and expectation, while scanning the crowd for a face that never appeared, amidst the hurry and excitement of the gipsies' tent. Captain Rupert watched her while he talked, noticed her singing and dancing like a person doing the same in a dream, where the voice is kept from soaring and the limbs from moving by an unaccountable something that is struggling against the will. Her feet beat the time, though with a fettered movement; her hand was sometimes raised to shake the tambourine, or she snapped her fingers softly, with a whisper of the rattle of castanets. After some time she danced herself gradually away out of sight of her companions, and they heard her fantastic song break out gleefully in the distance, as if in the solitude of nature the spell had been broken and the wild music set free from her heart.

The signora and Captain Rupert stood still, and looked at one another while their conversation flagged and died on their lips.

"It is piercing sweet," said the signora, "but I do not like it. That song always seems to me the expression of something wild in her nature that is warring against our efforts to train her for her fitting career. Whether it is the wild Irish strain that is in her blood, or whether it is that she is inoculated with gipsy's magic, I do not know."

"There is certainly more of the bird in that soul than of the *canta-trice*," was the answer.

"I cannot bear it," said the signora, with a look of passionate pain on her worn face, and putting her fingers impatiently in her ears. Her anguish sprang from a variety of causes, all converging curiously like little knife-points towards her heart. The notes of the gipsy song always beat upon certain old, unused, and rusty strings within her, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," making a claim for some truths which she was unwilling to grant. Its round, rolling sweetness, its wayward whims and changes, its purring contentment, and utter freedom from all rules and constraints, seemed to her always to sing of the genius that is rather suggestive than creative or interpretative, and will rather work through love and gladness in dewy byways than come forth with any message of its own to the listening world. That Fan should live to be a mere cricket chirping on any mortal's hearthstone was an idea that the signora could not tolerate. There was no creature in the universe noble enough to absorb her music into his life. That such a state of things even ought to be she was unwilling to admit. And yet she knew too well that the rusty chord within her which would vibrate so agonizedly to Fan's bird-like, love-laden minstrelsy, was the mainspring of almost every woman's heart; and that in Fan's it was strung with gold, and throbbing mellowly in tune.

Captain Rupert looked on her emotion with surprise. "Strange," he said, "that music so enchanting should give you nothing but pain. And you who are a musician, signora."

"I have told you the reason partly," replied she. "This wild-wood singing makes me tremble for her perseverance in the utterance and interpretation of more noble strains. My own life, sir, has been given to art, offered as a handful of roses that shrivelled into dust in the giver's hand; and now my failure has been made a pedestal for her success. She shall not turn into a mere thrush in the hedgerows; she, who was born for, and has been trained to give expression to the soul of multitudes!"

Captain Wilderspin listened to her impassioned words disapprovingly. "There," he said to himself, "is the kind of person who would steal the posies from a woman's life in order that the dried leaves of fame may rustle on her brow!" But he did not quite understand the signora. Art was the god of her enthusiasm, and not fame. The latter she looked on as but the accidental accompaniment of the success that is witness to the truth.

In the pause that followed the signora's speech which Captain Wilderspin found so unlovely, Fan's song wound, curled, and dived through the upper air with a wilfulness that seemed resolved to escape out of reach of the thought of both listeners.

"Another reason why I do not like it," said the signora, "is that it is the twin-song of another which is a link between the child and the home which, I trust, she may never see again. A return to that lowly and uncivilized home could only result in the loss of her peace of mind."

"I agree with you there," said Captain Wilderspin. "What is that other song you speak of?"

"A hymn, which is in itself very beautiful, forming a contrast the most complete to the gipsy song. She sings it in her native Irish, and I own that listening to it my heart has been softened towards a people whose peasantry could treasure and enjoy such a gem of religious melody and thought. But when I hear Fan sing the 'Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant' I feel as if she were stealing away out of my restraining arms into a region where the world can never follow her!"

"Have I heard her sing it?"

"No; of late she has given it up, having seen that it gives me pain; and only sings it in a crooning way to herself, generally, when she thinks she is alone. I believe she sings it as a sort of incantation to bring the spirits of her people around her, to call up the scenes of her childhood and the voices of those she has lost. When I hear her crooning so, it makes me weep. So strange a thing is the human heart, Captain Wilderspin; so sad a thing is life."

Captain Rupert reflected that the worn-faced little lady was rather flighty and inconsistent; and he felt angry with her. She would place



this creature so cherished on a public stage, under the gaze of all the eyes of a vulgar world. "And she is fit for something higher," he insisted with himself. "Is she fit to be a peeress?" thought Captain Rupert.

At this moment Fan, whose song had ceased, appeared at some distance, in a hollow among the trees, flitting across the opening, with a bright look over her shoulder in the direction of her friends. The brilliant face shone, the white dress glimmered, and she was gone again, hidden behind the greenery.

"Is she fit to be a peeress?" thought Captain Wilderspin, and then made a movement as if shaking himself awake, shocked at coming suddenly upon so strange a thought.

"There is a bewitchment over this place," he said to himself, "which is beginning to tell upon me also. It is time Lord Wilderspin should come home. What? this girl out of a cabin, with her pagan gipsy song, and the Christian superstition of her 'Virgin's Hymn?' What a likely bride for the heir of all the Wilderspines!"

Again Fan was seen still farther away, wandering on the upland, in the blue ether of what seemed another and more delicately and deeply-coloured world.

"Fool!" thought Captain Rupert, watching her, "to be so jealous of a dignity which could add nothing to her grace. My coronet would, perhaps, be of as little value to her as was the jewel to the bird in the fable."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### GATHER YE ROSES!

THE signora had, during the late years of ease and peace that had passed over her head, been striving to catch back at the lost purpose of a life, and had tried to gather up with one hand some of the broken threads that youth had spun and time had snapped, with the hope of weaving them into something beautiful that should yet glorify the close of her existence. The spirit of resignation which made her content to stand and wait while others served, which had kept her from feeling her fate intolerable, and at times would rise from her heart in language which startled the listener with its sanctity, and in thoughts which lifted her own feet over too difficult places, this spirit of imagination was not always with her. When it went at intervals, feverish desires made havoc in her soul, and she dreamed again that hers might be among the hands that are carvers of the corner-stones of the palace of imperishable art.

In the room that she had furnished with the furniture of her old lodging, trying to make it look, in the midst of splendour, like the

meagre home in which she had struggled so long, and where poverty had seemed to baffle her most passionate efforts, she had set up her old easel, stained and worn as it was with the patient labour of many years—an easel on which had been perfected many a delicate copy of the old masters, and some lovely bits of original work that had gone forth to the world to be loved and admired; but to make no lasting name for their creator. Upon it had also been angrily destroyed, by the hand of the artist, more than one ambitious effort, begun in a fever of hope that perhaps this, at least, might prove, at its completion, to be one of those works which are the glory of all time. But the moment of completion had never been attained; the star of hope had set in the feverish brain that conceived such pictures long before the work had approached its maturity, and destruction had followed swiftly on the first foreshadowing of failure. The canvas intended as the groundwork for a structure of imperishable beauty had turned into an instrument of torture for the too presumptuous soul; and like one who had invoked an angel and been confronted by fiend, the half-crazed dreamer had turned and fled from even the memory of the once holy labour of her hands.

Grown meek through failure, and persuaded by her higher nature to be satisfied with the perfection of what others had achieved, she had thought to fling herself entirely into the life of another, and for a long time Fanchea's love, and Fanchea's future, had been sufficient to absorb the action of all the fire within her. But as the years moved on the old passion revived, and the longing that only death would ever extinguish returned upon her, in her more self-forgetting existence, to do battle with the peace that had been gradually gaining sway over her soul,

The old easel was set forth into the light, and the old frown reappeared on the signora's brow. Again she refused to believe that it was a demon this spirit that whispered to her of a glorious crown of fruition which should yet descend out of the heavens to give signal meaning to her bleak and barren life.

"Dear Mamzelle," said Fan, sorry to see the absent, unsatisfied look growing in the eyes of her little friend, and the spasm of pain contracting her furrowed mouth, "why do you not paint the wild flowers as you did last year? You made them look like living things, and they gave you delight. This new undertaking is wearing you away."

"I would not work for mere delight, my darling; not for mere pleasure to myself. The greater the work the more exhausting to the mortal frame, no doubt; but there is something here that will excel the mere loveliness of flowers; a message, perhaps, worth giving to mankind. Raphael did not grudge his headaches, or his wakeful nights."

"I cannot imagine that he had either," said Fanchea, gaily. "I always fancy that genius like his is happy, and gives out its beauties as the birds pour forth their song."

"There has been radiant, seraph-like genius of that order," said the signora, agitatedly, "but the rule is for the reverse."

"And dear Mamzelle," said Fan, laying her warm cheek caressingly on the little woman's silver head, "is it not better to keep looking happily at Raphael's Madonna than to sit here sorrowfully, trying to invent a Madonna of one's own? One can hardly expect to compete with Raphael. Men do not think of wrestling with the angels."

The signora bowed her head. She could not say, "But I have dreamed that I, too, might be an angel." The very boldness of the girl's playful words convinced her that Fan did not guess at the deep ambition of her restless heart, for Fan's was not the finger to probe a wound. And as hope was still within call, ready to hold the lamp by which she might finish this work, she was able to recover herself, and say smiling:

"You unkind girl. You make little of my picture!"

"No," said Fan; "your work is always good. It is you, and not I, that are dissatisfied with it. Come out into the sunshine and be happy!"

"I cannot at this moment: but run away, my love, and enjoy the morning. Herr Harfenspieler will be here in the afternoon."

Fan went, with a shadow still lingering on her face, feeling that a cloud had come over her friend, which all her tenderness was powerless to remove; but before she had reached the fairyland of the great gardens the reflection of a trouble was gone from her brow, and all her natural joyousness had returned. Despite her love for, and gratitude to, the signora, it was sometimes unconsciously a relief to her to escape from the tragic intensity of the little artist's manner of dealing with life.

"If she would only come out here, and be perfectly happy for one hour!" thought the girl, her eyes flashing with delight as they roved over the rich banks of colour, the prim, trim, brilliant scrolls of bloom, the old gray walls with their green and purple and scarlet draperies, the clusters of ripe roses, from pale gold to crimson, that stood aloft above the sward, as if they were the picked and choicest jewels to be offered to heaven out of this treasury of sweets; and then rested on the background of sombre, almost blackened foliage, fringed with grey, that gave value to all the warmth of the interior.

"If she would only drink in this delicious air," thought Fan, "without giving it back again in sighs. If she would but let the exhilaration of it get into her head, and the perfume get into her heart and stay there! With Raphael in her memory, and her hands full of

flowers, might not the artist-soul within her be content? Surely God's message is in the flowers, too!"

Carried away by a passion of joy in the loveliness round her, she gathered a heap of roses, and wove them into a crown for her hat and a girdle for her waist, and thus garlanded she set off on tip-toe of glee across the Park to pay a visit to Nancy and her children.

She romped with the children, and shared their meal of bread and milk; when she would leave them, the little ones followed her through the nearest dells and dingles till their mother called them back; and, glowing with air and exercise, she came dancing and singing homeward through the woods.

Her fit of exuberant spirits being almost worked off, her eye fell on a mossy tree-trunk that formed an inviting seat, and, "Now that I am to myself," thought Fan, "I will sit here and do a bit of thinking!"

Sitting there, perfectly still, her thoughts went rapidly back over her young life; a period of seven years was rapidly scanned, and then, more slowly, another period of ten. Closing her eyes, she "saw Killeevy" as of old, in the gipsy's tent, and the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" came softly out of her lips, as if she sang in her sleep. There were the tossing white waves rocking at the feet of the cliffs, there were the faces of the singers lit by the red glow from the turf-fire on the hearth. As she sang her mountain-hymn the voices of home began to whisper, and gather strength, and at last made their audible responses in her heart.

The hymn finished, she went on singing her thoughts in a sort of plaintive recitative: for this was a habit of thinking which she had never given up. Her Irish was now merely broken Irish, but there was no one to criticise her grammar.

"The sea is singing its old song, the white birds are flying, the sun is setting behind the islands. Kevin is coming over the cliffs with Fan in his arms. His eyes are full of a beautiful story, and he is going to tell it. Oh, Kevin, when will you tell me a story again?"

"Kind mother, with the good face, you are standing in the doorway looking out to see them come home. The moon is getting up at the back of the mountain; it is red and round and bright, like the old copper pan you are so proud of on the wall. The hearth is swept; the firelight is shining on the old copper pan. Supper is made; the cakes are baked. *Call the children home!*

"Where are the children now, mother? Where is your good, kind face? Oh, Kevin, when will you tell me a story again!"

The song would have been longer, only the sound of a step startled the singer, who looked round, and no longer saw Killeevy, but beheld very plainly the woods of Sussex, and Captain Wilderspin standing before her.

"The birds and I are lost in astonishment," he said. "We never heard so doleful a ditty from you before."

"Speak for yourself," said Fan, shaking her head. "The birds know everything. If they could speak, they would carry many a message for me."

"I do not doubt it. I wish I were in their confidence. But where is the signora this morning?"

"The signora is painting a beautiful picture."

"Is it the picture I asked her for; the portrait of a certain gipsy maiden?"

"No," said Fan, laughing; "it is a much more noble subject. You remember her indignation at that request. The idea of her perpetuating me as a gipsy!"

"I particularly want a gipsy for the gallery."

"What! To put among the beautiful grandmothers?"

"Yes; to put their beauty to shame."

Fan flushed a little at the plain-spoken compliment; but her embarrassment went as quickly as it came.

"There is a gipsy in the Academy exhibition this year," she said. "It is very pretty, and I don't think it is sold."

"It must have one particular face, or I do not want it."

"That is a pity; for the signora is terrible when she makes up her mind."

In the meantime Herr Harfenspieler had arrived at the castle to give Fan her lesson, and found the signora alone, bending with feverish face over her picture.

"At work again, signora," he said, entering. "A large canvas this time; and *ach himmel!* an ambitious subject also!"

The signora winced at the word ambitious. "One is not necessarily ambitious when one longs to do something great," she said, pettishly.

"Then you still expect to do something great?"

"You are severe, maestro."

"I am honest, Fraulein. Raphael, Francia, and their kindred are dead. It is folly for a little woman in the nineteenth century to dream that their mantle has descended on her."

"Has the fountain of genius, then, been sealed to the world for evermore?"

"Genius is of many hues and textures, signora. There is much beautiful work being done in this day; but the genius whose mission it was to bring the smile of Divinity before mankind, that genius is vanished from the earth."

"But I have prayed over this picture, Herr Harfenspieler."

"And prayer is never lost," said the musician, drawing his bow across the strings of his violin. "But the spirit bloweth where it

listeth; and the answer to your prayer will shine out of the eyes of the next anemones you paint."

"Is the picture such a failure, mein herr?"

"It is a handsome woman masquerading as a madonna. There is much of your own grace scattered about the whole, but the heavenly message is wanting in the faces. Look in the mother's eyes; she knows as well as we that she is only a pretence."

With a bitter cry the signora seized her brush and blotted out both the faces.

The Harfenspieler was a little startled at her vehemence. "I am sorry," he said, "but perhaps it is for the best. That picture would have tortured you more a month hence than it is torturing you now."

"It is true," said the poor little artist, weeping.

"Let us solace ourselves with music. I will play you one of Mozart's divine movements. How I have struggled and fretted to rival it! But let us worship only what is true!"

He touched the violin and played like one inspired, his dark eyes glowing, his gaze fixed far away, till the signora had sobbed herself into a more peaceful mood. When he ceased, she took up the picture and placed it with its face to the wall.

"My friend," said the Harfenspieler, taking her hand, "forgive me. You and I are so much alike that I deal with you as I deal with myself. Now, let us get to our real work. Where is the child who is to give voice to our thoughts?"

"She went out into the Park two hours ago. She was in too joyous a mood, too full of her young life to sit down here quietly with me."

"Do you often send her rambling about alone?"

"Since I have been at yonder painting, yes," said Mamzelle. "But what then? She loves her liberty, and she will meet no one in the Park, except the children of her friend, Nancy, or Captain Wilderspin."

"You have been neglecting your duty, signora."

"What do you mean, mein herr?"

"His lordship's heir is a person of many attractions, signora, and he admires our little girl, as who could help it?"

"You fear," said the signora, turning pale, "that she may become the lady of Wilderspin, instead of the singer who is to give our message to the world."

"That is one danger," said the Harfenspieler. "But even should that be escaped, harm may be done. Our child has a fervent heart, and she must put it all into her music. A broken dream might be a sad disturbance to her career."

"But her heart is with her people," gasped the signora, appalled at such a view of things.

"We have blotted them out of her memory," said the Harfenspieler,

sadly, "only, it seems, to prepare the way for a more complete frustration of our plans."

"Your imagination runs away with you, *main herr*," said the signora, trembling.

"You have sat here, *fräulein*, impiously trying to steal fire from heaven while you neglected your only duty—endangered the chief hope, the real work of our lives."

"Pardon, *maestro*, pardon. I will instantly go in search of her."

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## GRANDMAMMA'S BOY.

BY HELENA CALLANAN.

FAIN I'd keep thee in the homestead, but I try to teach my heart,  
That in life's unceasing battle my brave boy must play his part;  
And the roof-tree cannot always hide the bird within the nest,  
For the future hath its duties—it is wisest thus and best.

I am sad, and I shall miss thee; darling child, my love was thine,  
Since those twin bright baby faces pressed so lovingly to mine,  
And soft arms were clasped around me, and I felt my joy complete  
When the rose-lips, softly prattling, lisped out "Grandmamma!" so sweet.

From a distant country came they, treasures trusted to my care,  
Ah! they found my heart's warm shelter, and they nestled fondly there—  
Charlie, full of pranks and humour, Mary, winning and so fair:  
Soon sweet laughter in the household told that joyous youth was there.

Grandmamma will miss her Charlie, miss his wiles and merry ways;  
Little sister will be lonely in her walks and at her plays;  
But her brother will be learning how to tread the path of truth—  
Purest virtue, truest honour, guardian angels of his youth.

While my Charlie struggles bravely, grandmamma will watch and pray,  
That temptation's dark'ning shadows may not lead her boy astray.  
Through the many years that wait thee, be thy lov'd ones' pride and joy,  
And, my darling, ah! remember, thou art grandmamma's own boy.

## THE ANTIQUITIES OF BOYLE.

## IV.

## ST. PATRICK IN MOYLURG.

"Even as a matter of individual pride and gratification, indeed, as a matter of intellectual enjoyment, could there," asks the great Irish scholar and patriot, O'Curry, "be anything more agreeable to a cultivated mind than to know the origin and history of those countless monuments of the fervid piety and devotion of our primitive Christian forefathers, which are to be found in the ruined church and tower, the sculptured cross, the holy well, and the commemorative name of almost every townland and parish in the whole island? Few," he adds, "out of the many thousands who see those places and hear their names, know anything whatever of their origin and history; and yet there is not one of them whose origin and history are not well preserved, and accessible to those who will but qualify themselves to become acquainted with them, by a proper study of the rich and venerable old language in which they are recorded."\* The light which falls from the records of the past on those monuments of a vanished world, on the ruins of those dwellings of charity and devotion, for whose perpetual well-doing their pious founders had amply provided, is truly

"As the day-beam to the sailor  
Lighting up the wrecker's shore."

From Oran Garadh, beloved by St. Patrick, and which became "the most noble church and monastery of Kill-garadh," the shrine of St. Cethech, often mentioned in the "Annals," but whose glory is now as the dream of a night that is gone, our Apostle directed his steps to another place not far from Oran, also very celebrated in Pagan and Christian times. "Patrick went afterwards to Magh-Selcæ, i. e., to Dumha-Selca, where there were young men, the six sons of Brian; and Patrick wrote three names there on three stones, viz., Jesus, Soter, Salvator. Patrick blessed the Ui-Briuin from Dumha-Selca, and Patrick's seat is there between the stones, in quibus scripsit literas, et nona (*sic*) episcoporum cum illo illic fuerunt, viz., Bronus of Caisel-Irra, Sachelus of Baislic-Mor in Ciarraighe, Brochaid of Imlech-ech (brother to Lomman of Ath-truim), Bronachus, presbyter, Rodan, Cassan, Benen, Comarb of Patrick, and Benen, brother of Cethech,

\* "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," p. 354.



Felartus, bishop, and his sister a nun there, and another sister; and he founded a church on Loch-Selca, i. e., Domnach-mor of Magh-Selca, in quo baptizavit Ui-Briuin et benedixit.\* Dumha-Sealga is in the townland of Carns, to the south of the village of Tulsk, county Roscommon. The townland has its name from this mound, and the celebrated Carnfree, the tumulus or funeral mound of Fraech, on which the O'Connor was inaugurated, and which is so frequently mentioned in the "Irish Annals."† It is in the parish of Ogulla, barony and county of Roscommon. Carnfree was so called from Fraech, the son of Fiodhach of the Red Hair, from whom also was named Cluain-Fraech, near Strokestown, a palace of the O'Conors down to the sixteenth century; the townland is still called Cloonfree Palace. "They conveyed the body of Fraech," says the "Book of Lecan," "to Cnoc na Dala (Hill of the Meeting) to the south-east of Cruachain, and interred him there; so that it is from him the Carn is named: unde dicitur Carn-Fraech, i. e., the Carn of Fraech." It is situated to the south of the village of Tulsk, and about three miles south-east of Rath-Croghan. Dumha-Sealga, i. e., the Hunting Mound, or Mound of the Chase, is the green hill to the east of Carnfree.‡ This was the place where the kings of Connaught and their retainers mustered for the chase of the deer, which then roamed wild through the forests, and the wild boars and wolves which lurked in the glens. Even to this day the Mound of the Chase is a favourite meeting-place for the Roscommon staghounds, and the sportsmen who cross the plains of Rath-Croaghan on the famous Roscommon hunters. Carnfree is now usually called the Green Hill of Carns. It is composed of large stones and clay, and is not nearly so high as Dumha-Sealga, which is about thirty feet above the level of the surrounding fields, and seems to be entirely composed of earth. It is of sugar-loaf shape, and is not more than two feet square on the top. "The green moat to the east of Carnfree," writes O'Donovan, who visited the place in 1837, "is the Dumha-Sealga, so celebrated in the 'Dinseanchus and Lives of St. Patrick.'" It would seem that it was usual to have such mounds near the royal residences; for we read in the "Leabhar na-h-Uidre," of the monarch Art, sleeping on the top of his Dumha-Sealga while hunting at Trevit, about three miles to the east of Tara. It was here then St. Patrick converted the Hy-Briuin, and held his council. Here he

\* "Hennessy's Tripartite," in Miss Cusack's "St. Patrick," pp. 407, 408.

† See "Annals of Four Masters," 1225, 1407, 1461.

‡ On a recent visit to Carns we found that a quarry has been opened by the side of Carnfree. Should this quarry be worked further in the same direction it will undermine and level the carn. The beautiful mound of Dumha-Sealga has been more or less disfigured and somewhat lowered by the cattle which rush up on it and tear up the earth with their feet in the summer heats. We have no doubt that the Earl of Westmeath, on whose property they are, would, if his attention were directed to the place, ensure the preservation of these ancient historic mounds.

founded the church called Domnach-Mor of Magh-Sealga, "in quo baptizavit Ui-Briuin et benedixit." O'Flaherty, in his "Ogygia," states that the six sons of Brian were converted in Magh-Seola, on the banks of Lough Hackett, in the diocese of Tuam; and Hardiman, in his edition of O'Flaherty's "Iar Connaught," and after him Mr. Hennessy, says, of the Domnach-Mor of Magh Sealga: "This church is now called Domnach-Patraig, 'on the banks of Loch Sealga (recte Loch Címé, and now Lough Hackett), in the barony of Clare, county Galway.'"\* But the "Tripartite" tells us that St. Patrick met the sons of Brian and held his council of bishops at Dumha-Sealga, which O'Donovan has identified as near Cruachain. It is added in immediate continuation, "And he founded a church on Loch Selca, i. e., Domnach-Mor of Magh-Selca in quo baptizavit Hy Briuin." The Latin "Tripartite" tells us that the Saint went from Oran to Magh-Selga, and there, "in loco amæno ubi circumfusa regio late conspicitur," in a pleasant place from which there is a wide prospect of the surrounding country, held his council. Now, as O'Donovan observed, the Dumha-Sealga and Carnfree are most conspicuous objects in the plain of Croghan. From them a wide prospect may be had for miles around, and a good view of them as well as of Rathcroghan is obtained from the streets of Elphin. "Here," says the Latin "Tripartite," St. Patrick and his attendant bishops sat and deliberated concerning the conversion of the people of the territory." It adds, "In supra memorato tractu de Dumha-Selga, ad marginem lacus, qui vulgo Loch-Selga vocatur, extruxit Ecclesiam, quæ Dominica magna nuncupatur: et in ea in mysteriis fidei instruxit, lavacro regenerationis intinctos Christi familiæ aggregavit, suaque sacra benedictione munivit filios Briani, gentemque de Hua Briuin."† These were the sons or descendants of Brian, King of Connaught. Their palace was hard by at Rath-Cruachin. Domnach-Mor of Magh-Sealga was therefore near Dumha-Sealga. There were, in ancient times, two large lakes in the neighbourhood, which have been drained, and are now nearly dry in summer. The church stood a short distance north-east of Dumha-Sealga. There is now scarcely a trace of the building, but there are still evident signs of the church-yard, and the field is called "Church-park." Between it and the hill is another field called "shan baile," i. e., old town, which, doubtless, grew around the church and monastery. This Dumha-Sealga of Maghai was celebrated even before the time of St. Patrick. The "Book of Lismore" and the "Leabhar Breac" state that the sons of Briuin were converted by St. Patrick. Brian, King of Connaught, son of Eochy Moymedon, monarch of Erin (died A. D. 379, according to the "Four Masters"), had twenty-four sons, of

\* "Hennessy's Tripartite," p. 508. "O'Hanlon's Irish Saints," p. 593.

† "Trias Thaum. Septima Vita," p. 136. LL.

whom the youngest was Duach Galach, King of Connaught. The "Book of Ballymote" states that Duach Galach was converted by St. Patrick, and became the first Christian king of Connaught, dying in 436. Others, however, from a chronological reason, hold that Duach Galach died about A. D. 425. It may be observed that some may be applied to the grandsons of Brian. The various Septs into which the race of Brian branched out were afterwards called Hy-Briuin, sons or descendants of Brian, as Hy-Briuin na Sinna, the O'Hanlys and Mac Brannans, Hy-Briuin Brifne, the O'Rourkes and O'Reillys, Hy-Briuin Seola, the O'Flahertys. The church and monastic house founded by St. Patrick in Magh Sealga, near Rath-Cruachain, was for ages held in the utmost reverence, and continued to be a retreat whither the chiefs of the Hy-Briuin retired from the world to prepare for death. Thus the "Four Masters," at the year 1448, relate that "Conor, the son John, son of Eachmarcach Mac Branan, Lord of Corcoachlann\* for a period of thirty-seven years, died at Dumha-Sealga in Magh-ai, having resigned his lordship the year before, and was buried at Roscommon." Under the same year the "Annals of Duaid Mac Firbis" record his death thus: "Conner, son to John fits Eachmarkagh, Dux of Corcoachlann for the space of thirtie-seaven yeares, died in Dumha Sealga on Magh-ay, after he had renounced his lordship a yeare afore that for God's sake, after receiving Extreame unction and making pennance, and was buried in Roscommon. God rest his soule."

Father O'Hanlon remarks that "it should be an interesting subject for inquiry to ascertain if the inscribed stones alluded to could yet be found." "The oldest inhabitant," "had never heard of these inscriptions in Carns, but had always heard of a road for processions between the Carnfree and Rathoroghan," which is still shown. There is here a long standing-stone called cloch fhada na goarn, i. e., the long stone of the Carn. There are a few other slabs standing without any dressing or particular shape, but no trace remains of any inscription. This cannot surprise us when we recollect that, in the words of the "Four Masters," "The men of England broke down the monasteries, and sold their roofs and bells, and burned the images, shrines, and relics of the saints."† In pagan times great veneration was paid to these "golloons." According to the learned Lanigan, Crom Cruach and his twelve satellites, at Moy Slecht, were nothing else than a circle of twelve rude, upright stones, standing round the great god, the hugest stone of all. The standing-stones near Dumha-Sealga in Magh-Sealga, on which St. Patrick inscribed the name of the Saviour in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, seem to have been of this character. By carving the Sacred Name on those pillars of pagan superstition, they became

\* See IRISH MONTHLY, September, 1879, pp. 488, 489.

† Anno 1537.

invested with a true holiness, and worthy of honour for the name they bore. Thus the popular veneration was retained, while the motive was altogether changed. And as this place was held in superstitious respect, St. Patrick founded here the Domnaoh-Mor Magh-Sealga, to win the faith and veneration of the people from idolatrous worship.\*

From Dumha-Sealga our Apostle "went to Gregraidhe of Loch-Techet,"† in the neighbourhood of Boyle. Dr. O'Connor, in his account of the revenues of the Connaught kings, observes that Gregraidhe or Gregory, comprised the baronies of Coolavin in Sligo, and Costello in Mayo. O'Donovan says that Greagraighe contained the present barony of Coolavin, in the county of Sligo, and a considerable portion of the present county of Roscommon. The hill of Druim-Greaghraighe, and the church of Cill-Curcaighe, now Kilcorkey, near Belanagare, in the county of Roscommon, are referred to in the Irish annals and calendars as in this territory. Loch Techet was the ancient name of Loch Ui Ghadhra, i.e., O'Gara's Lake, near the town of Boyle, now more usually called Lough Gara, though still generally termed Lough Ui Gara, by the people dwelling round it. It lies on the frontiers of Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo, and takes its present name from the O'Gara family. Their original territories were Galenga and Sliabh Lugha in Mayo. They were driven out by the Jordans and Costelloes in the fourteenth century, and they then settled in Coolavin. Cuil-O'bh Finn, i.e., The Corner of the O'Finns, was so called from the O'Finns, descended from Finn or Cufinn, son of Fergus mac Roy, ex-king of Ulster. The "Four Masters" record, at the year 1268, the death of David O'Finn, Abbot of Boyle, and to this day the name of Finn is by no means rare in Cuil-O-Finn. The O'Garas erected a castle at Moygara or Moy O'Gara, whose ruins yet remain near the north-east extremity of the lake. Brother Michael O'Clery in dedicating the "Annals of the Four Masters" to Fergal or Ferall O'Gara, styles him "Fearghal O'Gadhra, Lord of Magh Ui Ghadhra and Cuil-O-bh Finn." He was the patron of the Four Masters, and supplied funds for that great undertaking, which Father John Colgan, in his preface to the "*Acta SS. Hiberniæ*," so justly describes as an "*opus plane nobile et Patriæ utile et honorificum*." Charles MacDermot, the last chief of the Rock, conveyed to his son Hugh the lands of Shruffe or Coolavin, in the county of Sligo, to which alone Hugh's son Charles succeeded, and where is still the residence of the MacDermots. Colonel Oliver O'Gara, son of O'Gara of Moygara and Mary O'Connor of Belanagare, commanded a regiment at Aughrim and died in France. O'Gara's first cousin, Hugh

\*For references to standing-stones (Menhirs) and Stone Circles in Homer (*Iliad*, B. XVIII., B. XXIII., "*Odyssey*," B. VIII., and in the Bible (*Gen.* xxxi., *Exod.* xxiv., *Joshua*, iv.) see "Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Times*," ch. v.

† "Tripartite."

MacDermot, chief of Moylurg, also a distinguished officer in the Jacobite army, was taken prisoner on the same disastrous field. Loch Techet, now Loch Ui Gara, is the source of the Boyle river. It is about five and a half miles long, and in some places three miles broad. Its north-eastern extremity, the estuary from which the river issues, is within one mile of Boyle. "In Gregraidhe of Loch Techet St. Patrick founded a church at Drumnea,"\* now Druimneer. "He dug a well here and no stream went into it or came out of it, but it was always full, and its name is Bithlan (i.e. ever full). He afterwards founded Cill-Atrachta, in Gregraidhe, and left Talan's daughter in it, who received a veil from Patrick's hand. And he left a *teisc* and chalice with Atracht, the daughter of Talan, son of Cathbadh of the Gregraidhe of Loch-Techet, sister of Caemhan of Airdne-Caemhain. Patrick blessed a veil on her head."† From this church, founded by St. Patrick for St. Attracta, the parish has its present name, Killaraght, which is written by the Four Masters Cillathracht, four miles S.W. from Boyle, on the road from Boyle to Frenchpark. The memory of this holy virgin is still held in great veneration in Achonry, and her holy well at Killaraght is yet a favourite resort for pilgrims.

Being in its immediate neighbourhood, St. Patrick next visited the present Boyle, then with the surrounding country, the territory of the Kinel-mac-Erc, one of the Hy-Briuin Septs, so called from Erc, son of Brian. From this family Assylun was anciently called Eas-mic-n'Erc. "He went," says the "Tripartite," "to the sons of Erc." They received him badly, gave a deaf ear to his instructions, and even carried off his horses.‡ The Saint denounced their hardness of heart, and having a foreknowledge of their future punishment said: "Your seed shall serve the seed of your brother for ever." Yet he despaired not of their conversion. No injury or insult could cool his charity, or prevent him from waiting and watching a more favourable opportunity. He went through the neighbouring district of Airteach, part of the principality of the MacDermot of Moylurg. "He blessed Ailech-Airtesch, in Tela-na-cloch." Airteach stretched to Lough Gara, and included the parishes of Tibohine and Kilnamanagh in the west of Roscommon, diocese of Elphin, and, as we see from this passage of the "Tripartite," extended into the adjoining barony of Costello, county Mayo, in which lies Telach-na-cloch, now Tullaghna-rock. In Airteach he founded another church at "Drummut of Ciarraighe-Airtiach," now called Drummad, in the parish of Tibohine, diocese of Elphin. Here the saint found two brothers fighting about the division of their father's lands, viz., Bibar and Lochru, the sons of Tamanchend. St. Patrick reconciled them by a miracle, "and he blessed them and made peace between them. And they gave the land to Patrick for their father's

\* "Tripartite," p. 408.

† "Ibid.," pp. 408, 409.

‡ "Ibid.," p. 411.

soul. And Patrick founded a church there, where Conu the artifex is, the brother of bishop Sechnall."\*

Then the indefatigable missionary travelled through Mayo, towards the mountain then called Cruachain-Aighle, but from his time Croagh Patrick, and afterwards through Killala and Achonry. From the "Tripartite" and the "Annotations" of Tirechan, in the "Book of Armagh," we learn that the Saint passed from the Forragh, or place of assembly of the sons of Awly, crossed the Moy (Muaidh) at Bartragh, and proceeded thence to the mound of Riabart, near which he built the church of Caisel-Irra for his disciple Bron, or Bronus, the son of Icnus. Caisel-Irra is in the district of Cuil-Irra, the peninsula lying south-west of Sligo. "Patrick marked out the site of Caisel-Irra, and the flag on which Patrick's tooth fell is in the middle of the *lis*. Bishop Bron founded the place, and Patrick prophesied that the place would be deserted by Gentiles, quod factum est."† Tirechan, who lived in the sixth century, writes in the "Book of Armagh:" "And he (Patrick) said, behold the sea will drive ye from this place in after-times; and ye will go to the river Sligech, near the wood." This has been verified in Killaspugbrone. There still remains the ruins of one of the oldest churches in the country. Mr. Joyce, indeed, more than doubts the great antiquity ascribed to this ruined little chapel of Bishop Bron, which stands by the sea-shore, near Knocknarea. He writes:—"A ruined little church still remains on the very spot, but it cannot be the structure erected by St. Patrick, for the style of masonry proves that it belongs to a very much later period."‡ But here Mr. Joyce is directly at issue with George Petrie, an authority second to none on the early ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland. Petrie says:—"The church of Killaspugbrone, which is of small dimensions, and, with the exception of the doorway, of rude construction, appears to be of great antiquity, and may be well supposed to be the original structure erected for Bishop Bronus by St. Patrick in the fifth century."§ The name still remains little changed from the days of St. Patrick, Cilleaspug Broin, i.e., the church of Bishop Bron. There may still be seen the ruins of one of the oldest churches in the county on the very spot where St. Patrick stood, in the barony of Carbury, county of Sligo, and diocese of Elphin. The Four Masters have this record of the death of Bishop Bron:—"The Age of Christ, 511. The eighth year of Muirheartach. Saint Bron, Bishop of Cuil-Irra, in Connaught, died on the eighth day of the month of June." He is commemorated in "O'Clery's Calendar" on the same day. From Killaspugbrone the saint came to the river Sligech (Sligo), where, in return for the obliging kindness of the fishermen in casting out their nets at his request, and supplying him with a large salmon, he blessed their

\* "Trias Thaum," p. 137, LVI. † "Tripartite," p. 430.

‡ "Irish Names of Places," p. 83. § "Round Towers of Ireland," p. 176.

river and prayed that it might abound with fish every quarter of the year. Thence he went through the district of Calry.

Before going farther northward he determined to revisit some of the churches which he had founded in Tyrerril and Gregraigne, and to preach the Gospel again to the people dwelling on the river Buill (Boyle) and through Moylurg. "He resolved," says the "Tripartite," "to visit Moylurg, passed through Bearnas Hua Noililla (the gap at Coloony), and moved onwards towards the River Buill (Boyle), which takes its rise in Loch Techet (now Lough Gara); but on crossing the river, his chariot was upset in a certain ford on it, and he himself was thrown into the waters, which ford is for that reason called Ath-Carbuid, or the ford of the chariot (*vadum quadrigæ*), and lies near the waterfall of Eas-Mac-Neirc. There the truth-speaking prophet foretold that the upper or western part of the river should abound with most excellent fish, God so disposing in favour of his great servant Columcille, who should build a monastery at Eas-Mac-Neirc, but that the lower or eastern part should be unfruitful in fish."\*

J. J. K.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Transactions of the Ossory Archaeological Society.* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1879.)

THIS fine octavo of five hundred and thirty pages, printed, and very well printed, at the office of the *Kilkenny Journal*, is the first volume of the Transactions of the above-mentioned Society, containing the papers read between the years 1874 and 1879. An excellent introduction is furnished by the inaugural discourse with which the Society was opened in January, 1874, by the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Moran, who has also enriched the volume with many very valuable dissertations in Irish hagiology. If we could transcribe the table of contents, it would be enough to show the great variety of interesting subjects discussed in these learned pages which go far to fulfil already the end for which the Society was instituted, namely, "to preserve and illustrate the records and traditions connected with the Irish Church and especially with the diocese of Ossory." Much could still be done for the preservation of the history and traditions of our country and of our Church

\* "Trias Thaum," p. 143, CL.

if similar zeal were displayed in other parts of Ireland. Here, for instance, is a list of the queries which each member of the Ossory Archaeological Society is requested to answer. "What ruins of chapels, monasteries, crosses, round towers, and holy wells are there in your parish or district? What are the names of the patron saints and what days are solemnized as their festivals? Any old inscriptions on tombs or monuments, on chalices or church plate, in missals, registers, or parochial books? Any old leases or wills? Any traditions connected with saints, priests, churches, holy wells, localities, &c.?" Very touching glimpses of the condition of Ireland in the penal times are given to us in such papers as the Rev. E. Farrell's "Good old priests of the olden times."

II. *The Catholic Birthday Book.* Compiled by a Lady. (London: Burns & Oates.)

We wish that everything in this pretty little quarto were as unexceptional as the paper, printing, and binding. Each left-hand page is devoted to three days, to each of which it assigns a patron, a motto, and a practice, while the opposite page is left blank. The mottoes might have been culled with more judgment and from more varied and original sources, and the "practices" might be much more practical; but what surprises one most is the grotesque manner in which the compiler has carried out this item in her programme: "under each date has been placed the Feast of the day." "The Feast," remember, not one of the saints of the day, but "*the* Feast" with a capital F. One is shocked, therefore, to find that March 17th, which is rather widely observed as the feast of St. Patrick, has no saint whatsoever attached to it. But evidently this "birthday book" is not intended for Irish circulation. It gives St. Bridget the Swedish widow, but omits St. Brigid the Irish virgin. It omits altogether such saints as Columba, Columbanus, Malachy and Laurence O'Toole, while it inserts SS. Canock, Acca, Mildred, Alured, Cymbert, Alfwold, Ramalcas, Salvas, Paternus, Itwena, Merwina, Modwena, Egwin, Guy, Othilia, Ruthinus, Leofwin, and many others, of whom no particulars are given and about whom Alban Butler will hardly enlighten our ignorance. Is it by a sort of pun that the practice attached to the feast of St. Silverius is detachment from riches, and that St. Peter the Simple is assigned as patron to All Fools' Day? Many of the names are misspelled, such as Romauld, Galus, Bernadine, Lammenais, St. Francis of Paul, and St. John a Fecundo. We are sorry to find so many faults in so pious and so neatly printed a little book.

III. *The American Catholic Quarterly Review.* (Philadelphia: Hardy & Mahony.)

LIVING at the centre of civilization—namely, Sackville-street, Dublin—we can afford to bestow a word of encouragement on deserving periodicals published at the antipodes or across the Atlantic. We select tw



of our distant contemporaries, very different in their objects and in their dimensions. The Review which we have named at the head of this paragraph is published at Philadelphia under the joint editorship of the Rev. Dr. Corcoran, the Right Rev. Dr. James O'Connor, and Mr. George Dering Wolff. It fills the gap left by the death of Dr. Brownson and of his famous Review. It has reached its fifth volume with distinguished success. American Catholics ought to be proud of it, and ought to show their appreciation in a practical way.

We were going to join, by way of a quaint contrast, with this grave and solid quarterly another quarterly of much more modest pretensions and dimensions, the lively and clever *St Patrick's College Gazette*, published at Melbourne. But we have spoken of it before, and it is not meant for home circulation: whereas, just as the new postage to the United States, being the same as that to the other side of the Liffey, enables the *IRISH MONTHLY* to extend its circulation in America, so many of our readers will be glad to make the acquaintance of the *Ave Maria*, a very pious and pleasing miscellany which appears once a week at Notre Dame in Indiana. The only journal in the English language which is specially devoted to the honour of the Blessed Virgin ought to be welcome to us here at home where filial devotion to the Mother of God is, thanks be to God, one of the national and hereditary instincts of our warm-hearted Celtic race.

From the same centre of intellectual life and Catholic piety from which the *Ave Maria* emanates, namely, the Notre Dame University, there issues also the *Notre Dame Scholastic* which *St. Patrick's College Gazette* above referred to might in many respects copy with advantage and which must have a powerful effect in keeping up a vigorous *esprit de corps* among the old and new students of that University. We certainly agree with an observation in the prospectus with which it enters on its thirteenth year: to wit, that all "old students should take it," if it were only for its "personal gossip about the whereabouts and the success of former students."

IV. *Old Celtic Romances*. Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

DR. JOYCE, who has already done so much excellent service for the literature of our native country by his "Origin and History of Irish Names of Places" and several other works, has furnished us in the present handsome and attractive volume with "the first collection of the old Gaelic prose romances that has ever been published in fair English translation." Of the eleven tales which he has selected out of the manuscripts of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy some have never before been published in English and the others were hitherto almost unreadable, having been translated for linguistic purposes merely. The best known of these, thanks to the note on Moore's

"Silent, O Moyle!" is the exquisitely sorrowful "Fate of the Children of Lir;" the longest is the "Voyage of Maoldun." Dr. Joyce has wisely broken up the tales into chapters with headings; and his notes, identifying persons and places, add much to the interest of the narrative.

This volume of old Gaelic romances will be heard of hereafter in our pages; but we must close the present notice with the words of a writer in the *Spectator* (June 22, 1878) who thus concludes a review of Mr. Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland:"—

"Laying down this volume, it will naturally occur to the reader to ask why Irish poets have left so long unwrought this rich mine of the virgin poetry of their country. Why does not some one arise among them aspiring to do for these legends what Tennyson has done for the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table? Moore went to the East for a subject for his pen; Denis Florence MacCarthy bestows years of labour upon translations of Calderon; Aubrey de Vere has written some exquisite poetry, and much which is peculiarly Irish in subject and feeling, yet he, too, forbears to enter this untenanted palace of art. Of living men, Sir Samuel Ferguson, in his 'Congal' and R. D. Joyce, in his 'Deirdre,' alone have shown a disposition to do such service to the literature of their country. D'Arcy Magee left some noble ballads, as witness of what he might have done, had he lived, but we look around inquiringly for one who will sing us the story of Ocluin. Will the Irish Muse sleep till the foreign invader pounces upon her treasures? The author of the present work is doing something to bring these beautiful legends under the notice of the world, and he deserves all honour for an attempt which we sincerely hope may be successful."

V. *The Festival of Corpus Christi. A Floral Drama.* Composed by a SISTER OF MERCY. (London: Burns & Oates.)

THIS and its companion "Offering of Flowers" are very prettily got up, and will no doubt be effective when well acted. For these practical purposes the "Offering of Flowers" ought rather to be from children to their mother or mistress. The Sisters of a community can hardly find time to show their filial devotion in this particular fashion.

VI. *Meditations for the Young.* Revised by a Jesuit Father. (London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

WE are forced to leave unnoticed this month Canon Doyle's "Lectures for Boys" (R. Washbourne), Father Reyre's "Pastoral Year" (James Duffy & Sons), and some other books sent to us for review. But we must, at least, announce the appearance of the first instalment of a new set of *Meditations* specially intended for the young: for this little fourpenny book contains the meditations for January, and therefore it would be too late to mention it in February. The meditations are very brief, clear, and simple.

E. DE M.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL."

"CHILD of Mary." Name of honour  
Prouder far than kingly crown—  
God Himself to win that title  
From his heavenly throne came down.  
He the first-born Child of Mary  
Calls us to his Mother's side,  
Shares with us his dearest treasure :  
"Mother, 'twas for these I died."

O Immaculate, unfallen,  
Tarnished by no breath of sin !  
Yet I dare to call thee Mother.  
Open, Mother, let me in !  
Thou of Mercy's self art mother,  
And thy heart is meek and mild ;  
Open wide thy arms and take me,  
As a mother takes her child.

God forgive those erring Christians  
Who would spurn the tender name  
Which with joy at Christ's own bidding  
Mary's loving children claim.  
"Lo, your Mother!" said He, dying ;  
Yet some coldly turn away.  
Ah ! forgive them, sweetest Mother,  
For they know not what they say.

"Child of Mary." May my feelings,  
Thoughts, words, deeds, and heart's desires,  
All befit a lowly creature  
Who to such high name aspires.  
Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only)  
From my sinless Mother sever—  
Mary's child till death shall call me,  
Child of Mary *then*, for ever.

\* These initials are appended to their signature by many *Enfants de Marie*—to a certain Congregation of whom, nestling under the mantle of our Lady of Loreto, these lines are dedicated; and also to the holy and amiable memory of Mother Conception Lopez whom God has just taken from them, December 16th, 1879. R. I. P.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "NESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TONRENEVIL," ETC.

### BOOK SECOND.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE JOURNEY.

"MASTER," said Kevin, laying his hand tenderly on the shoulder of his beloved friend and benefactor, "I have been about your business. I have had much conversation with the baroness Ida."

"I have seen it," said Honeywood, suppressing a sigh.

"Will you ask me the result?"

"What is it?"

"I have counsel to give, if you will allow me."

"I am waiting for your advice."

"Induce the baroness to disperse the company assembled here, and to set out with us for a few months' travel. Italy is an unknown land to her."

"I follow your idea. You think the study of Christian art, the beauty of the scenery, would be soothing to her over-excited mind."

"I do."

"Then we will try if it can be done."

That evening Ida was alone in a small boudoir to which she sometimes retreated for half an hour when weary of the intellectual demands made by her guests upon her feminine brain. She had thrown herself on a sofa, and allowed her thoughts to wander away and dwell restfully on certain fragments of her conversations with Kevin. A knock at the door put an end to her reverie. Mr. Honeywood wished to know if he could speak with her.

She sprang up and went to meet him with a blush unperceived in the imperfect light. So little had he noticed her of late that she had begun to fear she had displeased him. He could not but feel an unusual flutter of warmth, a new tenderness in her manner of receiving him. "Her heart is waking," he said to himself; and he attributed the change to Kevin's personal influence. "I only desire her happiness," he reflected, controlling his jealous pain.

"I have come to you on an impertinent errand, Ida," he said, smiling. "I want you to turn all these clever people out, and come with me and Kevin and Lisbeth for a little tour in Italy."

Ida started. The overpowering reasons that a fortnight ago had been able to control all her actions through her imagination had become shaken and feeble since then, and they were standing pale in the distance now, and not at hand to support her resolution.

"You told me that you wanted to be happy a little while with your friends, before cruel Fate should take hold of you again. Well, I don't think you have been happy among these male and female philosophers."

Ida hung her head. "Not very, Thistleton."

"Will you consent to my plan? And if you find you do not like it you can suffer it like other unkind inflictions of Destiny."

"It sounds delightful," said Ida, wincing a little at the sarcasm. "But—my father——"

"Counted Italy among the lands of superstition, and would not allow you to visit it. Perhaps if we could ask him now, he might not object to your going."

"Perhaps not," said Ida, with a sudden bound of the heart; and then she glanced at her stern theories, the mentors of her life; but they still stood pale in the distance, looking at her, and did not approach. With a sense of release, if only for a time, she sprang on to the consideration of the details of the scheme.

"But what could we do with Lisbeth? She cannot sleep unless her bed is going from north to south. And the beds in the inns would be going all kinds of ways."

Honeywood looked puzzled.

"She must catch the electric currents while she is asleep," explained Ida. "If they pass her cross-wise she would lose her rest, and finally, perhaps, go out of her mind."

Her voice trembled on the last words with a sudden sense of fun, and their eyes meeting, she and Honeywood both burst out laughing.

"I never noticed that it was ridiculous before," said Ida. "It is such a real matter to her, poor old dear!"

"I will undertake to have all the beds moved," said Honeywood; "if need be two or three times in the night."

With a recklessness that astonished herself, Ida declared her readiness to go as soon as the philosophers should take their departure. This did not seem likely to occur soon, and there is no knowing how long the trip would have had to be postponed only for a casual remark dropped one morning among the guests by Mr. Honeywood. He simply said that the Baroness Ida had got a headache; and that there had been one or two cases of smallpox in the neighbourhood. Before nightfall the house was emptied.

Lisbeth protested till the last hour that nothing would induce her to cross the mountains; but when the moment of departure arrived she and her baggage were found in a state of readiness at the door.

Once among the Alps, flying along the valleys of the Hinter-Rhein, with a trusty friend on each side, and even Lisbeth won to something like cheerfulness by the attentions paid her and the beauty of the scenery, Ida was obliged to own that Destiny was not so bad as it had hitherto seemed. Her old enemies, the haunting theories, still kept aloof. When she looked over her shoulder she still saw them, standing, as if waiting their opportunity to return and pounce upon her happiness. But as the days wore on and the journey proceeded their outlines became more indistinct, and at last they seemed to get lost in the golden mist of mountain-peak and cloud.

The plan of the travellers was to remain in the North of Italy while the warm weather lasted, and later to proceed onward towards the South. Before crossing the Alps they had made a point of visiting Cologne, and slept there a night in a hotel which had been the mansion of a wealthy collector of curiosities and objects of art. The present owner had purchased it with its contents, and thrown it open to travellers, without removing any of its singular furniture. Kevin, ascending the museum-like staircase, and looking round on the strange, inanimate companions with which he shared his room, thought the house like a quaint porch through which they were issuing on a journey that was to be memorable for the rest of their existence. By an odd coincidence Ida shared this thought.

"I have a curious feeling," she said, pausing on the long corridor, where the walls were lined with extraordinary objects; where bat-like trophies hung out of ceiling, and where the candles of the three friends shone like glowworms in the sinister darkness. "I have a feeling as if I had been in this house once before in a dream. And I knew in the dream that it was to be to me a meeting-place with friends, and a new starting-point in life."

Honeywood reflected. "These are the fancies that have made her such an easy prey to theorymongers." And he said, silyly: "Are you sure it was only in a dream, my cousin?"

"I am not sure," she said, flushing and disturbed. "Do not ask me to consider."

"I share in the baroness's feeling," said Kevin; "I have had somewhat the same fancy in my mind."

"Poets both," said Honeywood, shaking his head. "I am a person of the merest common-sense; and I have no feeling about this musty old house—except that I shall be pleased to get out of it. In the meantime, I would recommend sleep to my friends, rather than dreams."

"I have been beaten out of my bed by bells," said Ida, the next morning. "I feel bruised and sore with them as if they had really belaboured me in the flesh."

"The air has been quivering under them all morning," said

Honeywood. "How strange it must be to live always in a place where such a storm is let loose from the belfries every morning!"

As they spoke more bells showered about the windows and made the cups and saucers vibrate upon the table. The loves and graces on the painted ceiling above their heads seemed to thrill and dance to the music. Ida shuddered a little at the continuous sound. She had been taught a horror of church bells from her childhood.

"Be patient with me, Thistleton," she said; "I have strange associations with them. I have never been in a church, remember. My father lived and died without seeing the cathedral of Cologne. He cared for art almost as little as religion."

"Let us come at once," said Honeywood, "and begin to set right the curious mistakes of his ignorance."

Approaching the portal of the mighty cathedral Ida turned pale, and entered the great door, feeling faint with awe.

"Do you remember how determinedly you resisted my efforts to take you into Westminster Abbey long ago?" said Honeywood, smiling at her agitation.

"I am making amends for it now," she answered, with a glance at Kevin.

Honeywood suppressed a groan beholding her glance. "After to-day your difficulties will never return," he said, gravely.

For hours they wandered at will through this palace of wonders.

"I have a feeling here," said Honeywood, "which I have never had elsewhere, except in solitudes of lofty mountains, or in the depths of a primeval forest. It is a realising of eternity, a being confronted with the dignity of one's own soul."

"What a conception the builders had of worship due," said Ida, with her pale face raised to follow the sweep of the soaring arches. "That is, I think, what impresses me most."

"The legend of the building of the cathedral—of the architect, always seems to me full of pathetic meaning," said Kevin, "of the struggle between good and evil in humanity."

"The architect sold himself to the fiend, did he not?" said Honeywood. "So runs the tale, I think."

"Having conceived of a great work for the honour of God, pride got the better of him, and he called in the aid of Satan to help him to a triumph. The work prospered and was a marvel, but the poor soul tasted no joy in his success. He repented in time, confessed his sin, cast away his ill-bought glory, and escaped away into the mercy of the Lord whom he had originally intended to serve. The work remained unfinished; for Satan, being baffled, had withdrawn his help, and there was no mind great enough to continue unaided what the fiend had begun. Then the Church stepped in and blessed what had been done; and after a cycle or so of prayer purer-minded artists arose

who supplied what was wanting to complete the realisation of the original design. And so, after centuries of struggle the final triumph of good was achieved."

"The story of Sabina is quite as interesting though not at all so mystical," said Honeywood. "She was a sculptress by profession, and part of the most delicate carving was confided to her care. So deeply did she enter into the spirit of her work, that she arose in her sleep, and climbing the dangerous scaffolding, worked at these wonderful traceries, and covered them with the exquisite images of her dreams."

"How beautiful!" said Ida. "Can you point me out any of her work?"

"No," said Honeywood, with a smile. "Much of it was destroyed. Sabina experienced the reverses that befall most fame-winners. The people, not knowing of her somnambulism, and finding that every morning a fresh piece of sculpture was found finished that had not been begun the night before, declared that she must have been assisted by the angels. Every night the angels came and did a piece of work for her."

"And I suppose Sabina herself did not know but that it was the truth?" said Ida.

"They were all, however, rudely enlightened. An enemy, a rejected lover, I believe, discovered the secret of her sleep-walking, and determined to be revenged upon her. Every night he followed in her footsteps, and demolished not only all that she sculptured that night, but much of what had been completed the day before. Upon this the people turned upon her, crying out that the Evil One had been helping her, but had now begun to mock her. It is impossible to say what horror might not have been the end of Sabina, only that she had a more noble-minded suitor, who discovered the fraud, and exposed the iniquity of the defacer of the devoted maiden's work."

"And how did it all end?"

"In a dramatic scene upon the scaffolding at midnight. Sabina, like one of the angels who were said to help her, is seen from below moving along as if in the air, working magic among the marbles with her chisel. Now the figure of the spoiler is descried creeping out from the shadows and defacing with his mallet all the delicate images that have just been created. Presently a third form appears; the villain is seized and pinioned; torches flash out from below, and cries arise from the people who have been hidden spectators of the scene."

"And Sabina awakened rudely from her sleep? Did she not go crazy, or fall from the scaffolding?"

"Probably she was soothed and supported by her lover," said Honeywood. "The legend tells us that she married her defender and was happy."



Ida's eyes became wistful, and she forgot the sculptured marbles. "So all the stories end," she said to herself; "but Thistleton is disgusted with me."

Arrived in Innsbruck, they felt already the exhilarating spell of the mountains. Passing down the street where the famous gold-roofed house glitters against an Alpine wall of purple, they turned into the church, where furry-capped peasant women knelt at prayer, and a strange brown company occupied the centre of the nave.

"Who are all these people?" asked Ida, hardly distinguishing between the brown-cheeked dovotees in their wild headdresses and the weird bronze figures as large as life that stood as if engaged in some solemn ceremony.

"These in the middle are royal personages," said Honeywood, "and they are standing round a tomb. One would think they had come here to witness the burial, and had forgotten to go away again. The others are mere commonplace peasants who are so accustomed to the presence of all this splendour that they do not stop to wonder at it as we do."

"It is like a witch-meeting, a Walpurgis-nacht," said Ida. "Fancy this church in the dead of night, with the moon glimmering through the windows, and all these bronze people standing gazing at each other."

"You think they take hands and skip over the tombs and chase each other through the aisles?"

"They are too ponderous for that," said Kevin. "They seem to me riveted to the earth with the weight of their own experience. Look at these massive robes of bronze, these jewels and headgear which they wear here still, long after they have been stripped even of their flesh; and have gone destitute into eternity. Knowing all they know they are standing here aghast at the dreadful pageantries of life."

A magnificent thunder-storm came on while our friends were on their way to Verona; the train sped through fire; the ancient city was weirdly illuminated for their arrival. As they drove through the streets at midnight the lightning furnished a royal torch-light; by it they could fitfully discern the yawning Roman arches under which the horses passed, and which seemed to soar suddenly into a sky of flame and vanish; the black pile of the amphitheatre; the lofty towers; the tall mediæval houses, with their shutters and balconies, their quaint roofs, and the long, deep shadows that lie about their base, surrounding them with grandeur and mystery. The great courtyard of the hotel was like a well of shadow covered in overhead with dark, intense blue, till a flash of lightning discovered the airy balconies hanging out above, with their clumps of flowering plants, and all the tiled intricacies of the roofs and chimneys, and the upper windows with their fantastic hoods and cowls.

The nervous Ida was frightened and depressed by the anger of the storm, and began to fear she had done wrong in giving herself up to the delights of this journey; but when in the morning she stepped out on the balcony and stood bathed in a flood of light and colour, she felt the warmth rush into her heart again, and the colour throw its glamour over her thoughts. The four masses of red and brown roof round the courtyard were blazing in the sun, all their whimsical forms and queer excrescences cut out crisply by the shadows against the blue. Awnings of gray and Indian red, jalousies of green, and blinds of faded blue, mingled their hues in the yellow morning light. Here and there scarlet or rose oleanders stood out sharply in a blaze of colour from the background of a mass of heavy shade. Voices uttering soft Italian speech were heard chattering or calling within the doorways along the balconies. A flock of white pigeons came flashing over the chimneys and dived into the courtyard for their breakfast; and Ida went smiling along the balcony towards Honeywood, who was coming to look for her.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## VERONA.

Who can tell the delights of a first walk through Verona?—the rare old mediæval city, strong and beautiful in its antiquity, though so hacked at and notched by time; set like a jewel among blue hills and mountains; its towers and spires hanging so high in the blue air, that one almost reels to look up at them; with its gigantic Roman gates and arches, its sumptuous tombs and palaces, its Gothic fountains and faded frescoed dwellings, and its solemn and venerable churches.

Kevin wakened in the morning with a thrill of recollection, and rose in great excitement. "I am in Verona," he thought, "where Juliet loved and Dante dreamed, and where the grand signori of the middle ages held their court. Here walked the poet of the Paradiso, guarded and watched by the mighty Mastiff lord."

It was very early, some hours before his friends were likely to appear, and he went out alone to ramble about the city. As he passed through the courtyard, a flock of pigeons swooped across it, and the flash of their white wings startled him, like a message from the past. It had not needed this to bring Fancher's little form to his side; he always called upon her in spirit to share any new joy that fell to his share; and now, side by side, he and the ghost of his child-love travelled through the streets.

In the Piazza Delle Erbe business was already going forward; the Square, with its rich ancient architecture, its Palace of Justice, its

old Market House and House of Merchants, looked as if the contents of a hundred gardens had been emptied into its lap, while countless huge, white umbrellas spread their grotesque wings over the treasures of fruit and flowers set forth for the buyer. Under the umbrellas sat brown-cheeked, dark-eyed women in brilliant kerchiefs, guarding their juicy merchandise, and making striking groups against the background of the surrounding buildings, with their dim, rich frontage of time-worn sculpture and faded fresco. It was a gay, brilliant, noisy scene; loud chatter, ringing laughter, flashing colours; and above the heaps of green melons and groves of glowing oleanders, the squat forms of the quaint umbrellas, and the animated figures that moved among them, rose the marble sanctuary-column, the Gothic fountain, with its exquisite pinnacles, the soaring arches and lofty towers solemnly looking down, as on children at play, and tragically mindful of other scenes.

"Have you ever been here, little Fanchea?" asked Kevin. "These buxom, black-eyed women are like sisters of the fiend in human shape who took you out of my life. Are you lurking behind their baskets, under their absurd umbrellas? Will you come forward presently and ask me in bad Italian to buy a melon?"

He almost felt inclined to ask some of them if they had seen a little girl, with blue eyes and long, dark hair; but with a sigh shook off the folly, and passed under the mighty arch into the Piazza Dei Signori.

This piazza was comparatively silent and empty, and Kevin leaned against a column and surveyed in peace the gorgeous palaces of the great Mastiff race, with their lofty cortiles, and gigantic Gothic arches; with their massive pillars, delicate, graceful *loggie*, and the huge, towering campanile that pierces the clouds and once threw its solemn shadow upon Dante's exiled head.

Thrilling with excitement, Kevin gazed on the rows of frowning and sculptured windows. "What eyes have looked out from them!" he thought. "At which of them did Dante's strong, sad face come and go, watching for the form of his beloved lady in the golden blue of the morning sky? He was happier than I, for he knew that his love was in heaven. He looked to her on high; I search for her vainly on earth. Come along, little imaginary Fanchea," he continued, "and we will pass on through this wonderful city; and I will tell you as we go of all the good things that have fallen to my share since I saw you; you are only a pale little ghost, but you are all I have to console me for the Fanchea I have lost. As Beatrice was to Dante, so you have been the inspiration of my life. The great Master, who knew so much of human weakness, will forgive me for my audacity in drawing the parallel."

Climbing the steps of the great amphitheatre, he sat down, and

gave himself up to the imaginations it suggested. His thoughts were the dreams of a poet, and took forms that may hereafter give delight to the world; his eyes had wandered away to the deep, blue horizon against which, wrapped in ether, stood up the great fortress towers of the Scaligeri, and the dark cypresses like sombre sentinels, ghostly streaks of shadow in the glowing landscape. He marked the paradisaical hills and the transfigured mountains, the rushing Adige with its bridges, and the rude, grand, lovely and picturesque masses of the city at his feet. Suddenly sounds from below caused him to look down, and see that some vulgar show was going on in the arena of the amphitheatre. A tent had been erected and gipsies were holding an entertainment for the benefit of some straggling spectators; a girl with floating hair was dancing and singing, and shaking a tambourine. A few notes from her fresh young voice rang up to where he sat; but he could not see her face. Startled out of his dreams, he thought he beheld the scene that was so often present to his thoughts; and rushed downward to claim and take possession of Fanchea.

The people gave way, and stood back, as the pale-faced gentleman advanced within the ring, with his eyes fixed upon the graceful little figure of the dancer. They thought he was going to give her money.

"Fan, little Fan!" he said, tremulously, "do you not know me?" A child's face with a bright brown skin, and white grinning teeth flashed suddenly round upon him; a flood of eager Italian was poured into his ears, and an outstretched hand was held out to him, to beg. He dropped some coin into it, and turned away to hide the tears in his eyes. What freak of madness was this that had surprised him? Seven long years ago Fanchea might have looked, from a distance, like this. He saw tall, coarse-looking young women standing round, with beads round their throats, and rude laughter on their lips; "Oh, heaven! could she grow into one like these!" he thought, with horror, and hurried away from the spot.

All the way home to the hotel a little song, Goethe's, that Ida was fond of singing, rang in his ears:—

*"Sie aber ist weggezogen  
Und weit in das Land hinaus."*

Yes; she was, indeed, gone far out into the world of time and space; and how could he any longer hope to follow her?

There was somewhat of a cloud over the breakfast party at the hotel; something had gone wrong between Honeywood and Ida after their pleasant greeting on the balcony. Delighted with her smiles, he had suddenly, on hearing her ask eagerly for Kevin, renounced all interest in her happy mood. Their conversation became constrained and commonplace, and a cold shadow lay between them. Honeywood, bitterly disappointed in himself, confessed in his own

mind that he was not strong enough to play out the part he had tried to accept for himself ; and Ida, angry with Honeywood, for the first time in her life, thought that if he had grown to dislike her, he might at least try to be amiable, seeing he had persuaded her to accompany him on this travel. Lisbeth loudly lamented that she had gone to bed without discovering that her couch was placed the wrong way, and that, crossed by the electric currents, she had been torn by nervous excitement the whole night through. Finding her bed too heavy to move, she had abandoned it, and lain upon the tiles, and was suffering in consequence from a pain in her back and a stiffness in her temper.

Kevin's good humour, which had made a struggle to leave his own pain outside the door, unconsciously rubbed a little of the edges off this awkward group of three, and after breakfast the party sallied out to explore the city.

"Dear Lisbeth, where are you going with all your clothes?" said Ida, seeing the old lady appear attired in the most extraordinary amount of wearing apparel.

"Do you think I am going to leave them in the hotel to be stolen? Thank you, baroness, I am not a rich woman like you."

"But, Lisbeth—two gowns, two cloaks! This is the month of August, and in Italy you will find it is warm."

"I know I shall be miserable."

"If you will not leave off some of the clothing, perhaps you had better wait indoors till the cool of the evening."

"What, baroness! have I died ten deaths with fright on the Alps only to sit in a hotel? Am I, a woman, to leave Verona without seeing Juliet's balcony?"

This sudden claim upon Juliet, made with a flourish of an exceedingly Gamp-like umbrella, had so grotesque an effect, that after all the party set out with smiles. Juliet's balcony was found serving as a railing on which linen was spread out to dry, and the person who hung over it, scolding into the courtyard below, was much more like Lisbeth than Juliet. Lisbeth could not get over her disappointment.

"And this is Verona!" she said. "Such narrow streets, such dingy old houses! To think of anyone who has seen Munich ever caring to come here! And this is a piazza, is it? Well, I shouldn't have thought of crossing the Alps to see a crowd of women sitting under white cotton umbrellas selling fruit. The palaces of the great lords? They don't look like my idea of palaces—blocked into a town with all the common people round them. And their tombs—I call it a tempting of Providence to build tombs up to the sky instead of laying the people modestly down in their graves."

Her companions gazed spell-bound on the tombs in spite of her complaints, the wonderful tabernacle raised to the proud Scaligeri,

within almost a stone's throw of the palace where successively they held court and made their home. There in the Piazza dei Signori they lived and ruled; here as if in the next chamber, they lie in death. An extraordinary Gothic pile of the richest beauty, crusted over with sculpture and guarded and ornamented by screens of wrought metal, the tombs of the Scaligeri present an entirely unique appearance, startling and enchanting to the beauty-loving eye. One over another the rich piles of stone-work soar against the blue, having their roots, along with an ancient church, in a lonely and deserted graveyard. There is a magnificent weirdness about the conception of the whole thing, and a barbaric splendour that takes away one's breath.

"Who were these wonderful Scaligeri?" asked Ida.

"They were the great lords of Verona in the middle ages," said Honeywood. "The first was a mere soldier of fortune, elected by people weary of the rule of a tyrant. He was called by a strange name, Mastino della Scala, the Mastiff of the Ladder; and wherever he went he carried this extraordinary ladder, which, by the way, always reminds me of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk. He passed it on to his descendants along with his canine name, and you may see the dog and the ladder repeated all over these tombs. Mastiffs support each sarcophagus, and the ladder is everywhere; as indeed it is everywhere over Verona: see it woven into these wrought-metal screens."

"What a curious startling design runs through these tombs!" said Ida. "Below the solemn sepulchre with its reposing figure and the dark hollow of its Gothic arch; above the soaring pinnacle bearing a proud horse and rider aloft in the blue. The sharp contrast strikes one indescribably. One seems confronted by restless spirits that will not lie in death; and having broken the bonds of the tomb, still dominate arrogantly the city that once bowed at their feet."

"It always seems to me pathetic," said Kevin, "that a painful lie, one of those lies that never get unearthed, is walled up in these sumptuous graves. You see this monument, the most splendid of all? It is that of Can Signorio; and he is said to have murdered the brother whose tomb is next to his: but dates prove the story grounded on a mistake. The people will tell you that Can Signorio died early stricken by a disease which fell on him in punishment of the fratricide, and they will not part with their tradition. There lie the brothers between whom such cruel malice has been put by a mere freakish blunder. Near neighbours, they sleep in their splendour; and aloft yonder they ride, like troopers in single file, following to some serial battle in the blue. Each soul, locked within its own stone prison-house; have they ever come to an understanding while the stars have gone wheeling round their heads in the course of the ages?"

"With all their extraordinary and fantastic beauty," said Honeywood, "a strange blight has fallen on the neighbourhood of these

wonderful tombs. By a strange fatality this graveyard round their base is now set apart for the burial of criminals. It seems as if that lie you speak of had wrought inward and made an evil thing of the entire place, attracting the wicked to its centre."

"I feel your idea deeply," said Kevin. "Hark! how near to us is the hum of life, and yet how deserted, how isolated are these shrines of death!

"I begin to feel sick with gloom," said Ida; "for pity's sake, come away back into the sunshine."

"Before we go, look well at the resting-place of Cangrande" said Honeywood, "for you will find marks of him wherever you go in Verona. He was the greatest of this sovereign race. His monument forms the entrance to the church behind. See, the door opens within the columns that support his sarcophagus. The tomb is in three stages: first the lower columns; then the sarcophagus, supported by great dogs, and bearing the sleeping lord, who even in his death-robes is girt with the sword of state. His shield is decorated with the famous ladder, and the mastiff's head crests his helmet. The third stage rises fifty feet aloft, and ends in a pyramid, bearing on its pinnacle the statue of the full-armed warrior on his war-horse. His, as being the entrance of the church, is the most central monument, though it is not so sumptuous in sculptured ornament as that of Can Signorio, surrounded by his warrior saints."

"I have seen enough of it," said Ida; "I want now to hear the children laughing in the streets."

Kevin smiled at hearing her speak like this, and glanced for sympathy at Honeywood; but his friend walked with his eyes moodily on the ground.

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ANIMÆ FIDELIUM.

NO brightness of the sky  
To tell us where they lie;  
The winds that winnow by  
Make no report.  
Their cradle and their bier,  
The earth, says, "they were here,  
But now no more appear  
In their resort."

Their footprints all around  
Yet make it holy ground  
The way they went, the sound  
Has died away.  
The words that they have writ  
Of pathos or of wit  
The paper may not quit—  
But where are they?

Ah! vainly still we ask:  
It is not nature's task  
To tear away the mask  
Where God is hid.  
Go bow your troubled face  
Closer in God's embrace—  
His love shall fill the place  
Of fears forbid.

Your loved ones are not gone.  
Live but for God alone,  
And you shall find your own  
Upon his breast;  
Safe in the inner shrine,  
Within the arms divine,  
They are not grown less thine  
Because more blest.

I.



## UP AND ROUND MONT BLANC.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

II.—UP MONT BLANC (*continued.*)

WE were now in undisputed possession of the cabane on the Grands Mulets. The cabane, a wooden shed built on a partly artificial ledge, far up on the lowest of the Grands Mulets rocks, is divided into four compartments, two bedrooms with two beds each, a small kitchen, and a smaller den, at once wood-house, lumber-room, and guides' bed-chamber. There are two doorways to the cabane, one in the flank, looking down on the Glacier des Bossons, another at the upper end, opening towards the snow-fields of Mont Blanc and the great mass of the Dôme du Goûté. The whole structure, which, modest as it looks, must have cost a vast amount of labour to build, at a height of 10,000 feet above sea-level, with materials carried up 5,000 feet, across difficult glaciers, is surrounded on three sides by a narrow rock platform, guarded, not unnecessarily, by a wooden rail; for the rocks are in places quite perpendicular. The back of the cabane is the rock of the Grands Mulets, sheathed with boards, and the sloping wooden roof a continuation of the shelving cliff above.

Dinner was ordered for six o'clock that evening; and while it was in preparation by Couttet's deputy, a brisk, apple-faced woman of about fifty years of age, we lounged round the platform outside, and with map and compass strove to name the sharp peaks rising up in the distance. I was already smitten with an intense longing to reach the top of Mont Blanc. Here I was, half-way up the mountain, on the very threshold of a world of new experiences, physiological, meteorological and æsthetical; the summit, by rare good fortune, was quite free of cloud, and the weather gave promise of a fine day on the morrow. Could I not devise some plan of making the rest of the ascent from the cabane? could Alexandre be induced to take me up alone, in defiance of the Chamouni regulations requiring each traveller to take at least one guide and one porter? I put it to Alexandre forthwith; but he respectfully, yet firmly, refused to have anything to do with a plan which might have cost both of us our necks, and would certainly have caused Alexandre to be cast out from the communion of guides. From the Englishmen's quarter I had no better hopes of success; they were determined to make the ascent without a guide, so I could not offer to join them with Alexandre; neither could I ask them to let me join them alone, at the risk of bringing their enterprise to grief through my utter want of experience in mountaineering above

the snow-line. After much debating and bargaining, the best arrangement I was able to make with Alexandre was the following one, depending on what I felt to be but a very remote contingency: We were to sleep that night at the Grands Mulets, and should a *caravane*, that is, a large party of guides, travellers and porters come up from Chamouni next day *en route* for the top, we were to tack ourselves on to them, and make the ascent in their wake. Alexandre was to get seventy francs as fee for the whole trip, from Chamouni to the top and back again; for I had put a maximum value of five pounds on the new experiences, possibly unpleasant to a great extent, to be gathered in the ascent of the mountain, and if they were not to be had for that price, was prepared to forego them entirely. The regular tariff of one hundred francs for a guide, and fifty francs for a porter, which, with the cost of provisions for three men for two days, brings the total cost per traveller of an ascent of Mont Blanc up to nine pounds, at least, is simply an extortionate charge for work free from any peculiar danger or difficulty.

By the time this bargain had been struck, it was six o'clock, and we turned into the cabane, hungry and curious to see what kind of dinner the lady of the Grands Mulets was about to serve us up, at 10,000 feet above sea-level. It was a really good plain dinner, good in itself, and doubly so when one considered that every scrap of food, and every fagot of fuel to cook it, had been carried up 7,000 feet from Chamouni, across the Glacier des Bossons, by porters specially employed for the purpose by Couttet. Perhaps there never was a dinner eaten in such high spirits as this was. We dined in the upper room, with the open door looking out on the wide snow-fields, stretching past the brown rocks of the Mulets, up to the Great Plateau. Not a breath of air was stirring; the mountains all round were "steeped in silentness," and the sinking sun streamed in through the western window of the cabane, and fell on the rough planked walls in a golden flood. There was positively not a square inch of these walls but was pencilled over with names and dates, and mottoes, and smatches of doggerel in almost every European tongue; and the choicest of these, read out at intervals by the discoverer, as the dinner went on, drew down peals of laughter that set the shingle roof trembling. The dinner—it is pardonable, perhaps, to give the details of one eaten at such an altitude—opened with good hot soup; then came beef-steak and green peas; then cold veal, ham, and corned beef; then cheese and dessert of prune jam, with almonds and walnuts, and a bottle of good Beaujolais. What it was that made us so jovial, whether it was the Beaujolais acting on excited brains, or the rarity of the air, or the surprise of the orthodox dinner at such a height, we never stopped to inquire; but, however it was, the mildest joke at that rude plank table was sure to be followed by guffaws from all three of us. But what did we pay for the dinner? Are tra-

vellers heavily mulcted for the entertainment at the Grands Mulets cabane? Neither Ball nor Bædeker give any answer to that question, so I may as well state here that ten francs a night is charged for each traveller's lodging—a charge which includes lodging for his guide as well—five francs for dinner, and three francs for a *café complet*, meals for the guides being given at half these prices. There is a penal clause, however, in Couttet's tariff for the Grands Mulets, enacting that travellers who bring up their own provisions must pay twenty-five francs for the night's lodging in lieu of ten francs.

Coming out to the platform after dinner, we found that towards the north and west the whole face of the landscape had changed within the last hour: the vale of Chamouni, only lightly veiled before by wandering patches of mist, was now filled up with banks of the purest white cloud, whose upper surface lay level and motionless at a distance of at least 3,000 feet below the cabane. The margin of these fleecy clouds traced a sharply-defined beach-line running round the mountains parallel with the horizon, and from the depths of this cloud-lake, black, shivered mountain peaks shot up, here and there, like rocky islets girdled with belts of foam. So high up did this great cloud-bank rest, that every sign of human habitation was shut out; even the highest mountain chalet, even the last ragged sentinel pine-tree was sunk beneath it; so that there was nothing around us but absolute desolation, snow-fields and glaciers, bald mountain ridges, and jagged aiguilles.

The evening was far spent by this; the peaks of the Dauphiné Alps stood out blacker and blacker against the glowing sky; the warm flush died away rapidly from the upper snows behind us; and as we looked on this picture in silence, a happy thought flashed through my brain. Why not put the guide behind? If we started in the morning, and made the ascent, all four roped together in this order—first the Englishmen, then myself, and last of all the guide, Alexandre, could not the Englishmen, if we returned triumphant to Chamouni, maintain with perfect truth that they had done Mont Blanc without a guide? I put it to them immediately as a case of conscience. For a moment they stood aghast at the brilliant simplicity of the plan; they reflected for another moment, and then with a ringing laugh that startled the solemn echoes of the Grands Mulets, they accepted the proposal unanimously and without reserve. But would Alexandre take the place of dishonour in the rear? Or, all the certificated Chamouni guide rising up within him, would he repel the suggestion with scorn? Not a bit of it: when the matter was laid before him he accepted his position calmly, only muttering between his teeth: "*Je ne demande rien mieux que de gagner.*"

So we turned into the cabane to make our final preparations for the start next morning; and about half-past six, we undressed, that

is to say, we took off our boots, and turned in for the night, the Englishmen occupying the upper chamber, and I the lower one adjoining the kitchen. As I lay down, the last rays of the sinking sun streamed in through the little window of the cabane, glorifying the rough plank wall above my bed with a warm blush, and filling the whole room with a luminous, rosy haze that might have served as background for a troop of Fra Angelico's angels. Another minute, and the sun was gone; my bed-chamber became once more a naked box of vulgar pine planks, and I closed my eyes and fell into a troubled doze.

At midnight I was aroused by the landlady setting down my well-greased boots, with a bang, at the bedside, and I jumped up and looked anxiously from the window to find that the snow was glistening brightly under unclouded moonlight. My comrades are up, waiting for breakfast, when I join them in the upper room, where Alexandre is busy overhauling his ropes and snow-gaiters, and stuffing his cow-hide wallet with the bread and beef, and bottle of cold tea destined to cheer our upward path. But what can this mean? As we sit down to our frugal meal of coffee and hard bread, I find I can eat nothing. Unsugared, the coffee slips down well enough; but turn and chew the bread as I will, it obstinately refuses to take the same road. The dreadful truth dawns on me. I am already suffering the first symptoms of the *mal de montagne*. But Mont Blanc must be done; so I hold my peace and gulp down the coffee, hiding the darkness of my forebodings under a mask of gaiety.

At one o'clock precisely (Friday morning) we file out from the cabane, followed by a cheery *au revoir* from its mistress, and begin cautiously feeling our way down the steep, rocky path to the glacier. We are roped together, not exactly in the order I had proposed at first; for the guide, though in rear of the Englishmen, is not the last term of the series. He is third, and I am last. The moon is shining brightly when we come out; but the Grand Mulets throwing a deep shadow just here, the lantern carried by the guide is very useful. A few minutes groping down the rocks, and we come out from the shadow into the brilliant moonlight, and our feet begin to crunch the crisp, frozen snow. My post in the rear gave me a full view of our little party, as we silently and steadily tramped along; and I thought I had never seen a more weirdly picturesque sight than this long, dark line, creeping over the snowfield, whose dazzling white surface was blotched here and there by the dark shadows of the peaks on our left. We were tied together with seventy feet of rope, a distance of at least fifty feet separating me from the leader. Ahead went the Englishmen with their shouldered ice-axes glinting coldly in the moonlight; then, some twelve feet in front of me, came the quaint, crabbed figure of Alexandre, who, with his wide-brimmed felt hat slouched over his face,

with the lantern swinging in his hand, and his ice-axe as halberd, would have supplied the stage with a very tolerable Middle Age watchman. We seemed a very contemptible feature in the grandly-contoured landscape around us, as we crawled like a string of black ants over these vast expanses of snow. Nothing could exceed the strange beauty of the sky. Its dome of deepest indigo, in which the stars burned with intense brilliancy, seemed to sink down deeper and deeper on our heads as we mounted. The stars here were no mere flat spangles fixed on the surface of the vault above us: in its full, clear, steely light, undimmed even by the bright moon, each star seemed to leap out from the background of darkness and assert its own individual existence.

As we slowly won our way upwards, how anxiously our eyes swept over the face of the heavens! How our hearts palpitated when a web of gossamer cloud stole over the great snowy hump of the Dôme du Gouté and floated, ghost-like, across our track, to become entangled for a space in the jagged peaks of the Monts Maudits. Was this cloudlet only a vidette thrown out by an army of clouds, now stealthily advancing behind the Dôme, soon to sweep down on us, veiling the upper slopes of the mountain, and driving us back, defeated, to the Grands Mulets? Alexandre thought it very likely. But we trudged on in hope; and when after half an hour we looked round to see the sky bare on all sides of us, we took heart again, and even Alexandre, pessimist though he was, breathed the words of comfort: "*Je crois que nous réussirons.*" Every slightest sound of our muffled march here struck sharply on the ear in the death-like stillness around us. We might have been walking over the pallid body of a dead world, so utterly lifeless was the region we had now entered. Not the faintest breathing of the wind broke in on the silence; there was nothing in motion anywhere but ourselves, not so much as a wandering cloud in the sky. The crisp crunch of the snow beneath our feet; the sharp tinkle of the ice-axe as a step was cut; the whistle of the ice-chips chasing each other down the frozen slope with a note that grew shriller and shriller, as their pace quickened, these were incidents as emphatic to our ears here as a musket-shot could have been in the valley of Chamouni.

After three hours' monotonous tramping, when the Little Plateau had been left behind us and we had gained the wide, white featureless expanse of the Great Plateau, the first streaks of sunrise began to warm the eastern sky. Then, as the sun, always hidden from us by the mountain peaks on our left, mounted higher and higher, the blue-black vault above our heads passed through ghastly gray and green, into the pure, faint blue of early morning, the majestic hump of the Dôme du Gouté on our right melted rapidly from chill white into pure molten gold, the jagged pinnacles of rock in the east stood outlined in blackness

against long bands of crimson cloud; and by the time we reached the head of the Great Plateau the last star had faded from the sky, and it was daylight once more.

Here we made our first halt. We sat down on the hard, frozen snow; the wallets were opened, and the wine and the cold tea and coffee went circling in horn cups. There was not a shadow of doubt about it now: I had got the *mal de montagne*, but not in an aggravated form; for though the sight of food was loathsome to me, I felt little of the lassitude that often comes over amateur climbers at these heights. I yearned for a drink of pure spring water, with ever-increasing intensity; but as well might I have looked for water on the sands of the Sahara as in the frozen desert around me; and I could drink nothing but water. No sooner had I raised a cup of cold tea to my lips than I threw it from me with disgust; for the nauseously sweet draught would not slip down my parched throat. It was no better with the coffee or the wine; and even Alexandre's brandy, when I sipped it, developed new and hideous flavours never before suspected. There was nothing for it but to fall back, figuratively, on the ice beneath my feet; but the heat of my mouth thawed the ice-chips only slowly, and their cold almost scorched my tongue. So I sat there moodily nursing my wrath, and looking on, in bitterness of soul, as Alexandre and the Englishmen eat and drank heartily of the nauseous meat and fluids, long training, as they explained to me with an air of odious self-satisfaction, having made them insensible to the natural shocks that flesh is heir to above the snow-line.

We made but a short halt here of about five minutes; for the cold, so intense that the coffee in the cups was fringed with a circlet of brown ice before one had time to raise it to his lips, had begun to numb our hands and feet; and shortly after five o'clock we took to the track once more. From this point, at the head of the Great Plateau, the slopes grew rapidly steeper, the ice-axes came into play more frequently, and our progress in zig-zags became slow and fitful. A pause of about a minute, while the leader cut a few steps in the ice, then an advance along the whole line of some twelve feet, the length of each man's tether; then a second pause, a second cutting of steps, and a second advance of twelve feet. So the work continued in a monotonous succession of jerks, until the slope was surmounted, the cold being so keen during this slow climbing that we had to make pauses, now and then, to stamp our numbed feet and clap our tingling hands. The track from the Grands Mulets to the head of the great Plateau, lying in the deep basin, shut in on the right by the Dôme du Gouté, and on the left by the Mont Maudit and Mont Blanc du Tacul, we had been hitherto completely sheltered from the wind; but now, as we mounted the lower slopes of the Dôme to reach the neck connecting it with the top, we began to feel the bitter blast. The

thin coating of snow sprinkled over the ice slopes was frozen into small, hard crystals, like finely powdered loaf-sugar, and at intervals the gusts of wind swept this up and drove it into our faces with such force as to make it felt through our veils. Our breathing, too, became quicker and shorter; but none of us were so distressed as to require longer halts than were necessary to cut the steps. If I could only have had, what it was impossible to have at such a height and in such a cold, constant draughts of pure water, I might have even enjoyed this climbing to a certain extent. As it was, I was suffering a burning thirst not to be slaked by all the ice and snow of Mont Blanc.

By seven o'clock we stood at the foot of the Bosse du Dromedaire, the final stage in the ascent; for we had borne to the right, taking the track by the Bosse instead of the longer route by the Corridor. Here we rested for a few minutes to gather breath for the tough hour's climb before us, and then the monotonous step-cutting began once more. At parts the slope was so steep that it was found convenient to use both hands and feet together. It was the nearest approach to climbing, properly so called, in the whole ascent. This slope left behind, a couple of snow-covered *arêtes* lay before us, the only dangerous bits in all the morning's work. These *arêtes*, blunt knife-edges of rock, shelving rapidly on both sides to great depths, their flanks sheathed in ice, from which the snow had been clean swept by the bitter blast, were not very difficult, since they gave about eighteen inches foothold at the worst parts. Yet there were points here where a slip might send an unroped climber spinning down on the Italian side several thousand feet in a few seconds; and roped as we were, it was only by the closest attention we could keep ourselves steady against the strong icy blast that swept across these narrow ridges at a height of more than 15,000 feet above sea level. Two of these *arêtes* passed, and we stood at length on the last slope, rising gently from the Bosse to the summit. A moment's pause to store up energy, to stamp our feet and clap our hands, and we carried the last ridge in a lame spurt, and at eight o'clock stood panting and languidly triumphant on the top of Mont Blanc.

We were enraptured, no doubt, with the sublime prospect from this "specular mount." By no means, though we had as clear a view, perhaps, this morning as it is possible to have from the summit. Mont Blanc and its spurs, seen from Chamouni, is, in fact, a sight a thousand times more beautiful than the chaotic sea of cruel, jagged peaks that lay beneath us as we stood grouped on its top. The distances here are so great as to swallow up all detail; even the bright green of the valley pastures looked dimly gray, and the mountain peaks, seen from this height, lost almost all their grandeur and variety of form in losing their background of sky. Two distinct sensations, at east, rewarded us in some measure for our toilsome climb of seven

hours—one of immensity of space, another of intensity of cold, the first penetrating our mental fibre, as our eyes strove to measure the grand depths and distances below and around us, the second piercing with even greater emphasis into the very marrow of our bones, as we stood buttressed on our staffs against the powerful, biting blast that seemed bent on sweeping us bodily from off the top.

Five minutes on the summit gave us our fill of both sensations, so at the end of that time we turned our faces towards the Bosse, and began the descent. About half an hour after leaving the top, and while crossing one of the *arêtes*, in the following order—Alexandre first, I second, and the Englishmen last, a sudden gust of wind carried off Alexandre's soft felt hat, and left it clinging precariously to the ice-slope on our left, at a distance of some thirty feet below the ridge of the *arête*. In a moment, Alexandre had slipped himself free of the rope, and was hurriedly and recklessly making his way downwards across the face of the ice-slope, by the help of shallow notches hastily cut with his axe. The slope here fell away rapidly from the crest of the *arête*, at an angle of not much less than forty-five degrees, and a little way down ceased suddenly at a shoulder where the dip seemed to become almost vertical, for beyond this nothing came between the eye and the snow-basin dimly seen thousands of feet below. Expecting every moment to see Alexandre make a headlong descent into Italy, we shouted to him to come back; but, with his eyes fixed on the hat, and evidently calculating his chance of reaching it before the next gust should have swept it over the shoulder, he held on his course unmoved. We touched on the right chord, however, when we shouted down to him a promise of a new hat in Chamouni, on condition of his coming back to his rope immediately. He stopped when he heard this, and got us to repeat the offer in distinct terms: for he was deaf, as we had discovered hours ago, and the wind was blowing a half-gale in our teeth. Then, clinging uncomfortably with his toes to the ice-slope all the while, he inquired in a shriek whether we knew the hat was a ten-franc one. We had strong doubts on the subject, but as it was not pleasant to look at him hanging where he was, with his gray hairs floating in the breeze, we accepted his valuation, and with our eyes open to its full significance, renewed our promise of a new hat. This brought him back to the track; and before he had knotted the rope round his waist, a gust of wind had whirled the old felt over the shoulder, and out of sight.

The downward track to the Great Plateau was tedious work, much more caution being needed in descending than in ascending the steeper slopes; and it took all the more time for our party, because I flatly refused to try any of the longer glissades which save so much time on the way down. In fact, I was too dazed and weary to run the risk of a spin head-foremost down a hundred feet of snow-slope—a manoeuvre



which I felt sure would be the only result of an attempt to make my first glissade under present circumstances. From the Great Plateau down, our course, too, was made much more laborious than it had been coming up at early morning, by the soft state of the snow after several hours exposure to the full sunlight; so that when the cabane of the Grands Mulets hove in sight—blessed haven of rest it seemed to my eyes—it was past three o'clock in the afternoon.

What need to dwell on the moral and physical limpness that stole over me when, at length, we floundered into our dining-room of the evening before, to find it occupied by a party of Frenchmen about to pass the night in the cabane. There was no sleep for us that night at the Grands Mulets: we must take to the ice again. So the Englishmen took leave of me and pushed on to Chamouni after a few minutes' rest; and half an hour later I and Alexandre followed in their track at a break-neck pace, making the descent across the Glacier des Bossons to Couttet's pavilion at the Pierre Pontue in little more than two hours. Here I dismissed Alexandre, who thanked me "with effusion" for a gratuity of five francs over and above the seventy agreed on; and turning a deaf ear to his temptingly low quotation for the Col du Géant on Monday, I sat down to the hospitable board which Couttet had spread for me in his best style. The last trace of my mountain sickness had gone now, thanks to more favourable barometric conditions, and the vengeance due to twenty-three hours' fast (I had eaten nothing since dinner-hour at the Grands Mulets the evening before) was wreaked on that well-furnished table in a way that made Couttet grin. Couttet had watched our ascent with his telescope, and had seen us drawn up in profile on the top at eight o'clock that morning, short five guides and porters, as he remarked with a severe countenance.

When I got up next morning, after a sound sleep of ten hours in my comfortable plank bed-room at the Pierre Pointue, I found my face all over red as a boiled lobster and my eyes half closed up, as if I had had a "mill" on Mont Blanc with the Englishmen, and had come off severely punished. This rather common result of the snow-glare was the only unpleasant effect remaining from my impromptu ascent of Mont Blanc, and the remedy was quite simple, according to Couttet. "When you're going to bed to-night," said he, "break up two raw eggs, smear the whites thick over your eyes, lie on your back until morning, and you'll get up with your eyes all right." I accepted the nostrum cheerfully, all the more so as I had no intention of ever using it, and strolled down through the pine-woods to Chamouni, where I arrived about noon (Saturday) to the great relief of the landlord of the Peace, who had already begun to set me down as the latest victim to Mont Blanc. A few hours spent in meditation in my room that evening, with an ice-poultice over my eyes, brought down the inflammation very well, and by Monday morning the last trace of swelling had disappeared.

The reader may ask: Did you get your highland experiences at your own valuation—five pounds? I think I may fairly answer “Yes” to that question. Seventy-five francs to Alexandre and fifty-two to Couttet, the amount of his bill for my own and the guide’s entertainment at Pierre Pointue and the Grands Mulets, brought up the total expenses of the ascent to exactly 127 francs, equivalent in Her Britannic Majesty’s currency to £5 1s. 7d.—“neglecting fractions of a penny.” And I am sure the reader will make me a present of the one and seven pence when I assure him that Couttet’s bill included many items by no means necessary.

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## ST. DOROTHEA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

(February 6.)

BY REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

**T**HERE are few more graceful or suggestive narratives in the range of the Church’s annals than the martyrdom of the young Christian girl, Dorothea. It leads us along, while we tread for a time the lawns of Paradise, breathing a fragrance like that of the fruits and flowers sent by her in an angel’s hand to the scoffer whom she thus converted.

Is this a slight gain? Is it nothing, or little, as we toil on our path, pilgrims each with our own burden, bowed under sorrow and consciousness of sin, to be thus beckoned onward by a Christian maiden who went to heaven in her teens; thus to “look up, and lift up our heads” with a prospect of one day getting there ourselves? The demon, with his agents and underlings, and our own weak nature, and our wills that tend to grovel earthwards, are pleading with us to accept present things—things tangible, earthly, soul-destroying. But the saints, on their part, lean down towards us from their bright home, and whisper another lesson. *Sursum corda*, they suggest; gently, and with yearning invitation, because their love of us is “as the mother loveth her only son.”\* “Come up hither,”† they cry, as with “a great voice from heaven,” as a mother would cry, in urgent tones, to her child straying near the precipice. For from that height, as with a bird’s eye, or rather an angel’s view, they clearly see our dangers, our need of the strong motive, ay, the powerful utterance, of their own heroic example.

\* 2 Kings, i. 26.

† Apoc. xi. 12.

St. Dorothea, however, would allure us to the narrow way, simply by the sweetness of the wondrous fruits and flowers she culls for us, as for Theophilus her convert, from the ungrudging gardens of delight, into which her girlish feet passed so long ago. Ah, Dorothea—well-named, “Gift of God!” “Draw us, we will run after thee,” or after thy Lord and ours, “in the odour” of those blossoms of Paradise! Obtain for us a share in the gifts of grace, with their heavenly attractiveness, “coming down from the Father of lights,” with “every best gift and every perfect gift,” to cheer us on our way!

Such an aspiration as this did Theophilus learn from Dorothea to make, though he did not begin with it. He began with a scoff, and ended with a prayer; began by “having a taste for earthly things,” the fruits and flowers of this baser soil; but he ended by receiving the gift of a sense refined to “taste the things that are above.”\*

Let us view the scene on which was enacted this wonderful and saving change. Theophilus is on his moment of trial for eternity: *momentum unde pendet aternitas*. The turning of an individual soul “from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God,”† and its probation onward, even to the end, is a noble yet fearful thing to look upon. It makes up a more thrilling drama, to the unseen eyes that watch it, than was presented in Greek tragedy to the awe-struck semi-circles of listeners, with hearts that almost ceased to beat, and bright looks dimmed with tears.‡ What risings, and what fallings, and fluctuations; what unexpected recoveries; what pure repentance, wrought from untoward materials; what fair promises falsified at last! Salvation and perdition seem to change places, and enact each other's parts. And, if even purblind mortals can have some glimpses of these great goings on, what is it to those good angels and bad, who read the tragedy at a glance! Not only Apostles in their conflict, nor martyrs in their endurance, but each immortal soul in its struggle for life eternal, is “made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men.”§

We have probably to place ourselves, while we read about St. Dorothea, in the days of the Emperors Constantius Chlorus and Maximian Galerius, in the opening of that happy fourth age which saw the conversion of the Empire. It has hardly come yet, though, at the

\* Col. iii. 2.

† Acts, xxvi. 18.

‡ As in the representation of the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, so finely portrayed by Schiller, in his poem “*Die Kranike des Ibycus* ;” when the hearts of the spectators heaved with awe-struck uncertainty whether the scene before them were an effort of solemn tragedy and scenic skill, or whether the avenging powers had indeed come personally to assert their claims to the undiscovered guilty:—

“Dread fiction!—or if truth?—it rose and swell'd,  
That chorus: what may such deep discords bode?  
While those grim furies their slow measure strode,  
And each man, aw'd and hush'd, his very breathing held.”

§ 1 Cor. iv. 9.

period of this narrative. Persecution still exists, though not as it raged in the latter days of Diocletian, who has now abdicated, and lives as a private gentleman. The purple which he and his colleague, Maximian Hercules, threw from their shoulders in 305, now rests upon the two Emperors named above, who had already been constituted "Cæsars," that is, heirs presumptive to the divided imperial throne. Constantius, surnamed Chlorus, or the Pale, is the husband of St. Helena, though he repudiated his Christian wife on his accession, and took his heathen colleague's heathen daughter. He is successor to Diocletian the persecutor, and he is father to Constantine the Great. So that his name recalls two very different states of society in the Roman dominions: we seem to pass, as at a step, from the condition of being Christians, therefore thrown to the lions, to that of being Christians, therefore ranged on the Emperor's side. But that will not be till the struggle between the next pair of Emperors, Constantine and Maxentius, shall overthrow the paganism of more than a thousand years by the conquering power of that luminous Cross that marshals him to victory.

Cappadocia seems to have been the province where St. Dorothea suffered; though both place and period are less certain than in most of the Saints' lives and deaths. Butler supposes it to have been in the reign of Diocletian; yet there seems no reason for disturbing the version of Ribadeneira, who assigns her martyrdom to the time of the joint Emperors mentioned above. Though Chlorus himself appears to have tolerated the Christians, yet Apricius, the governor of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, being so far from the seat of empire, may have taken presumptive leave, and done a little persecuting on his own account, while Constantius was absent in Gaul and Britain, or when he finally died at York. Or he probably persecuted under orders from Maximian Galerius. Anyhow, it was in the opening of the fourth century that the holy virgin suffered for the faith.

How completely must the Moloch of cruelty have possessed himself of the minds and hearts of those savages, when they could wreak their hatred of the truth on the bodies of tender maidens, children, women naturally fearful of pain; on all that host of the young, the aged, the weak and defenceless, who meekly held by the cross, and died for it! But Dorothea had done more. For she had brought back to faith and repentance two sisters—Christina and Callista—to whom the governor had given her in custody in order to pervert her. These unhappy ones had "lapsed," as the ancient Church expressed it, under fear of torments; and, like other apostates, in those days, and since, they had greatly improved their temporal condition by so doing. But nothing can make up for the loss of inward peace. What rack was ever invented for the perishable body, to compare with the tortures of a racked and wounded conscience? And what a moment of grace was

it now for these sisters, when St. Dorothea became an inmate, or prisoner, in their house! They tried to persuade her to follow their example; but they soon found the Gospel that dwelt on the lips of the simple maiden was stronger than all their false arguments. Dorothea prevailed; nay, "not she, but the grace of God with her."\* Then the demon, enraged at the prospect of losing his two victims, tried to cast them into despair. This is generally his second manœuvre: he first robs a soul of the love of God by sin, then makes the sinner desperate by whispering that the case is beyond remedy. What hope, he now urged, could remain for those who had so utterly abandoned their faith? How could they be accepted once more? They had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, like Esau. They had "poured out themselves† after the error of Balaam, for a reward." They had brought themselves under the condemnation of an inspired Apostle—for the enemy, we all know, can quote each part of the Bible, in any sense that suits his purpose. And what does St. Paul write to the Hebrews?‡ No; it was all over with them now; they had to remain where they were, and make the best of a bad bargain. Let them not be so foolish as to lose both worlds together.

Thus the Enemy tried his utmost to prevent their return to grace; but Dorothea was a match for him on this side also. "Turning their reasons and arguments," says Ribadeneira, "the Saint, by degrees, persuaded them to acknowledge their fault, and return to God; to ask of Him pardon, to enter fresh into the battle again, and dispose themselves to die for their faith; 'for that God,' said she, 'is most merciful, and there is no wound so incurable that He cannot heal. He is called a Saviour, because He doth desire to save us; and a Redeemer, because He doth redeem us; and He holds it to be a greater crime to despair of His mercy than to deny Him in torments.'" Admirable exposition of the inexhaustible loving kindness, the *copiosa redemptio* of our Divine Lord! Would that this "turn and live!" was always freely on the lips of those who speak for Him to the hearts of sinners. It prevailed with Christina and Callista. Resolving now to wash out their apostasy in their own hearts' blood, they went, with constancy, to announce to Apricius not only that they had failed to pervert Dorothea, but that she had triumphed in the contest, had led captivity captive, and had won them back to the standard of the King of martyrs. Apricius, in his fury, commanded the two sisters to be tied back to back and cast into the fire, in case they refused to sacrifice to the gods; and they cried out aloud to our Lord: "Receive, O Lord Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, this our penance, and pardon us;" and when they had said this, they were thrown into the fire before St. Dorothea's eyes, who received a singular great contentment and joy that these souls

\* 1 Cor. xv. 10.

† Jude, i.

‡ See Heb. vi. 4-6.

were rescued from the devil, and purchased again for God. She spoke thus unto them: "Go, my sisters; go before me into heaven; be assured that God hath pardoned you, and that by this martyrdom you have recovered what before you had lost, and that the Eternal Father will come to meet you, to receive you into His bosom, opening unto you the arms of His infinite mercy."\*

Her two converts (or shall we say reverts?) being safely despatched into the world to come, Dorothea had now to stand her own trial. Not that she had hitherto escaped persecution. When first brought before Apricius, the heathen magistrate, after the usual threats employed to shake the steadfastness of Christian confessors, she was tortured on the *equuleus*, or rack: and then it was, in the midst of that great torment, that she addressed those words to Apricius, which, in the sequel, converted the lawyer Theophilus.

"Why," asked this modest, retiring maiden, armed with a courage not her own; "why do you forbear extreme measures? For what are you waiting? Finish quickly what you are to do, that I may depart to the sight and fruition of Him for whose love's sake I am so far from fearing your torments, that I do indeed desire them. For He is my Spouse, and invites me to His paradise: that garden of delight, where the fruit is as grateful to the eye as delicious to the taste; a garden ever fresh and fair, where lilies and roses, and flowers of all kinds, wither not, but preserve their bloom through every season. There fountains of living water are ever springing, and the souls of the Saints are rejoicing with Christ."

Her acts record with what scorn the judge heard her describe this her clear insight into things unseen, eternal; but it can well be imagined. For "the sensual man perceiveth not those things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him, and he cannot understand, because it is spiritually examined."† Heathenism had led men so far away from Paradise, that hardly the remotest fragrance reached their souls from that blessed place. Here and there a poet, whether led by fancy or some preludes of faith, would strike his harp and sing of the Elysian Fields; but this was a stray gleam amid the darkness. So, when the disciples of the Crucified proclaimed their hopes, it had about as much effect on the bystanders as when just Lot denounced to his sons-in-law the coming vengeance: "he seemed to them to speak, as it were, in jest."

One there was, however, who listened to the suffering virgin's words, as she thus preached on the rack the love of Jesus crucified. This man jested at first, like others who surrounded the tribunal of Apricius, or even as the good thief began, it seems, by maligning our Lord on the Cross, and ended by believing and confessing Him. It

\* Kibadeneira.

† 2 Cor. ii. 4.

was Theophilus, who was to be a gem in Dorothea's crown, like Christina and Callista, already gathered in to the treasury of God.

And thus it came about. Her torments, of course, were increased for what she had done, and grace, in proportion, was given her to rejoice under them. We cannot do better than simply give the sequel in the words of Ribadensira, "done," as it has been, into quaint English by some anonymous Catholic, a century and a half ago.\*

"Whilst they were tormenting her, and disjointed all her limbs, the Saint was as joyful and contented as those who have at length obtained their desire and wish. Whereat the judge, wondering, said unto her: 'What meaneth this feigned joy that thou showest? Why dost thou so counterfeit unto us a false content?' But the virgin replied: 'Never in all the days of my life did I feel so much joy and satisfaction as I have at present, both for having restored to God those two souls which you had taken from Him, for which the angels do rejoice in heaven, as also for the hopes I have of speedily enjoying my God in their company. Wherefore make haste, Apricius, and keep me no longer in a languishing expectation.' The cruel tyrant, hearing this, bade them put lighted torches to her sides, and burn her bowels. But the martyr, the more she was tormented, the more cheerful she was, and laughed at her executioners. Then, by the tyrant's order, she was taken down from the rack, and her virginal face was most barbarously buffeted; for he was ashamed to hear her speak so resolutely, and with so much liberty. But still, as they multiplied her pains, so did they augment her joy; for the vigour of our Lord's spirit did more abound in her. Finally, the executioners being wearied, and Apricius confounded, the blessed Saint was condemned to be beheaded, which sentence she received with wonderful joy, and thanking our Lord thus: 'I praise thee, my Lord, chaste lover of souls, for that Thou hast called me to the marriage of the Spotless Lamb, and invited me to Thy heavenly banquet.'

"As she was led to execution, an advocate, by name Theophilus, having heard her say that in the Paradise of Christ, her Spouse, whither she was going, there was abundance of delicious fruit in all seasons, and roses that never faded, said unto her, in merriment: 'Do you hear, you spouse of Christ? Do me one pleasure, and send me from your Spouse's garden some of those fruits and flowers which you have so highly commended unto us.' And the virgin, soberly and confidently, answered: 'I will do it without fail, I will do it.' And whilst she was on her knees, having now ended her prayer, and expected the blow of the sword, there appeared an Angel in the form of a little child, with a little basket in his hand, and in it three most

\* "Translated into English by W. P., Esqr. The second edition, corrected and amended. London: Printed by B. S., in the year MDCCXXX."

fair and goodly apples, and three admirable roses. The martyr desired him to carry them from her to Theophilus, and tell him, 'Dorothea, according to her promise, sent him these from the garden of her Spouse, Jesus Christ.' It happened that Theophilus was then recounting to his companions what had passed between the virgin and himself, and jesting at the apples and roses which she promised to send him, it being the sixth of February, and in time of a great frost : when unexpectedly in comes the child, and brings him that present from the Saint.

"It is strange how this wrought upon Theophilus : he was presently changed into another man, and acknowledging the divine power, confessed with a loud voice, 'Jesus Christ was the only true God.' And after many questions and answers that passed between him and his companions, the governor, who had been informed of this sudden change, sent for him, but could not yet believe what he heard of him ; for Theophilus had been a great stickler, and one that was most active in kindling the fire of persecution against Christians. But after a long discourse, finding him to be most firm and resolute in confessing Christ to be God, and deriding the idols, he commanded him to be hung upon the rack and cruelly tortured ; the blessed man in the meanwhile rejoicing, and saying : 'Now I am a Christian indeed, hanging, as it were, upon a cross.' And when the president, seeing streams of blood running down from his wounds, did say to him : 'Unhappy man that thou art, hast thou no pity of thy body ?' he answered : 'Unhappy thou ! take pity of thy soul ; for I will not spare my body in the present time, that God may pardon my soul eternally.'" Apricius bade them tear his sides with claws of steel, and then burn them with fiery torches ; but when neither these nor other torments could shake the undaunted courage of Theophilus, he commanded his head to be struck off ; at the pronouncing of which sentence the martyr answered : 'I give Thee thanks, my Lord Jesus Christ, for this favour.' And so he died, and went to enjoy God eternally in heaven, together with St. Dorothea."

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## A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

### FIRST CHAPLET—THE FIVE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

#### I.—THE ANNUNCIATION.

WITH folded, flower-like hands, and pure, bent face,  
Within her quiet room the Virgin kneels.  
Celestial melody around her steals,  
While radiant spirits guard the sacred place.  
The golden gates of heaven are opened wide,  
And Gabriel on softly cleaving wings,  
His eyes triumphant with the news he brings,  
In dazzling splendour stands by Mary's side.  
The Angel speaks. The maiden trembling hears  
Of her great part in the eternal scheme,  
And, when allayed are virginal faint fears,  
Her aid she gives the lost earth to redeem.  
"Behold his handmaid!" In the Virgin's breast  
God is incarnate—and the world is blest.

#### II.—THE VISITATION.

The Virgin crosses o'er the glowing sands  
To Juda's lonely mountain, on whose side  
Within their vine-wreath'd home in grace abide  
Those whom the Angel mentioned. With clasped hands  
Elizabeth comes forth in ecstasy  
And eyes of holy wonderment and love.  
"Can I," she cries, "my grateful spirit prove?  
The Mother of my God has come to me!"  
The Virgin, standing on the tender sward,  
Pours forth her heart with more than seraph's flame:  
"My soul," she saith, "doth magnify the Lord—  
Oh! wondrous is the sweetness of his name.  
Great things are done to me at his behest:  
Henceforth all nations shall esteem me blest."

#### III.—THE NATIVITY.

The watching shepherds on the dewy hills  
Gaze upward to the holy azure sky  
Inlaid with throbbing stars—when suddenly  
A sweet, wild melody the silence thrills;  
And lo! heaven opens, and a glorious throng  
Of white-winged spirits cleave the pulsing air  
With golden harps and voices wondrous rare  
That intermingle in triumphant song.

A Babe is lying on a Maiden's knee  
Within a grotto where an old man prays,  
An ox and ass their only company,  
Till hurrying angels come from heaven's bright ways.  
"Peace upon earth!"—with one accord they sing—  
"Glory for ever to our new-born King!"

IV.—THE PRESENTATION.

With virginal sweet face the Mother stands  
Within the Temple, where stray sunbeams shed  
An aureole around her youthful head—  
Doves, a sin-offering, in her sinless hands.  
The aged Simeon takes the holy Child  
And holds Him in his arms up tremblingly;  
Then lifts his face so venerably mild,  
And utters words of thrilling prophecy.

"O God!" he cries, "my eyes at last behold  
Israel's glory prayed for ardently;  
Dismiss thy servant, I am now grown old,  
And I have seen what I have lived to see.  
But thou, O Mary, cannot hence depart  
Till sword of grief have pierced thy loving heart."

V.—THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

Within the Temple sit the doctors, filled  
With still increasing wonder, as they look  
From off the pages of the holy Book  
To Him who has their dull perceptions thrilled.  
A little Child is seated calmly near,  
With young sweet face and spiritual eyes,  
And from his tender lips words strangely wise  
Make the great deeps of truth divinely clear.

The Virgin enters. Ah! her pallid face  
Is worn with three days' sad imagining.  
"My Son!" she cries, "why ling'rest in this place?  
Behold how we have sought Thee, sorrowing."  
Gently He answers her: "Didst thou not know  
My Father's business claims me here below?"

## BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE REVEREND BASIL MORTON TO CAPTAIN EVELYN OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S MADRAS CAVALRY.

"DEAR EVELYN,—‘It is not well that old friendship should lapse into dust.’ You say truly, O philosopher and friend; and I will prove at once my philosophy and my true regard for you, by making due submission, with a promise of better behaviour. Why is it, you ask, that with the ample leisure which I certainly enjoy in this old place, and with my easy duties, I have not found time for an occasional discourse with you, *chum* as you are (*unde derivatur?*) of my early days? The answer must be a frank confession of being habitually a bad correspondent. I plead guilty, and throw myself on the mercy of the Court. Men are chary of their pens, as far as I have observed, for various reasons. Some from constitutional indolence, some from a press of business, which they are always panting and toiling to overtake; some from the interest of an absorbing pursuit, selected by their own free choice, away from which they are to be dragged only by imperative duty. Some, again—perhaps not the smallest proportion—by a timid apprehension of not being understood, if they ventilate those inner thoughts, which we all cherish as the favourite nurslings of our brains and the expression of our real selves.

"This last difficulty in the way of unrestrained correspondence especially affects us Englishmen, reserved as we are, self-concentrated, and not a little touchy on the point of manifestation to one another. Only contrast the *abandon* of a Frenchman! nay, the *eloquence de plume* of a French lady, from Madame de Sevigné to Madame de Stael! (By the way, we hear that lively writer and conversationist has just succeeded in eluding Bonaparte's police, and made her way safely to St. Petersburg.) This national impediment to correspondence does not indeed, come between you and me, who know each other's minds so intimately; better, even, perhaps, than we know ourselves. For who can be as sure that he surveys himself as accurately as the friend who watches him from without? So you must fall back—not, if you please, on the first, not, I acknowledge, on the second, but on the third of the causes in my rather formal division above given, to account for my silence.

“Then, with all our sincere mutual regard, it does become more difficult, as time rolls on, to enter into, or even to guess, the topics that would interest a friend, whose life is cast in so different a mould, or runs in so distant a channel. What has an active, stirring cavalry officer, devoted to his profession, and charged (I see it through all your modest reticence) to execute important functions—almost absolute ruler, always under John Company, of a population as foreign in ideas and traditions as in colour, and that, some twelve thousand miles from London Bridge, as the sail flies—what has he in common with a retired student like myself, who never willingly extends his walk beyond the terrace and shrubbery, with a book in his hand? Nothing, you will acknowledge, but that old indelible friendship, which has left its stamp from the days when both our minds were in process of formation. What a divergence in the ultimate lives of two men, who once learned their Latin grammar on the same school-bench, and were caned by old Sykes with the same cane! You were always the future man of action, and I the speculative, motionless shadow. You climbed the old ash-tree, and brought down the nest; I classified the fledgelings by ‘Bewick’s British Birds.’ You got a shrewd tumble with your leaping-pole; I showed some medical proclivities by compounding an embrocation in a saucepan. Those differences have marked our paths in life. Alas, dear old fellow, there is another and a deeper cause of divergence, with all our mutual regard. Would that in all that concerns the best interests of man—the only one he carries with him beyond this fleeting life—we were indeed one! That is my daily prayer. Your name is whispered every morning, during the holiest half hour of the day, when the priest executes his distinctive function—but enough. You would hardly wish—how can I know that you would even endure?—that I should further develop the thought. It fills my heart, and so, for a moment, overflows through my pen.

“Turning over some old papers the other day, in order—as the farmers do hereabouts—to burn the weeds (I found, indeed, more weeds than wheat), I came upon this old crumpled fragment, written in my schoolboy hand, a much better one than I write now. Though none of the tuneful Nine would smile upon the effort, it may bear comparison, at least, with some of the Hindoo trash which your great idol, Sir William Jones, has dignified into very good English verse—if not for the execution, yet for expressing in words, beyond any son of Brahma or Boodh, our appreciative, life-long friendship. Thus they run: give them a glance, and a nod of approval, before you light your *hookah* with them.

“‘Friend of my heart, how swift this evening went:  
Each other’s mind full closely did we read!  
Not as the friends of yesterday, who need  
Trim phrase, or well-defined argument,

To frame their meaning right: we did but play  
 On chords whose sound had thrill'd an earlier day;  
 Did but our spirit's fountains each unclose,  
 And straight the mutual thoughts accordant rose !  
 So ofttime brings a home-returning brother  
 His little ones their kindred babes to see;  
 Then, as they hang each round his father's knee,  
 Mysteriously they gaze upon each other—  
 Scanning the likeness o'er: in face, in name,  
 Mere second selves, reflected, yet the same.'

"For local news, there is little: English—ay, and now Spanish—intelligence you get from the newspapers sent out to your bungalow, and from much better correspondents. Does not your heart glow at the recent tidings from the Peninsula? Cleric as I am, my pulse quickened under my black waistcoat, and I was conscious of a twinkling in the eye, as I read the accounts of our brave fellows, up to their middles in the mud of the trenches at Badajoz, yet toiling on, fighting on, storming under disadvantage, with a determination that might be called dogged by volatile spirits of more dash and show, with less perseverance, perhaps, less unshaken sense of duty. Add, whatever may have been taking place in the meantime: for Wellington is not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. When we last heard, he was moving on to Salamanca. You must long to annihilate space, and fly from the Indian peninsula to the Iberian. I should, I know, if my coat were the colour of yours. 'Hang thyself, brave Crillon!' wrote Henri Quatre to his tried companion-in-arms; 'we have conquered, and thou wast not there!'

"All this may sound very bellicose from a priest; but you must remember that our red-coats are the representatives of order, of established monarchy, above all, of respect for and maintenance of religion. They fight against those who, however controlled by the genius of the extraordinary man whom they serve and adore, are themselves the children of atheism and revolution. Look at the havoc those French troops have made among the religious institutions of Spain and Portugal! But enough. Success to our arms, and to our chief, the Cyrus of this later day.

To return to more peaceful topics: Ernham, which you have never seen, is the *beau idéal* of a place for a studious chaplain. A large, roomy, not to say rambling house, where nobody is in the way of anybody; a fairly stocked library, somewhat miscellaneous, but supplemented by my own scanty store; and a very small family party of two beside myself. You know them, perhaps, by hearsay, for they are near relatives of Conway, whom you have in your regiment. Sir Edward Bracton and his daughter seem lost in the great place they inhabit. From whatever cause, he has come to live almost the life of a recluse in his father's halls. Of his absence in London, I know little

or nothing. When he comes down here, he brings with him, apparently, none of the usual interests of a country gentlemen. You know, by the way, I have always had an ideal of what a man of large property might be, how great a sphere of good he might occupy, among his neighbours and dependents. Though I am afraid it is in a great measure an ideal character, nevertheless, the man exists in my mind's eye, and no one shall dispossess him of his little empire there.

"Shall I weary you, I wonder, by sketching-in some lines of that fancy portrait? Behold, then, my Sir Roger de Coverley, *plus* the element of supernatural grace and goodness which in the charming old Warwickshire knight is lamentably wanting; and that is the part of Hamlet, left out of the play, I suppose, by particular desire. It was, perhaps, beyond Addison's grasp. I will give my hero an estate that shall be a little kingship: or, if it will develop his character more to my purpose, he shall be a squire of the second class, in point of territory, surrounded by greater magnates. A man of reading, and of the quiet power that reading always gives, if 'the full man,' as Bacon says, is also the 'ready man,' made so by 'conference.\*' Shall he inherit his property unencumbered, and thus be able to start at once on his race of active good? Or shall valuable years be conscientiously spent in working himself clear of the misdeeds and follies of his predecessors? Crippled in power for good, *hand facile emergens*, still, even by that very circumstance he will be consolidated within, as one taught in the rude but wholesome school of adversity. His talents, are, in themselves, of a moderate order; but he has one attribute of genius, which consists (so proverbs say) in an unusual capacity for taking trouble. He has, of course, the faculty of *resolution*—decision of character, without which life is 'a drone-hive strange of phantom purposes,' and versatile, brilliant talent, a mere race after Atalanta's apples that lie *beside* the way, distracting the runner from his true goal. Suppose him of that religion which produces the Sister of Charity and the 'black robe' of the pathless back-woods—the teacher prepared to be scalped and tortured, where he is not catechising, and braving the bitter American sky. Or is my hero to be a disciple of the imperfect, fragmentary Christianity which is professed, in various degress, by at least one gallant officer with a sword by his side? This last question must be committed to the charitable thoughts of one who, twenty years ago, was little Harry Evelyn in the lower shell at Harrow. I must make my ideal man a non-Catholic, I fear; or he will have no chance of holding his own among the gentry in his shire. He will be tabooed—relegated to the seclusion of his ancestral domain; even as we here at Ernham, where

\* Lord Bacon's celebrated aphorism is, that "reading maketh the full man, writing the exact man, and conference [discourse] the ready man," &c. &c.

most people who are not actual Bracton tenantry, hurry by the park gates with an undefined scare, and strangers posting along the road are told by the post-boys from Stourchester, that we are ‘Romans, your honour, and scarce ever hardly seen by nobody.’” My having gone through Harrow and Cambridge, and eaten my terms in Lincoln’s Inn, before I committed the deadly offence of embracing the creed of Fenelon and St. Charles Borromeo, counts for little in the neighbourhood, which can see nothing good that betokens Nazareth. So be it; to our social suffering, no doubt; for we are men, after all, moving among our fellow-men: and, were we so many Shylocks, still, like Shylock, we have “bodies, parts, proportions; if you prick us do we not bleed?” and the rest. But so be it, until the day when the great Head of the Church may yet show ‘the changing of His Right Hand,’ and lead back our country to the faith of once merry England.

“Meanwhile, I have reached the term of my sheet of paper, and must not transgress into a second. Double postage\* is a luxury for those who have no poor dependents on the scanty dole to be saved out of a chaplain’s salary; and I will not throw the burden on your—perhaps not too abundant—lacs of rupees. Adieu, then, dear friend, for the present. Pay me back in the shape of a letter as long as this one, and believe me,

“Affectionately yours,

“BASIL MORTON.

“*Ernham Hall, near Stourchester,*

“*July 3, 1812.*”

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## CHAPTER V.

### A WOLF THAT HUNTS ALONE.

“Is this the way to Ernham Hall?” inquired a very unpleasant-looking man, with a sinister cast in his eye, mounted on a rough, shambling pony. He was addressing a countryman who passed him on the road.

“Keep on, over the heath; get atop o’ the hill, and you’ll see the chimbleys afore ye, amidst yon woods,” was the answer.

The man nodded, and shambling on. He was passing through a beautiful part of the English midlands, and on one of those summer days so delicious in these islands of ours, when the genial warmth, tempered by the neighbouring north, cheers, without oppressive or enfeebling heat. It was a tranquil, halcyon time, like that of some

\* This is some quarter of a century before Sir Rowland Hill’s beneficent reform in the postage had removed what O’Connell happily defined to be “a tax on the domestic affections.”

hale middle life, before the first touch of decay gives token that summer must wane into autumn, and mature life into decline. The sandy road, with its warm tints, sparkled and glowed in the sunlight; the odorous gorse, hardy heather-bells, and wild thyme gave out a tempered fragrance. Birds had changed their spring notes for the fuller chorus of summer; the oaks that fringed the road, and stretched away on either side in park-like clumps, had tardily arrayed themselves in their intense green. To a dreamer they might seem like an individual life, which, having found its true purpose and sphere later than could have been desired, lives and energizes in it with a more concentrated purpose for the remainder of its allotted time.

This varied and suggestive scene appeared to be lost on the wayfarer, who was digging his heels into the sides of his sorry palfrey. Seasons and sights were as nothing to him, compared with the object that lay before him, within the walls of Ernham Hall.

For this is William Knollis, the possessor of a secret deeply affecting the owner of the wide domain he is entering. Knollis has come hither to push the advantage of a fatal knowledge, gained almost by chance. Sir Edward Bracton had been at play in one of those dubious temples of fortune to which Knollis, also, had access; for vice, like literature, forms a kind of republic, and numbers among its citizens the high and the low. A trick of legerdemain with the cards, such as only the taper fingers of that aristocratic hand could execute, had not escaped this man's observant eye, already sharpened by suspicion. From that moment, he held the key of Sir Edward's fate. Though there had been surprise, suspicion, murmurs, at Bracton's almost invariable run of luck, there was no tangible instance of dishonourable dealing; nothing could be closely brought home to him, if we except the occasion already chronicled, when Colonel Reynolds had paid the penalty of his interference by a dangerous flesh-wound. But it is a long lane that has no turning. The secret had been read at last, and was now in the hands of a needy and relentless enemy.

"Relent," argued Knollis with himself, as a touch of the warm sunlight, and the bright, laughing scene around him made some faint appeal to whatever remnants of a better nature might lurk within; "spare him, quotha, and why should I spare him?" Another thwack on the quarters of his shambling companion of the road, enforced the determination. Ever since Hogarth's "Progress of Cruelty," and long before, there has been no slight connexion between unfeelingness towards the brute creation and towards our own species. "Would he spare *me*, do I think, if I was caught doctoring a horse the day before Epsom, or poaching on his preserves? There he would sit on the bench, with the commission in his pocket, and his grandest manner, and lecture the culprit, ay, all creation, too, on the duty that each member of society owes to society at large—ha! ha! The



sublime and solemn duty of preserving my neighbour's pheasants and hares, and no interference with my neighbour's betting. Rights of man!" Another stinging thwack to the pony; for Mr. William Knollis, among his desultory studies, had been improving himself by the pages of Mr. Thomas Paine.

By this, he had reached the brow of the hill indicated by the countryman as a stage on his way. And now, as poets used to invoke the Muse, might we but borrow the pen of a Scott, or the brush of a Stanfield, to give the outline of the scene that lay before him! The sandy road, leading onward by gentle undulations, wound its way irregularly through a foreground of heathy and broken moorland, sprinkled with larch and silver birches, and the duskier pine. The weird outlines of the latter, as they tossed up their gnarled, red arms into the air, were twisted into fantastic combinations of shape, such as an artist might follow with his pencil, but could hardly invent; the mellow tint of the moor was enlivened at intervals by fringes and patches of bright gorse and ruddy heather, that stood out like rich embroidery on a vesture of darker velvet. It was further diversified by a sprinkling of such cottages as mark the immediate presence of a wealthy landowner. Away to the right, this billowy ground rose in longer and bolder waves of hill-side that undulated through the middle distance, till they swept up to and were intermingled with the spurs of some blue heights that marked a mountain range in Yorkshire. To the traveller's left, the ground sank into a gentler character of scenery, and the eye was stayed by a broad, deep belt of timber, of stately beech and oak, that topped a park wall enclosing the Hall itself. The tall stacks of chimneys were seen peering through a gap in the full-leaved timber. Further out of sight, in the same direction, lay the home park, the Swiss farm, the game preserves; and then, again, stretching into the next country, the broad acres that had given the Bractons their noble rental from the days of the Conquest.

"What a city to sack!" exclaimed Blucher, from under his gray mustache, as he rode into London with the Allied Sovereigns, and glowered into the shop windows on either side of Bond-street.

"What an estate to squeeze!" now ejaculated Knollis, some three years before Blucher, while he surveyed so much of the extensive demesne as could be seen, and imagined what lay beyond.

The Marshal and the adventurer, each in his day, merely gave utterance to the genuine pleasure it is, to men who have not mortified covetousness of their neighbour's house and their neighbour's goods, to survey what may proximately or possibly become their own. But Knollis was not of an analytical turn of mind, and unused to reflex acts on his own thoughts. He never consciously classified them. "The good old rule contented him, the simple plan that they

should get, who have the power, and they should keep, who can." At present, the question was of getting, not keeping: let Sir Edward keep, if he could. And so he urged on his pony.

The lodge-gate is reached: a light and open stone structure, with handsome iron scroll-work, the lofty piers each surmounted by a stag at gaze. *Ex pede Herculem*; as was the lodge, so was all that belonged to Ernham. The carriage-drive swept in easy curve among the clumps of ancestral trees, overshadowing the antlers of numerous deer. The approach to the house led by terraced garden-plots, that were fenced by a low stone wall and pierced by ornamental masonry, admitting a view of the richly grouped flowers within. At intervals, the wall was topped by dwarf pines and evergreen shrubs, their sombre tint in pleasing contrast with the warm colouring of the stone-work below, and the garden beyond. On the further side of this ornamental parterre, removed from the eye of the visitor approaching the house, the tableland extended to a broad terrace, overlooking that portion of the demense that fell away from it in varied and graceful undulations, down to a stream of considerable size, that wound its sinuous way through copses and belts of rich timber. Here, but quite out of sight, embosomed in large trees that were coeval with the monks of old, and close by the stream, lay the ruins of Ernham Priory. On the opposite side of the stream, the ground rose again, like a richly coloured map, or some escutcheon of many quarters, its various compartments denoted by corn-fields ripening for the sickle, and other rich farming produce. Two or three towering cedars, of great age, placed at one extremity of the terrace, dominated the entire scene, over which they seemed to throw their dusky flakes with an air of protection; they were known throughout the country as the Ernham Clump. Over the whole place reigned an air of affluence and tranquil possession.

"What a pie to have a finger in!" ejaculated Knollis, changing his metaphor, as he surveyed with malignant, hungry eyes this fair prospect, or as much of it so he could see. Now, Bracton, defend thyself, if defence is possible: the serpent is stealing his way into thy paradise.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HARSH THUNDER AND SWEET SOUNDS.

"Go round to the stable entrance, will ye?" said an under-gardener, with eyes and mouth agape at the assurance with which the unexpected visitor, torturing his pony into its best trot, was making for the front door; "there's none goes in by that there, but the gentlefolk."

"We'll see about that, friend," responded Knollis, leisurely dis-

mounting, and knocking the ashes out of his short pipe against the carved jamb.

The man stared wider, and waited to see the result, leaning on his rake.

A sharp pull at the bell, whose ornamental handle seemed to imply that it was to be touched only for those who could claim armorial bearings. It was worked into the Bracton crest, a boar's head, *couped* and *langed*.

The imperious summons was answered by a footman in rich livery; over his shoulder loomed the statelier form of a head butler in black, with a manner more lordly than many who sit among the peers of the realm.

"Sir Edward Bracton within?"

The footman, who had expected to see young Lord Melfont, and that pink of fashion, Mr. George Eustace, arriving late for dinner, stood wide-mouthed, like the gardener, then turned to Mr. Semmes for instructions.

"What may you be wanting with Sir Edward Bracton?" asked the stately official. "You've mistaken your door, my man: go round to the stables, and give your message to the groom."

"No mistake of any sort," returned the unabashed Knollis. "Step in, like a good fellow, and tell your master, the Ace of Trumps has come to pay him a visit."

The butler reddened with sublime indignation. "None of that insolence here, sir," he said, purpling and swelling in his white cravat. "Stand out of the hall."

But Knollis, having meanwhile tied up his pony, now, by a sudden exertion of a rather muscular frame, took Mr. Semmes by the elbow, spun him round, and strode through the entrance. The footman instantly followed, and collared him. Knollis shook him off. A scuffle ensued, which brought up the gardener as a reserve; and in the midst of this the dining-room bell rang. Knollis, who added science to his strength, partly broke through the trio, partly dragged them after him, and stood at once before Bracton, and those who were sitting with him at table.

They faced each other, the master of the house and his unlooked-for, unwelcome visitor. Sir Edward rose, and gazed, as if fascinated, on the other's countenance. His manner grew embarrassed to a degree unusual with him. It was at once embarrassment and anger. He sat down again, still looking, with jaw rather fallen, on the repulsive face opposite to him.

As to Knollis, a casual observer might have supposed he had spent half his life at Ernham, or was now come by special invitation, the distinguished guest of the evening. Lord Melfont himself could not have been more at his ease. He drew a chair to the table, helped himself to wine, and actually nodded all round, as he tossed it off. Semmes, receiving no orders to turn him out, waited expectantly behind his

master's chair; the footmen planted themselves near the door, to be ready for any emergency.

All this passed so quickly, that we have not had time to notice the others, whom this strange visit disturbed. Opposite to Sir Edward was seated his daughter, whose letter we have already taken the liberty to read. Father Morton, the almoner or chaplain, was also at table—a quiet-looking man, past middle age—and the party was completed by a dark and very determined, not to say stern, soldierly guest, of some five and thirty or forty years old. His black mustache denoted him as a cavalry officer; it being many years before the Crimean War had made a growth of beard permissible to our troops who fought on foot. As to mankind in general, the razor held undisputed sway. It was this last person who now spoke.

"I hope, Sir Edward, you will take for granted, that if this intruder's presence is unwelcome to you, or to Miss Bracton (turning to Helen, with a bow), I shall consider it a privilege, as your guest, to take upon myself to turn him out."

"Thank you, thank you, Major," returned Sir Edward, with a clouded brow, and a look so undecided that Helen gazed at him with a troubled wonder of her own: "Many thanks, I am sure, but just at present——"

"Turn me out?" interrupted Knollis, with an impudent laugh; "what, turn out the Ace of Trumps? What luck would there be then about the house?"

Bracton's uneasiness visibly increased; his agitation betrayed itself by a degree of tremor in his voice, strikingly different from his usual calm and rather contemptuous manner. He looked askance, so as to avoid the other's eye, as he asked:

"Will you take any refreshment?"

"Ay, indeed, will I: didn't I come on purpose to dine, and sleep, and have a little talk with you?"

Sir Edward motioned to the butler, who drew off his bodyguard in livery, to bring back the dinner that had been sent away.

"Well," ejaculated that stately functionary, as he retired, "I've partly become used to Sir Edward's keeping himself to himself, and making the house as dull as ditch-water; but if he condescends to such society as this, I shall accept, in a temporary way, the situation at the banker's, in Portland Place, as a step back into life and dining."

As to Thomas and James, they found time to report in the kitchen and the servant's hall, that master was entertaining a sort of cad of a fellow, with a red waistcoat and leggings, and a shabby velvet shooting-coat; and that Miss Helen was seeming quite pale and flustered like; and that Major Lavicount looked as if he'd uncommonly enjoy putting him neck and crop out of the window.

"Helen, my dear," said her father, "will you have tea ready for

us in the drawing-room? Perhaps we shall join you soon," though he hesitated in saying so much.

The Major rose to open the door for her. "What does it all mean?" he whispered, as she passed him. She shook her head, with a perplexed air. "May I join you before the rest?" he pleaded.

"No, thank you," she said, very decidedly, and escaped up the flight of stairs leading to the drawing-room.

Knollis attacked his dinner voraciously, and drank in due proportion. He called for the best wines, and they were brought to him. He treated the house as if it had been an inn, and ordered about the butler and footmen like a head waiter and his assistants. Mr. Semmes, that high personage, looked at his master again and again, to catch the least hint that he was to disregard what he was bidden to do. But Sir Edward sat in a sort of crushed, helpless way, and gave no sign. The Major stroked his mustache, and looked unutterable things: too much a man of the world to acknowledge great wonder at any occurrence, and dividing his thoughts between the probable meaning of this strange affair and the pleasure, from which it vexatiously debarred him, of turning the leaves of Helen's music, as she sang. The more so, because her clear voice was at that moment heard from the drawing-room, as she accompanied herself on an instrument (then called a harpsichord) that certainly had neither the compass nor the tone of the Broadwoods and Collards of a later day.

At last, Mr. Knollis vouchsafed to think himself sufficiently refreshed. He pushed back his chair, stretched out his legs before him (Thomas had accurately described him as encased in jockey's leggings of drab cloth), and knowingly eyed his glass of Madeira against the light of the chandelier. It looked very like a wink with his left eye at Sir Edward, as he tossed it off: and then—shall we be said to chronicle impossibilities?—he produced his short pipe. "You military gents," he observed, addressing Major Lavicount, as he filled it from a side-pocket of the velvetreen, "you are fond of your cigars, and so forth; and I've sniffed one from you, Major, and a right good one, as we stood together on the betting-stand, when you little thought you would enjoy the honour of my company this evening."

The Major, it need hardly be said, simply scowled. But when the jockey, or gambler, whichever might best describe him, proceeded to light his pipe at the chandelier, Bracton felt the last drop had been poured into his cup of humiliation. It overbrimmed. He started up, and with uncontrollable emotion laid his hand sternly on the intruder's shoulder. Then, as Knollis returned his look steadily, saucily, the baronet's manner sank again into tremor and vacillation, and he said, in a subdued way:

"Won't you come out, and smoke in the open air?"

The guest had already perfumed, or desecrated, the dining-room

with a defiant whiff. He followed Sir Edward, however, into the hall. The Major was coming, too, when his host and friend, pointing the way up to the drawing-room, said:

"Excuse me for a moment. This—this gentleman seems to have some business of his own to talk over with me. I will join you and Helen shortly."

We have no reason to suppose the announcement was felt by the Major to be especially disagreeable, or that he mounted the flight of stairs at a slow march.

"What do you want here?" sternly asked the master of Ernham Hall, when the two had made some steps down the entrance road.

"Want? I want what every man wants," was the answer, in the most impudent of tones; "what those seek most who need it most. I want what the king wants, when his exchequer is empty; and the peasant, when he finds no stray sixpence in his tattered smock-frock; and what men are sure to want, Sir Edward, sooner or later, ay, and determine to help themselves to, whose line of business, like yours and mine, is the Board of Green Cloth. Do you take me? I want *Money*."

"Insatiable scoundrel," muttered the baronet between his teeth. Then, aloud: "And how many times have you persecuted me on the same errand? And how many times have I endeavoured to satisfy you?"

"Pretty often," answered the other, with a sardonic grin. "There I'll do you justice—and reason good. For why? My secret is worth a good penny yet."

Sir Edward absolutely writhed, as he walked on.

"'Twould be a sorry sight," continued his tormentor, "to see the name of Sir Edward Bracton of Ernham posted up at Crockford's as a common cheat; and the owner of all this pretty little property thrown into——"

Bracton turned upon him fiercely, and for the second time clutched his collar.

"Hands off!" cried Knollis, with his audacious laugh; then, more grimly, as the other tightened his grasp, "Off with your hand, sir! There is that known to us which makes us more equal than you will demean yourself to think. I am not a fool, to 'demand satisfaction,' in your high-born phrase; but not the idiot, either, to come here without a leveller or two, that makes *all* men equal." He pointed significantly to the breast-pocket of his shooting-coat. "Again, I say, let go!"

Sir Edward released him, with a groan of despair. Not Sinbad the sailor, with the Old Man of the Mountains on his shoulders, was oppressed by a more stifling burden than he by this master of the talisman that carried his fate. Oh, the insupportable consequences of one single crime!—how far-reaching into a future unthought of at the

moment of its commission—how all-but preternatural its vitality and its sting!

They walked further onward. Before their forms were lost in the twilight, the sounds of Helen's music streamed out through the open window, seeming to make the close of that summer's day yet more balmy and beautiful. It shot an additional pang into her father's heart. Selfish, guided by no abiding principle—his life proclaimed it—he yet loved Helen, in his own way, as he loved none other upon earth. He had never, it is true, made any one sacrifice for her sake; that was not in his nature. He had staked Ernham, again and again, at the shrine of his master-passion, and a turn in his run of luck would have left that daughter penniless. He never really considered her in any of his plans or pursuits. She was to him as an attractive article of furniture, gracing his saloons, and feeding his pride by the admiration it received. Yet now, this thorough self-worshipper was conscious of a softening of heart, as he listened to his daughter's voice intoning an evening hymn to the holiest of virgins.

"*O Sanctissima, O Purissima;*" the words floated out, in strains that were at once accomplished singing and heart-stirring devotion. Some slumbering memories of his own boyhood were awakened within the baronet's better soul, when, in a Catholic college abroad, young Bracton had been—well, well. He belongs to such days no longer. The next moment, those hallowed remembrances, with Helen's voice, seemed to nerve him to a more intense hatred of the man at his side. He turned upon him abruptly, and saw—

He saw Knollis, this coarse-minded creature, the pitiless master of his fate, now himself standing, as if spell-bound, under the power of that voice, and those words. The blackleg listened, his head bent, his clumsy hand half raised, as though to hush anything that should break in upon the sounds that reached him. It was only when the hymn ceased, and the ordinary tones of conversation succeeded (the Major's sonorous laugh, at least, was occasionally audible) that Knollis, with a shake of the head, in acknowledgment or in deprecation of the power that had enthralled him, strode forward again. The two disappeared into the deepening twilight.

Shall we ever see a record of the momentary good impulses that have come across the most selfish, reckless, and vicious lives, like stray sunbeams glancing in, through the grim loop-holes of some dank, unwholesome prison? Shall we know how near, in a crisis of his fate, the steps of the guilty man have trod by the borders of a safer and more blessed path? Yes, one Day; and perhaps not so far off.

## THE ANTIQUITIES OF BOYLE.

## IV.

## ST. PATRICK IN MOYLURG.

(Continued.)

JUDGING from the numbers whom we have seen plying the craft of old Isaac Walton morning, noon, and night along the Buill, its waters seem to have been made fruitful by the Saint's blessing. The fishful river yielded, doubtless, with little toil an unfailing supply to the frugal table of the Columbian monks for many ages. The Boyle still abounds with eels, trout, perch, and a small kind of red-fleshed sprat, said to be peculiar to itself and much esteemed. The name Ath-Carbuid, *Vadum Quadrigæ*, in Colgan's "Tripartite," seems now forgotten here; but the place can be identified, with sufficient certainty. The "Tripartite" says it is near the Cascade of Eas-mic-n-Erc. The ruins of an old church still stand on the site where, in accordance with St. Patrick's prophecy, St. Columcille founded his monastery, about one hundred and thirty years after, on the north side of the river about half a mile west of the town of Boyle. The present name of Eas-mic-n-Erc is Assylyn. The Ford of the Chariot, therefore, was to the east of Assylyn, a little below the present old Catholic church of Boyle, opposite St. Patrick's Well, which is near the right bank of the river. Of this well it may be said, as is said of Patrick's Well at Moy-Slecht, "And Patrick's Well is there, ubi baptizavit multos." Beside the Well at Boyle is a rock marked with certain hollows, which the people say were made when the Saint knelt upon it in prayer, and

"With knees of adoration wore the stone."

It is overshadowed by two very old thorn trees, between which is a large rock, about two feet high, like a seat. The well is still held holy by the inhabitants. It is, however, no longer frequented by pilgrims. An inhabitant of the district whom we met near the place, and who looked about sixty years of age, told us that he remembered seeing his father going to Patrick's Well to perform the station on every St. Patrick's day. Then a number of stones in the field marked the different stages of the station. In almost every place in which these old Lives tell us that Saint Patrick preached, we find to this day the Tobar Phadraig, Patrick's Well, held in great veneration. The pagan Irish, as we learn from the "Tripartite,"\* paid to wells a kind of adoration. The saint, by making them so many baptismal fonts, changed



that idolatrous worship into Christian and religious reverence for those sacred springs, those crystal fountains of truest life, with whose pure and living waters the great apostle washed from the souls of our fathers the stains of sin, and regenerated them to the life of the children of God.

The territory of Moylurg, written in the "Tripartite" Magh-Luirg, was anciently called Magh-Luirg an Daghada, i.e., the plain of the track or road of Daghada, who was king of the Tuatha de Danaans. The district is now locally called the plains of Boyle. The MacDermot was chief of Moylurg, Airteach, and Tir Tuathal. Moylurg was bounded on the north by the River Boyle. It extended from Lough O'Gara to Carrick-on-Shannon, from the Curliou Mountains to near Elphin, and from Loch Cé to the northern boundary of the parish of Kilmacumshy, in the present union part of the parish of Elphin. The following parishes are placed in Moylurg by the "Liber Regalis Visitationis" of 1615, viz., Kilnamanagh, Ardcarne, Assylyn, now Boyle parish, Tibohine (Kill-Coulagh, Killuckin, Kilrudan, and Killicknan, belonging to Tibohine). We have already pointed out the extent of Airteach. Tir Tuathail, anciently called Tir Tuaithail Maolgarbh, i.e. the country of Tuathail Maolgarbh, who was monarch of Ireland in the sixth century, lay in the present county of Roscommon, bordering on Lough Allen. The MacManuses descended from Manus, one of the younger sons of Turlough O'Connor, monarch of Ireland, were chiefs of this territory. Their power declined, and their country fell to the MacDermot Roe, descended from Dermot Ruagh, brother of Conor, chief of Moylurg, in 1245, who held it under his chief, MacDermot of Moylurg. The family is still represented by the MacDermot Roe of Alderford, in the ancient territory of Tir Tuathail; but we regret to record that this branch of the Clan-Mulroony has fallen from the ancient faith preached by St. Patrick, to which the chieftains of Moylurg have clung with such unalterable fidelity through all the vicissitudes of conquest, confiscation, persecution, and exile. Tir Tuathail, by which name the present parish of Kilronan is still known by the natives, was anciently much more extensive. It included all the country lying between Lough Cé and Lough Allen, and was bounded on the south by the lower part of the Boyle river. When Roscommon was divided into baronies, these three territories were joined into one, and called the barony of Boyle. Latterly the south-west part of the barony of Boyle has been called for fiscal purposes the barony of Frenchpark. The ancient principality of the MacDermot, therefore, was very nearly co-extensive with the present baronies of Boyle and Frenchpark.

Charles O'Connor of Belinagare in his account of the Mac Dermots of Moylurg, says: "The MacDermots of Moylurg and Carrick are of the Hy Briuin race. For the great character of this family through

a succession of five centuries I refer to the Irish Annals. I will only add that it is at present represented by a very worthy person, Charles Mac Dermott of Coolavin, in the county of Sligo, Esq., descended in the twenty-fourth generation from Teig of the White Steed, King of Connaught, A.D. 1030, and the first of the Clan Murray race, who from his grandfather Conor took the name of O'Connor. This illustrious and once powerful family held uninterrupted possession of Moylurg since the expulsion of the Danes. It rejected English titles and English patronage with inflexible scorn; and by the civil establishment of Connaught its chiefs were hereditary marshals of the province. They sat in the national assemblies next in order to the king, though the O'Rourkes seem to have been more warlike than they." The castle and strongly fortified seat of the family was built by Timothy Mac Dermot, surnamed of the Rock, who died, in 1204, on a small island in Lough Cé, now sometimes called Castle Island, but to this day known to the Irish-speaking people of the locality as Carraig Mac Diarmada, Mac Dermott's Rock. The fortress with its defences occupied almost the entire island. The portion of the walls of the original structure still remaining are eight feet in thickness, showing the strength of this long impregnable fortress of the chiefs of Moylurg. The last Lord Lorton raised these ruined walls and roofed the old castle, which now forms a picturesque feature of that lovely lake. Another castle of the Mac Dermot stood on the mainland, close to the site of Rockingham House. This we learn from the "Four Masters," who, under date 1336, record that "Tomaltagh Gearr na-g-creach timchil Mac Dermot, Lord of Moylurg, the most victorious man of his tribe over his enemies, the most honourable man, the best protector, and the most expert at arms, and hospitable, died on the night of Trinity Sunday at his own house at Cala-na-Cairrge, and was interred with honour in the Abbey of Boyle." Cala-na-Cairrge, i.e., the Callow of the Rock (i.e., the castle on the island in the lake opposite), was the name of the low, level part of the townland of Rockingham. The field in which the house is built was called Port-na-Cairge, i.e., the port, bank, or fort of the Rock. This is the name which has been anglicised Rockingham. The people of Boyle and its neighbourhood when speaking Irish always call it Port-na-Cairge. The Rev. John Keogh of Strokestown writing, in 1683, says that Carrig Mac Dermot had just then been called Rockingham. "Carrig Mac Dermot, newly named Rockingham, is not now noted for many dwellers, of which I doubt not Sir Robert King will give a true account." "Keogh, however," remarks O'Donovan, "here confounds Port-na-Cairge, the townland on which Rockingham House now stands, with the Carrig itself, which is an island in Lough Key, on which the castle still remains." The hill now called Longford Hill, within the demesne, not far from Rockingham House, is called again and again in the "Annals" Longphort mic Diarmada, i.e., Mac Dermot's

Fortress." We are told in the "Annals of Boyle," at the year 1231, that "Cormac, the son of Tumultagh Mac Dermot, commenced the erection of a market town at Port-na-Carrig." It may be added that Lord Lorton took his title from a hill in his demesne called in Irish Lughbhardan, in English Lurthon. The Mac Dermots had another castle and fortress at Ballynahooovagh, now called Cavetown, at the extremity of the Plains of Boyle.

St. Patrick found the Kinel mac Erca, who inhabited the present Boyle and the surrounding country, still inveterate in their resistance to grace. As if determined to arrest his progress, they again seized his horses. The saint pronounced a curse against them; but the holy Bishop Maine, whose kinsmen they were, interceded for them. "He washed Patrick's feet with his hair and tears, and drove the horses into a meadow and cleansed their hoofs in honour of Patrick." The apostle consoled him by telling him that though there should be yet much mourning, weeping, and strife in the district (*In hac regione fletus et ululatus abundabunt; concordia et conjunctio animarum ab ea exulabunt*), yet his kinsmen should be converted to the true faith through the preaching of St. Nodain of Loch Uama.

Nazareth, the home of His childhood, the cities by the shores of the lake of Galilee, and on the plain over whose green fields He had so often walked in His mission of mercy, had rejected our Divine Lord with insult and even with violence. Therefore He pronounced a curse upon them: Woe to Corazain, and to Bethsaida, and Capharnaum, "His own City," a curse which, as modern travellers tell us, has had so frightful a fulfilment even to our own day. The woe pronounced by St. Patrick against the people who continued to close their eyes to the light of Faith, was the effect, not of the words of the saint, but of their own perversity and hardness of heart.

St. Comgell of Ath-da-laarg,\* St. Cethec of Oran, St. Maineus, St. Genthenus of Echenach, now Aughanagh,† an ancient church said to have been built by St. Patrick, five miles north-west of Boyle, on the west side of Lough Arrow; and St. Nodain of Loch Uama laboured with St. Patrick in the conversion of the people of Boyle and the surrounding districts. We have already spoken of St. Comgell or Connell, and St. Cethec. St. Maine, or Maineus, was of the royal race of Oilioll, son of Eochy Moymedon, from whom Tirerill is so named. The Kinel mac Erca, who then possessed the present Boyle and its neighbourhood, were of the race of Ere the Red, son of Brian, another son of Eochy. "Bishop Maine of Hy Ailella," was therefore, as the "Tripartite" says, the kinsman of the Kinel mac Erca. His feast is given on the 2nd of September in the Calendar of the O'Clery's. St. Nuadha (Nood

\* See IRISH MONTHLY, November, 1873, pp. 578, 579.

† "Septima Vita, CIL," p. 143.

of Loch Uama, who, as St. Patrick predicted,\* had a chief share in the conversion of the people of this district, was a hermit who dwelt in a cave near this lake. The "Four Masters," anno 1330, call the place *Ath disirt Nuadhan* (Noon), i.e. the ford of the hermitage of Nuadhan, or, as the Ulster "Annals" have it, Nuadhat. The "Four Masters," A.D. 1487, record the burning of a stronghold of the sons of Mac Dermot, namely, *Baile-na-huamha* (Ballynahooagh) in Moylurg, by Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and its re-erection, in 1492, by the descendants of Hugh Mac Dermot. The site of this castle is still shown, but the outlines of the foundations are scarcely traceable. The place is yet often called by the natives Ballynahooagh, the town of the cave, which was the Saint's cell, but is now generally known by the English equivalent Cavetown. It is situated near the small village of Croghan. The people say that there was a town here in old times, but no vestige of its buildings can now be discovered. Yet the truth of the tradition is shown by an extract from an Inquisition taken in the reign of Elizabeth: "*Quod est quoddam forum sive mercatum in die Sabbatis qualibet septimana quondo non est guerra in patria, juxta templum Sancti Wogani vulgarite Temple-Issetnowne in baroniâ de Moylurg.*" In another part of this Inquisition it is termed *Issertnowe*, in which parish it is stated that the abbess of the nunnery of Ardcarne was seized of twelve acres of pasture land called *Cloonagalliagh*. In the reign of James I. the vicarage of *Issertnowne* in Mac Dermott's country was granted, with the possessions of certain plundered religious houses in Moylurg, to Edward Crofton, of Ballymurray, Roscommon. From this anglicised form of *Disert-Nuadha*, viz., *Issertnowe*, Noon's Retreat, has come the present curious name, *Eastersnow*, a parish three and one-half miles S.S.E. from Boyle. This parish is considered the limit of the "Plains of Boyle." The people now call it in Irish *Tirs-Nuadhain*. Few of the inhabitants of Boyle are aware that the names *Eastersnow* and *Cavetown* are perpetual memorials of St. Nuadhat, who was so instrumental in the conversion of their forefathers over fourteen hundred years ago. He is commemorated in O'Clery's Calendar at the 3rd October as St. Nuadha, Anchorite. His holy well, *Tobar Nuadhain*, is still called by his name, but is seldom if ever now resorted to by pilgrims.

Returning after some time to Cassel Irra, in Coolerra, the Saint went along the sea-coast, visiting the Rosses, *Druim-cliabh* (Drumcliff)† and Magherow, till he arrived at the mearing of the diocese at Bunduff, four miles south-west of Bundoran. This closed St. Patrick's mission in the diocese of Elphin.

\* "Trip.," p. 431.

† "Trip.," p. 432.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Elizabeth Eden*. A Novel. By M. C. BISHOP. (London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1878.)

THE reading of novels is for the majority of rational beings a somewhat laborious amusement. We do not envy the gentlemen who review the "novels of the week" in the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*, for they seem actually to read a good deal of the books they criticise. Three or four good novels *per annum* would be a fair allowance; and it ought not to be stipulated that all the three or four should be published within the year. If you have never read or have forgotten the obsolete *Pendennis*, it ought to be more pleasant and useful to read than the current *John Caldigate*. Mr. Shaw, M.P., speaking lately of parliamentary candidates, said that people ought not to take for granted that a man was honest just because they had never heard of him before; and, if a novel at Morrow's be new and uncut, it by no means follows that it is very interesting or very striking. The clients of such circulating libraries will find *Elizabeth Eden* very fresh, though published a year ago. Besides being decidedly clever and even sparkling, full of subtly interwoven incident and of skilfully sustained character, it deserves to be singled out from the common run of three-volume novels for the high tone of thought that runs through it. It does not put forward a religious purpose so openly as *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, but approaches nearer to one of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's earlier works. Mrs. Bishop is sufficiently "de notre siècle" to know what the world says and thinks about religious and social and a great many other matters; and for several earnest and sincere souls buffeted about in that world her book may, we trust, supply light and comfort. But that world is happily an unknown land for most of our readers; and to us and to them Canon Harley and his sermons and his daughters will be incomprehensible. But the frequenters of Mudie's know more about such matters.

Whether of this kind or of another, we want more work from the author of *Elizabeth Eden*.

II. *Lectures for Boys*. By the VERY REV. CANON DOYLE, O.S.B. (London: Washbourne. 1879.)

THIS work consists of two rather large volumes, the first containing a great number of short sermons and instructions for the Sundays of the year and for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, while the second volume is devoted to the Passion of our Lord and to the Sacred Heart. The instructions were originally composed for the boys of a Catholic college, not quite as sermons but as a sort of morning meditation which might

catch their attention better than those read out of a book. The conception, then, of this work is excellent, and it seems to be very well carried out. We have examined several of the little sermons with great pleasure and edification. They are very clearly and forcibly yet simply written, and are skilfully adapted to their special audience; though indeed we think that that audience might include generally youth of both sexes and often even "children of a larger growth."

III. *The Miracle of the 16th September, 1877, at Lourdes.* Translated from the French of Henri Lasserre. By A LADY. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS pretty little tome is much more interesting than most stories, while all its details are certified by several persons of a good position in society, names and addresses being all carefully specified. The circumstances which preceded the event are in themselves very touching, and did not need the well-known literary skill of M. Lasserre to throw them into the form of a picturesque drama. No small share, also, of literary skill is possessed by his English interpreter who has turned pure and pleasant French into pure and pleasant English.

IV. *Solid Virtue; or, a Treatise on the Obstacles to Solid Virtue, the Means of Acquiring it, and the Motives for Practising it.* By the REV. FATHER BELLECUS, S.J. Translated by a Member of the Ursuline Community at Thurles. With a Preface by the MOST REV. DR. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1879.)

TRUE to the nature of its subject, this is a solid volume in two senses of the word. Fortunately no attempt has been made to compress the six hundred and fifty pages by the use of small type or thin paper. The open, clear print will help many to study these holy pages. The Archbishop of Cashel ends his preface by asking God to "bless and reward the pious and devoted Sister who has rendered so great a treasure accessible to the public." How complete and practical is this spiritual treatise will almost be apparent from a glance over the general table of contents—which, by the way, ought to have been placed in front of those special tables in which the subjects are arranged for use in triduums of retreat. The reputation of Father Bellecus as an ascetical writer has long been established. This translation of one of his most useful treatises has been well done and forms a very important addition to our stock of devotional literature.

V. *The Fifth of November, and other Tales.* By the Author of "Marion Howard," "Maggie's Rosary," &c. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

WE prefer the "other tales" to "The Fifth of November." There is a good deal of naturalness in the way in which the earliest inhabitants of Rosherville Crescent are introduced to us; but little boys of our

acquaintance would not talk of religious subjects like Wilfrid Delany. However, nursery controversialists *in partibus infidelium* may have their wits sharpened beyond the average of their contemporaries in this island of faith. The three other stories are longer and have more of a plot, and are very well done, indeed. The style and tone are quite satisfactory. We do not know the writer's name, or what works are included under the *etcetera* of the title-page; but in this book alone she—we suppose this is the proper pronoun—has made a useful addition to a necessary department of literature.

VI. *The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh, and other Tales.* By the Author of "Tyborne," "Dame Dolores," &c. (London: Burns & Oates.)

THIS book resembles the preceding in its very gay and attractive exterior; but the tales it contains are addressed to a somewhat different class of readers. The second, indeed, and prettiest—"The Feast of Flowers"—is about a child, but it is not a mere child's story. The story which gives its name to the book is very interesting and wrought out with care and skill; but the incidents which might have a sufficient air of probability if spread leisurely over a three-volume novel seem a little too accommodating to the exigencies of the storyteller when crowded into ninety pages. The longest of these three tales, "A Pearl in Dark Waters," is no stranger to the faithful readers whose allegiance to the *IRISH MONTHLY* does not date from yesterday or the day before. Miss Taylor—for the author of "Tyborne," of "Irish Hearts and Irish Homes," and of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses," must not claim the sorry privilege of anonymity—Miss Taylor has given us no more agreeable volume than this newest fruit of her pious zeal and literary skill.

VII. *In the Snow: Tales of Mount St. Bernard.* By W. H. ANDERDON, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Seventh Edition. (London: Burns & Oates. 1879.)

THIS is not a new book but a new edition. The seventh edition will evidently not be the last. We suspect that of the many thousands of copies already in circulation the greater part must have gone to the United States and to England and only a small proportion scattered over Ireland. Yet Ireland, and especially its capital, have not forgotten Dr. Anderdon of the Catholic University Church, who has since become Father Anderdon of the Society of Jesus.

The plan of this book is like that of the innumerable Christmas numbers, but the scene is laid more naturally than is the case with most of the recent Christmas collections of stories. A party of travellers crossing the Alps—rather several parties and several individual travellers—find themselves weather-bound at the famous monastery of St. Bernard. To beguile the *ennui* of their enforced detention in the reception-room of that barrack-like edifice, the guest master proposes

that each should tell a story. Accordingly we have twenty tales, with every variety of form and incident, told with great liveliness and grouped together with the skill of a practised *raconteur*.

VIII. *The Lamb of God; or, Reflections on the Life of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By the REV. T. H. KINANE, P.P. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

No criticism is needed for a new spiritual treatise for popular use from the pen of Archdeacon Kinane, especially when fifteen pages of small type are occupied by cordial letters of approval from all the bishops of Ireland. This book is still more commended in an earnest preface by the author's Archbishop, Dr. Croke, who begins with the following remark: "In an age like ours, said by most people to be an exceptionally wicked one—though perhaps, if the truth were fully known, it would not be found to be a bit worse than some, at least, of the ages that preceded it—any publication whatsoever, if at all tending to instruct or edify the multitude, should be looked upon as a decided gain, and welcomed as a useful auxiliary by every right-minded man." "The Lamb of God" tells us with great simplicity and piety the chief incidents of our Lord's life, interweaving therewith most of his parables and many of his most moving discourses, and suggesting occasionally suitable reflections and prayers. The small price set upon so large, well printed and well bound a book will hardly suffice to cover the cost of publication, even if it be scattered abroad in its thousands as quickly as its devout predecessors.

IX. *Horæ Diurnæ.* (Dublini: Ex Typis M. H. Gill et Filii.)

THIS is, we believe, the first book printed in red and black, in the proper liturgical style, in Ireland. It is also one of the smallest editions ever published of the Diurnal, this form being chosen for the greater convenience of priests who have to carry the little volume about with them. The type is clear and well-defined, being more legible than larger type of a lighter character. The references from one part of the book to another are less frequent than even in bulkier volumes. Thus the Magnificat is repeated in the vespers of the common of apostles. In a Supplement are given those portions of the *Rituale Romanum*, &c., of which a missionary priest has constant need. The supervision of the Rev. Dr. Tynan is a guarantee of the accuracy of this authorised edition.

X. *Directorium Sacerdotale: A Guide for Priests in their Public and Private Life.* By FATHER BENEDICT VALUY, S.J. With an Appendix for the use of Seminarists. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

"I WISH every ecclesiastical student knew the book by heart." The Bishop of Shrewsbury has expressed this desire with regard to this translation of the *Directoire du Prêtre*, which has had a remarkable



success in France. It is full of the most minute information and very practical suggestions about every detail of ecclesiastical life. Many will think that the author and his translator enter too minutely into details; but what may seem trivial and unnecessary for one reader may furnish very useful hints to other readers. The very disquisitions on matters of etiquette with which some may find fault will at least be read with interest and amusement; and those for whom they are intended are sure to derive profit from one portion or another. As the publishers can only furnish the book to priests and ecclesiastical students, the price is necessarily higher than if it were intended for a large public; and this is an additional reason why it ought to have been brought out less elegantly and more economically. The lists of books, for instance, recommended for public and private libraries, ought to have been printed so as to occupy much less space. This "Guide for Priests" is sure to be read with attention by priests and levites, not only at home, but in the United States\* and the other portions of the wide empire of the English language.

XI. *The Pastoral Year; or, New Instructions in form of Homilies.* Translated from the French of L'ABBE REYRE, S.J. (Dublin: James Duffy & Son.)

THE title prefixed to the author's name and the initials which follow it seem to be a *contradictio in terminis*; but this contradiction is explained by the time at which Father Reyre lived, namely, from 1735 to 1812. He was thus a Jesuit till the suppression of the Society. He was the last Lenten preacher before the French King in 1788. The Revolution burst forth the year after. This present volume consists of short discourses on the Gospels of the Sundays throughout the year. The translation has been very well done by the late N. J. Burton, LL.D., who was one of the few Protestant clergymen in Ireland who followed the example of Cardinal Newman and so many hundreds of his brethren in England.

The same publishers have sent us a new edition of the Rev. M. Tormey's Essay on the Immaculate Conception, the merits of which are guaranteed by the circumstances under which it was first published a quarter of a century ago, with the approval of the Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, prefect of the Dunboyne establishment at Maynooth, whose cordial letters are given in the preface to this new edition.

\* We lately recommended with earnestness the work of an American priest—the "History of the Mass, and its Ceremonies," by the Rev. John O'Brien, Professor at Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland. The zealous and learned author died last December. He just lived to see the first success of a work at which he had laboured for ten years. The fourth edition had just been sent to the binder. For painstaking accuracy this book might, perhaps, be named in the same breath with the late Rev. James O'Kane's "Notes on the Roman Ritual," which the Roman authorities have characterised as *vere aureum et accuratissimum opus*.

XII. Pamphlets by *Father Anderdon, S.J., and others.*

WE can only give a word to each of several publications lying before us. "A Lion in the Path" (Burns & Oates), if the price be a penny, is an excellent pennyworth. It is a picturesque and practical exhortation against two opposite spiritual dangers, which are illustrated in a manner that makes one think of Spurgeon—*minus* cant and heresy. The same indefatigable pen gives us "Questions and Answers" (Burns & Oates), a cheap little controversial tract, which in another form has done good among inquiring Protestants in England. The Franciscan Fathers at Stratford, London, have published a translation of Father de Bussieres' little treatise on the "Presence of God" (Burns & Oates); and the same publishers send us Bishop Ullathorne's "Discourse on Church Music," spoken in St. Chad's Cathedral on the half jubilee of its choir. "The Church of the New Testament" (Burns & Oates) summarises in twenty pages the scripture-proof of the divinity of the Catholic Church; but it is hardly worthy to be No. 1 of a series, with the invidiously suggestive title of "Tracts for these Times."

Among the more important of the books which will be noticed in our March number, are the new volume of the Public Life of our Lord, by Father Coleridge S.J., which is entitled the "Training of the Apostles;" an excellent volume of "Five Minute Sermons," by the New York Paulist Fathers, of which Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son are the Irish agents; and a charming set of poems, by an American Catholic, Maurice Egan.

## TO THE FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL."

SO many a tribute of homage and love  
To patrons and friends 'mid the blessed above,  
And none to my Father! Forgive me, great Saint,  
That never—for words are so feeble and faint—  
No, never before have I striven to tell  
What you and the God of my heart know full well:  
The filial devotion which burns in this breast  
For founder and father the wisest and best.

Dear Father Ignatius, I wish I could feel  
That fervour of faith and that ardour of zeal  
You felt in worst, unregenerate days.  
I almost am tempted to envy and praise  
What seems to be laid to *your* charge as a sin:  
The doubt which, your rough soldier-days, you were in

If chivalry did not compel you to smite  
 The Moor who once dared in your presence to slight  
 The virginal honour of Mary our Queen—  
 That blow no ungenerous crime would have been.

Brave soldier of Spain, braver soldier of God!  
 How hard and how rugged the pathway you trod.  
 Manresa seems easy compared with the school  
 Where you in ripe manhood became like a fool,  
 Rehearsing your grammar with children once more.  
 Your voyage to Palestine's mystical shore  
 Was less than the journey to class day by day—  
 But *that*, St. Ignatius, was always *your* way:  
 To use the means fittest for gaining your end,  
 While begging of God special succour to lend—  
 To shrink from no labour or danger or care,  
 To work as if nothing depended on prayer,  
 And then, as if all with God's clemency lay,  
 Most earnestly, constantly, humbly to pray.\*

How grand must your nature have been, and your heart,  
 So deep and enduring a stamp to impart  
 To Xavier and hundreds of heroes since then.  
 You truly are one of the leaders of men;  
 You lead them to God. Oh! the dupe and the knave  
 Who at you and your children carp, snarl, and rave,  
 They know you not, Father Ignatius! but I  
 Know well you and yours, and full gladly would die  
 Your honour and theirs to attest. Cruel shame,  
 That not the bad only should slander and blame  
 The Company banded by Captain so great!  
 Let Heresy give them the praise of its hate;  
 Let sensual, proud unbelievers detest—  
 The demons of hell know their enemies best—  
 But ye who love Jesus, rejoicing applaud  
 All, all who are striving to win unto God  
 The souls Jesus died for.

When earth's war is done,  
 Ignatius, what captive hosts *you* shall have won!  
 Great Xavier's magnificent soul your first spoil.  
 And so all the marvellous fruits of his toil;  
 And all who your flag to the end shall uphold—  
 Canisius, Alphonsus, the laybrother old;

\* These three lines are one of St. Ignatius's maxims versified.

The three youthful saints to the youthful so dear ;\*  
De Britto and Suarez, unlike in their sphere ;  
Francis Regis at home drawing thousands to God,  
And Claver, apostle of negroes abroad ;  
De Lugo and Bellarmine, who teachers teach,  
With Segneri, Bourdaloue, mighty in speech ;  
And Southwell, true poet, true martyr ; St. Jure,  
Rodriguez, ascetics large-minded and sure ;  
With all who your wise, gentle spirit and rule  
Have followed in pulpit, confessional, school ;  
And all who have striven to sanctify men  
By prayer and example, the voice and the pen ;  
And all who have laboured and labour unknown  
And thus shall toil on till the last trump has blown :  
In all that each one of your children endures,  
A share shall for ever, Ignatius, be yours.

Ignatius, a saint ere your earliest vow,  
A hero, an angel—what must you be now ?  
How vile seemed the earth when you looked up to heaven !†  
To God and his glory your grand soul was given ;  
God's glory alone was your joy and your pride,  
“For God's greater glory” you lived and you died.

O great St. Ignatius, look down from your throne  
And do not the least of your children disown ;  
Pray, pray for us unto the Father of all,  
Through whom and in whom you our father we call.  
And we—may we each, in our place and our day,  
Work for God while obedience guides safely our way ;  
May each to each duty, how humble soe'er,  
Give soul and sense wholly, with faith and with prayer ;  
May each, to your war-cry‡ unflinchingly true,  
Live and die as the son of such father should do ;  
And be it to all—yes, to all of us—given  
To meet as your children, Ignatius, in heaven.

\* St. Stanislaus Kostka, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and Blessed John Berchmans.

† Quam sordet terra dum cœlum aspicio.

‡ *Ad majorem Dei gloriam !*

## WINGED WORDS.

1. I should never have made my success in life, if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest. [Compare this—from a letter of Charles Dickens to his son Henry—with the following.]

2. No one will succeed in great things unless he first succeed in small things.—*St. Francis Xavier*.

3. The Irish Catholic has suffered so long for his religion, that it is in the granules of his blood. *James Anthony Froude* (a sufficiently impartial witness).

4. It is only when we are not able to commit any more folly that we recognise what fools we were.—*Miss Attie O'Brien's* "From Dark to Dawn."

5. Resignation only changes the character of our suffering, it does not remove it; it sanctifies sorrow, but it does not lessen our sense of loss.—*The same*.

6. A tender conscience is like a tender eye which the least mote disturbs and annoys, making it water to wash off the stain, and express regret that ever it came there.—*Old Life of St. Thomas of Hereford*.

7. Pretences are necessary and agreeable very often, and there is no greater sham than your English sham honesty.—*Mrs. Bishop's* "Elizabeth Eden."

8. Eyes not trained in honourable habits are almost uncontrollably inquisitive.—*The same*.

9. Things gained are gone, but great things done endure.—"*Atlantia in Calydon*."

10. Gratitude is a heavy burden to bear. If you do a man a good turn, he generally finds it too irksome to be grateful, and so becomes your enemy.—"*The Golden Butterfly*."

11. The exasperating thing about revenge is that it never satisfies, but leaves you at the end as angry as at the beginning. After all, one might just as well forgive a fellow at once.—*The same*.

12. A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain. But there is a nobler bliss still: the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.—*Bulwer*.

13. Nothing looks so like guilt as frightened innocence.—*Kathleen O'Meara*.

14. It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.—*Anon*.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERRENVIL," ETC.

### BOOK SECOND.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### FAN'S PROPOSAL.

WHILE Herr Harfenspieler lectured the signora over her painting, Fan and Captain Rupert continued their walk homeward through the woods.

"The signora is terrible when she makes up her mind," Fan had said, laughing, and Rupert answered :

"That is why you are afraid to say all you think before her. You half promised to tell me more about yourself, if she were not by."

"I should be glad to talk to anyone about my old friends and my long ago," said Fan. "Nobody here, but you, would listen to me."

"Let me listen to you, then. I am longing to hear."

Then Fan began her little history, and told him all she remembered about her childhood. Her simple recital fell on the ear of the man of the world less like the details of a real experience than like a tender idyl, the creation of a poet's fancy; and he became more in love with the speaker than ever.

"Thank you for your beautiful confidence," he said, with a tremor in his voice and an unusual mist in his eyes.

"'Tis I who must thank you. It has done me good to be allowed to speak."

From the review of her past Captain Rupert passed quickly to the consideration of her future. "Do you intend to obey my uncle and go upon the stage?" he asked, anxiously.

"I cannot but obey, he is so good to me. Besides, I have a reason of my own."

"For becoming a public singer?"

"Yes."

"You desire the excitement, the freedom?" said Captain Wilderspin, regretfully. "Or you are willing to make a fortune?"

"None of these motives are anything like mine, though it is true I have a wish to be independent. But I will tell you what I hope.

When I am a famous woman, as they say I am to be, Kevin will hear about it and come to me."

"Ah, of course, Kevin!" Captain Wilderspin frowned, and then smiled. "And what do you think he will look like when he comes?"

"Only like himself," said Fan, her eyes flashing. "I don't want him to look like anyone else."

"I shall make her hate me!" thought Captain Rupert. "Yet I must try to awake her out of this childish dream. Forgive me," he said, gently. "Why do you attribute unkind meanings to me? I cannot be your friend, I cannot accept your confidence, without asking you to look the truth in the face."

"What truth? There is always something cruel when people talk like that about the truth."

"I do not want to be cruel." Captain Wilderspin paused; but he was a man of his word, and he had promised himself that Fanchea should be enlightened. He thought that having first ventured to wound her he might afterwards be able to cure and console her. "Will you answer me a few questions?" he said. "Kevin was twelve years older than you. He was a full-grown young man when you saw him last?"

"Yes."

"Where had he received his education?"

"At the school."

"The village school of an obscure mountain district? He had no other means than this of informing his mind."

"No," faltered Fanchea, remembering that Kevin had always been dull at his books.

"He was then an uneducated labourer toiling at his spade; and what do you think seven or eight years of such a life as you describe, fishing, digging, associating with his fellows, have done for him? You and he were once on an equality, and you had many pretty thoughts between you; but circumstances lifted you a child out of the state in which you were born, while they left him, a man, in his original condition. He has probably now got a peasant wife and children, and, whatever he may have once promised to be, they have by this time dragged him down to the ordinary level of such husbands and fathers as dwell around them. Imagine his sun-burned face, its features and expression coarsened by the years that have passed by since you saw it, his rough, clay-soiled hands, his rude brogue, his uncultivated manners and ignorance of all the refinements of living. Believe me, if you ever become a famous woman, and he then comes, as he probably may, to claim you, you will not find him one with whom you could bear to associate."

Fan had kept her gaze fixed on her companion's countenance from the beginning of this speech, and as he proceeded her eyes became

darkened and her mouth set with grief. When he finished, a thrill of pain passed over her face, and she turned away quickly to hide her tears.

"Fan, little Fan," said Rupert, tenderly, "I have hurt you; I have made you weep. Forgive me, listen to me——"

"Go away," said Fan, angrily. "You have broken my heart."

A great sob swallowed her last word; and Captain Wilderspin thought from her distress that her mind had assented to the truths of the picture he had drawn.

"I cannot go away," he said, "without your forgiveness. I would not have hurt you but in the hope of setting you free."

"Free!" cried Fan, piteously. "Of all that is beautiful and bright in my life!"

"Of an illusion that is threatening to overwhelm you with the bitterest disappointment. Fanchea, listen to me and do not speak as if there was no other love for you but what lives in a dream. A hundred such Kevins could not love you as I love you. Nay, do not look so astonished. You must have seen it in my face and heard it in my voice. You must have known long ago how I have loved you."

"I knew that you liked me very much," said Fanchea, abashed, and forgetting her anger, "but not so much as this."

"More than this; more than you can imagine, you simple child; more than I can prove to you, except by a life-long devotion. I would not bribe you to be my wife; but look round you, Fanchea, and see the home that I am able to provide for your future. You need not appear upon the hated stage, where I have always felt that I could not bear to see you; but you shall go wherever you fancy to go, and do whatever you please. To make you happy shall be the object of my life, and I shall be amply repaid if you will only give me the best love of your pure little heart."

Captain Rupert's manner and words became more impassioned as he saw the glow of surprise gradually fade in Fanchea's face and change into the chill of regret. As he finished speaking and stood by her in extreme agitation waiting for her answer the girl raised her eyes wistfully to his. She was deeply touched; grateful for his tenderness, and amazed at his devotion. Yet in spite of the warmth of feeling he had roused, there was something that warned her to keep herself apart.

"You are very good to me," she said, humbly; "very kind. But it would not be right."

"Why would it not be right?"

"Because I want to find—my friends." She would not mention Kevin again after what had been said about him. "If I were to—do as you wish, I should have to give them up. They would be nothing to you; and if I were ever to meet them, you would be ashamed of them."



"So far from that, I promise you, on my soul, that I will give you every assistance in seeking them. I will make it my duty to find out that obscure mountain you call Killeevy, and we will visit it together and know all that is to be known about your friends. If Kevin is in the world we will bring him to the front, and I will set no limit to the bounties you shall bestow upon him and his."

Fan's eyes widened and shone while her ears took in this tempting promise, and her eyes fixed on Captain Rupert's face assured her of the earnestness of his meaning. But at this interesting moment an interruption occurred; the signora's silver ringlets appeared streaming on the breeze; the signora, with a face full of dismay, was seen coming rapidly towards them. Forewarned as she was, she had perceived from a distance that some unusual conversation was being held, and stood breathless and agitated between her charge and Lord Wilderspin's heir.

"Oh, heaven!" she thought, looking from one to the other, "something serious has been said. I am late."

Her looks were so wild that Fan forgot everything else in anxiety for her condition.

"Has anything dreadful happened?" she asked, throwing a supporting arm round her little friend.

"I do not know—I hope not," stammered the signora. "Herr Harfenspieler is here, and Lord Wilderspin has returned."

"They are not quarrelling?" said Captain Rupert, with the hint of a smile. He had begun to suspect the cause of the lady's wildness.

"No, Captain Wilderspin; it is not their way," said the signora, recovering her dignity.

"They are not ill?" asked Fanchea.

"No," said Mamzelle; "nothing is the matter with them, except that one wants his pupil and the other his nephew and heir."

She fixed her eyes on Captain Rupert as she uttered the last words with emphasis; but he did not wither up or sink into the earth.

"And this is what you were coming to tell us," he said, smiling. "And you ran so fast that you lost your breath. It was not wise of you, signora. You have made yourself unwell. Be good enough to take my arm that I may support you to the house."

The signora groaned, but acquiesced; and Fan followed musingly, with her eyes on the ground.

A pleasant, social evening followed. Our friends met at dinner, Lord Wilderspin's burly form at the head of his board. Captain Rupert was in high spirits, and his lordship looked with surprise at his whilom, languid nephew. Herr Harfenspieler, glad of the return of his old friend, had almost forgotten his momentary uneasiness about his pupil, and Mamzelle, seeing Fanchea so quiet and undisturbed, hoped that no great harm had been done after all. Only the old lord

himself noticed a new and indescribable expression in Fancher's face.

"What have you been doing to this girl?" he said, fiercely, to Herr Harfenspieler. "You have been working her too hard."

"Not so," said Herr Harfenspieler, thinking of the lost lesson of the morning.

"She is looking pale, and as old as myself," said his lordship, glaring round upon everybody.

The looks of tenderness centred upon her from all sides were quite what his lordship desired for his *protégée*, and considered by him a part of the good fortune he had provided for her; yet, as his eye went from one to another of the faces at the board, he was startled by something in that of his nephew which he had no way expected to see; and he in his turn surprised that gentleman by leaning across the table and saying in an undertone:

"This is only a child, do you see, Captain Wilderspin!"

The brusque words and scowl neither disconcerted nor annoyed Captain Rupert, nor did they make him smile. He returned his uncle's fierce glance with a meaning look that seemed to say he knew all the circumstances and had thoroughly made up his mind. No one was aware of this by-play but themselves, for the signora and her pupil were attending to Herr Harfenspieler, who had improved the occasion by delivering a lecture upon idleness.

In the drawingroom, after dinner, the signora saw Fan flitting up and down in the twilight between the great windows, and noticed the pale, perplexed, half-frightened look in her face which had caught the attention of his lordship.

"My child," she said, "there is something strange about you. You look as if you had got a shock."

"So I have, Mamzelle."

"What can it have been since the morning?" said the signora, in great agitation. "I hope Captain Wilderspin has not been saying anything foolish. Military men are so peculiar."

"He is very good; but I am greatly surprised. He wants me to marry him, Mamzelle."

The signora gave a little shriek.

"You would not like it?" said Fan, tremulously.

"Like it! My dear, do you know what you are saying? The idea is simple madness. You are only a poor *protégée* of his lordship, and he is Lord Wilderspin's heir."

"Then it really could not be?" said Fan, with a long sigh of relief.

Mamzelle mistook the sigh for one of pain, and her kind heart smote her.

"How dare he be so cruel," she murmured. "My love, is it possible your happiness is in his hands?"

"I do not know," said Fan, musingly, and with an air of trouble. "It cannot be—if what you say be true."

"Oh, me! oh, me! what a mess we have made of our affairs!"

"Do not grieve, Mamzelle; indeed, I am quite satisfied."

"Good, obedient child!" murmured the signora, a little disappointed in spite of herself. She could not have expected to find her wild gipsy maiden so tame in a matter where her affections were concerned.

"I must not leave you under a mistake. If I were to marry Captain Wilderspin, it would only be for the sake of something he promised me."

The signora's heart grew cold. "A tittle, diamonds, or what other gewgaw?" she asked, severely.

"Nothing of that kind," said Fan, with a sad little smile, "and yet something that you would not approve of. I will not vex you by even mentioning it."

Herr Harfenspieler here appearing, the conversation was at end; and Fan's voice was soon pealing through the room, and her heart unburdening itself of some of its longings and perplexities by means of the utterances of her song.

Lord Wilderspin and his nephew were meanwhile in earnest conversation in the garden.

"I think you hardly understood me just now," the old lord had begun, trying to be patient and reasonable. "It is my desire that everyone in my house be kindly inclined to that young girl. But there are limits to be observed. There are certain lines to be drawn."

"You mean that no man is to dare to fall in love with her?"

"Exactly. Such conduct would be inexcusable."

"Why?"

"Why—why—why? What a question to ask. The world is full of reasons why. Because in the first place she is only a child."

"A girl of seventeen cannot long remain a child, no matter how peculiarly she may have been brought up, no matter how simple she may be in herself."

"I intend her to remain a child till it pleases me to introduce her to the world."

"Suppose Nature has undermined your plans; is it fair to rob her of her woman's inheritance of love?"

"Her woman's rubbish! Confound it, Rupert! To think of *you* coming to talk to me like this; you who were always the first to sneer, who professed to have no belief in that kind of thing."

"I believe in it, now. A child (as you say) has taught me. Excuse me, uncle, for trying your patience so severely. I do not wonder you are surprised; I have been astonished at myself."

"You mean to say that you have fallen in love with this girl who has been practising her music in my house?"

"I am determined to make her my wife."

"You audacious jackanapes!"

"Come, come, uncle; a man is not a jackanapes at thirty-five."

"He may be a jackanapes at a hundred. How dare you come here to rob me behind my back?"

His lordship put his hands behind him and glared from under his eyebrows at his nephew.

"You needn't try to frighten me," said Rupert, good-humouredly; "you have spoiled me too long and too often for that. I have deserved your anger, and you have always forgiven me. This time there is no fault upon my head."

"When I advised you to marry you would not do it," burst forth his lordship. "Why have you not married your Lady Mauds and Miss Julia?"

"Because they were not—Fan," said Rupert, smiling.

"Be silent, sir, you are most impertinent," said Lord Wilderspin, striding about.

"Now, uncle, do be quiet, and let us talk. I want to marry and settle down according to your wishes; and the woman I have chosen is the 'child' who is dear to yourself. You love her as an old man, and I as a young man, and that is the only difference between us. You would have her obey you that you may ride out a hobby, and I would devote my life to making her happy. There are women enough to sing for us in the theatres. I advise you to let me have my own way."

"An Irish beggar-girl, a gipsy's foundling, is to be installed here as the future Lady Wilderspin!" stormed his lordship.

"I will take her out of the place, that you may not be troubled with the sight of her again."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, sir. I tell you this is no mere case of a hobby, as you think. I cannot have her taken from me. I love her as a child of my own."

"Treat her accordingly, then," said Captain Wilderspin, laying his arm pleadingly on the old man's arm.

"Ungrateful, good-for-nothing, covetous rascal!" shouted his lordship, shaking off the hand and striding away in towering wrath towards the house.

Captain Rupert looked after him and smiled, and then lit his cigar.

"Too hot to last," he said, complacently. "His bark is always worse than his bite."

The frightened look had gone from Fancher's face when she went up to her room for the night. Further conversation with the signora had assured her that Lord Wilderspin would never consent to her marrying his nephew, and the conviction brought relief to her mind. Captain Rupert pleased her; his tender homage charmed her girlish pride; she admired his soldierly bearing, and had felt him younger

and more companionable than the other persons who surrounded her. Yet she was very well aware that she did not want to marry him.

The scheme dear to her heart was the discovery of the lost, and she would keep herself free for that enterprise. A promise of help in her search had for a moment shaken her purpose, and she had asked herself whether she could not accept this means of attaining her end. But a word had made everything clear. Her benefactor must not be displeased.

Such thoughts having raced to a conclusion through her head, she flung open her windows and extinguished her light and moved softly about her chamber dancing the gipsy's dance. Snapping her little fingers, poising herself on her toes, she whirled from one end of the room to another, singing gaily under her breath that she was free ;

"Free, free, to fly over the sea  
Like the birds that were cousins  
Of Kevin and me!"

she sang with her old love of making her thoughts clink together in words like the rattle of castanets. Then, with a sudden wheel round, and a courtesy :

"Thank you kindly, sir, but there's one who needs me more.  
I must wear my shoes of leather to walk on an earthen floor.  
Were I to dress in satin and sit at a noble board,  
'Twould part me from companions whom my childhood's heart adored."

A gay roulade of mingled singing and laughing expressed Fanchea's glee at her childish *extempore* rhymes, as she slipped into her bed and put her head on the pillow. Not being sleepy, an unusual circumstance, she lay with her face to the east, where she could see the breaking dawn through her open windows, hear the first whisper of life coming back to the world. The landrail sent up its shrill cry from the meadows below, harsh yet sweet; delicious from its association with the peace of the summer night. A passionate quietude was in the air, and the fragrance of multitudes of roses came in and hung round Fanchea in her bed. Quiet now, perforce, she kept warbling forth little couplets and sending them through her open window, across the darkened woods and fields, into the infinite distances of the night. The nightingales had done singing, and there was no bird awake to dispute with her. She had hoped to sing herself to sleep, but suddenly down came the thought that she had been trying to sing and dance out of countenance.

"An uneducated labourer toiling at his spade, with a peasant wife and children—you will not find him one with whom you could bear to associate."

As the terrible words came ringing through her mind, Fan's heart gave a wild throb, and she buried her face in the pillows. It was no

longer that she was angry at the words having been said, but she had begun to feel afraid they might be just.

Lost in a dream of her childhood's ideal, silent upon a subject that was displeasing to all around her, she had never confronted the fear of such a possibility before. But now she admitted that there was more than a possibility that such a disastrous state of things as had been pictured by Captain Rupert might be true.

Shy, slow, without a cultivated friend, how could Kevin have worked himself higher in the scale of education and refinement? What proof had she that he had come out into the world in search of her, and been wrought up into something nobler than the noblest of the earth? Living upon Killeevy, he would naturally do as others did, and go on earning his bread as his father had done before him. Could it be that he had forgotten all his early aspirations; or had he developed into such another as Shawn Rua (called the book-learned man)? Or even if he had followed her (according to her faith), roamed for her sake out into the world's wide highroad, could she feel sure that, even in this case, he had been met by a happier fate? How could he have procured any but the rudest tasks to do; who would have given him the advantages that had been so freely poured out upon her?

Travel-soiled, worn, weary, and poor, she had often pictured him to herself; but coarse and uncultivated, never. Oh! why had she not been left upon the mountain among her friends, to grow up and remain a peasant to the end of her day? She would thus have never been aware of anything wanting in those she loved, whereas, now, she realised that she might live to be only more unhappy through attaining the desires of her heart.

Sensitively and artistically alive to refinement, she was appalled at the probabilities presented to her. Sitting up on her pillow and staring at the brightening dawn, her eyes grew red with weeping, and her heart felt like to break. Where was the use of the day if Kevin's beautiful soul were a dream? What was the object of the existence of such a creature as herself, if *he* were to prove one with whom she could not bear to associate?

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## CHAPTER XI.

### AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"So, madam, you have been crying?"

Lord Wilderspin had sent for Fan to his private study, and while waiting for her appearance had been striding about like an angry giant, darting fiery glances from under his shaggy eyebrows. He was bent on frightening Fan from listening to what he was pleased to call

his nephew's impertinence. She must snub the fellow, ignore him, have nothing to do with him for the future; and he expected to find her saucy, but obedient. When the girl came into the room, however, there was something in her face which he was not prepared to encounter—the traces of her last night's vigil, a paleness of the usually blooming cheeks, a redness round the heavy-lidded eyes. The old lord was quite put out of countenance, and became fiercer than ever accordingly.

"How dare you sit down to cry under my roof, you little baggage?"

"My lord, I have a right to my own tears," said Fan, throwing back her head with a smile. It was not in his power to frighten her with his gruffness.

"You have nothing of the kind," shouted his lordship. "Everything in this house is mine; you and your tears, as well as the rest."

"Then I am sorry I have wasted your property, sir; the tears are all shed and gone."

"Come here to the light till I look at you, Miss Impertinence. Eheu! did anyone ever see such a pair of eyes! You ungrateful monkey, did I ever refuse you anything you wished for?"

"No; and I am not asking for anything you can give me."

"A very likely story, with such a face."

Lord Wilderspin turned away from her where she stood in the full light of the window, and went puffing and sighing up and down the room, tugging and striving with his obstinacy and pride. The truth is, he had never noticed a woman weeping before since one day when a girl like this had looked at him piteously with just such red-rimmed eyes. He and she had been saying farewell, and a year after the girl was in her grave. That is the story of Lord Wilderspin's old bachelorhood. It had never occurred to him that little Fan was one to cry; and he had no doubt whatever as to the cause of her tears. "Are you going to break her heart, you old ogre?" he said to himself. "Are you going to put *her* into her grave?"

He wheeled suddenly round on Fan.

"A little fresh air will be good for your complexion," he said, "and that rascally nephew of mine is bringing round a horse for you to ride. You have my orders to ride with him, and mind there is no crying about it."

"But, my lord——"

"No buts, you monkey; I am as cross as a bear!" and, putting her out of the room, he bowed, and shut the door in her face.

The next hour Fan and Captain Rupert were cantering over the downs together, while the signora and Herr Harfenspieler sat at home and lamented over his lordship's weakness.

Captain Wilderspin was enraptured. Although fully determined to have his own way at any price, it would have pained him to quarrel

finally with his good old uncle, and the cessation of his lordship's hostilities delighted much more than surprised him. He had not expected so speedy a surrender, and was all the more pleased that unpleasantness had come so quickly to an end.

That Fan would soon listen willingly to his suit he had no longer any fear, and he loved her all the more for the fidelity and tenderness that created her first difficulty. He was resolved to keep his word as to helping her in the search for her early friends, but comforted himself with the reflection that very little of Kevin, when found, would amply satisfy the cravings of her heart. Out of his pocket he would make the people comfortable for the rest of their days, and thus win her lasting gratitude after the tears of her disappointment had been shed.

As for Fan, she saw everything undone again that last night had seemed finished and put away. She was quick enough to perceive that Lord Wilderspin was favouring his nephew's suit, and it did not surprise her so much as it ought to have done, because she was so accustomed to receive everything good from his hand. She was unusually grave and silent, and her lover respected her mood. He divined clearly enough that the force of circumstances was telling upon her imagination, and in time would tell upon her heart. She did not love him yet; but he would rather wait for her love than see her willing to marry him for the sake of mere worldly advantage. She should have her own time and her own way. It was enough for him at present to watch tenderly the sorrowful wakening from her dream of Kevin, and to have the privilege of soothing away the pain, replacing it gradually with a reality of happiness.

In the changed expression of her eyes he read that the visionary Kevin was no longer discernible, and the coarse reality, as presented by him, now constantly filled them instead. She was remembering all the circumstantial evidence against the friend of her youth. Her letters had never been answered, in all her wanderings she had not met him searching for her. The seven years (which at Fanchea's age are a lifetime) had changed him so that he was contented without her on the mountain, and was patiently supporting his wife and children by the labour of his spade. The utmost good that he could require of her now was probably a little bounty, such as Captain Rupert could give to make him and his family more comfortable. The loss of her dream pressed heavily on her heart, and changed her from a gleeful girl into a thoughtful woman. But Captain Rupert was right in judging that the way was opening that might lead her to become the Lady of Wilderspin.

They had ridden a long way when the sky became dark, and it was evident a thunder-storm was following their steps. They saw it rolling towards them from the sea across the valley, and to turn would have been to meet it in the teeth. Captain Rupert remembered



a farm-house a mile in advance on the road, and they pressed on their horses to reach its shelter. In spite of fast riding, floods of rain and flashes of lightning overtook them; Fan's skirts were drenched, and the wind buffeted her little hat, and tugged at her hair till it streamed in fluttering ringlets round her wet and rose-red face.

The haven was reached at last, a neat farm-house with a gable overgrown with climbing flowers. Captain Rupert sprang from his horse and threw the reins upon a rail of the gate, then hurried up the walk and knocked at the door. It was the same door at which Kevin had knocked when on his weary tramp so many years ago; and one of Rachel Webb's handmaidens opened to him.

The distressed wayfarers were kindly invited in; Fan was lifted off her horse and hurried under shelter; and a fair, placid woman in grey garments and a white muslin cap met her in the hall with a welcome.

"Let me step into your kitchen," said Fan, smiling and rosy; "my dripping skirts will do less harm there than anywhere else."

As she stepped into the kitchen, and stood full in the light, she made a picture, with her clinging draperies, her blooming cheeks, and the wet tangle of her ruffled hair curling about her pretty head and neck.

Rachel Webb looked at her attentively, and then said:  
"Young friend, I have met thee before!"

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### GOOD-BYE.

A TRIVIAL phrase that flies from lip to lip,  
It serves to punctuate the page of life,  
From the scarce breathèd comma to the break  
Of Death's full stop, when friends must part indeed,  
And know for what it is the last good-bye;  
When time's insatiate stammering is hushed  
And an eternal silence speaks for all.  
When I am bid "good-bye," I ever hear  
Or loud or faint the closing of a door,  
Which leaves my soul outside, some joy within,  
Some sympathetic circle made complete,  
Where I once was, but am not any more;  
A shadowed portent of eternal loss,  
Of outer darkness sundered from the light.  
Yet, as a lance was thought itself to salve  
The wound it had inflicted, so this phrase,  
Read but as "God be with you," is a charm  
Against the pain of parting, for with God  
Is all that man can love, and "no good-bye."

## UP AND ROUND MONT BLANC.

BY NATHANIEL COLGAN.

## III.—CHAMOUNI TO COURMAYEUR.

THERE are two ways of reaching Courmayeur from Chamouni; one, direct, over the Col du Géant; another, roundabout, by the Col de Voza, Col du Bonhomme, and Col de la Seigne. By the first, a laborious glacier track, crossing the eastern shoulder of Mont Blanc at a height of 11,000 feet, Courmayeur may be reached with a guide in one long day from Chamouni; following the second route, which leads right round the south-western half of the Mont Blanc range, a good walker, in good training and not too heavily weighted, may reach the same point without a guide in two days. I selected the second route; but set apart three days for the round, so as to leave an ample margin for the various forms of dawdling that make up half the charm of an alpine tramp.

It was a lovely morning when I started from Chamouni, shortly before seven o'clock, on the 11th of August, guideless, and carrying a knapsack of twelve pounds weight. The Savoyard Audreys were singing as they bound the ripe sheaves in the corn-fields by the roadside; the grazing kine sent up a merry tinkling of bells from the dewy pastures; the Arve, half veiled in pearly mist, rushed along with its everlasting hoarse murmur; and far above all Mont Blanc, present to the consciousness as a vague feeling of immensity even when the eyes were withdrawn from its snows and glaciers, rose up gleaming in the sunshine. On the left, the mountains bounding the valley fell below the snow-line, and were thickly clad nearly to the summit with dense dark pine-woods, here and there

“ Enfolding sunny spots of greenery,”

little mountain pastures of dazzling verdure, basking in the sun a thousand feet above the valley in places seemingly inaccessible to the widest zig-zags.

Just as the seventh kilomètre stone from Chamouni is passed, I am overtaken by the summer diligence to Geneva, a lumbering, top-heavy machine tightly packed with passengers overhead and bearing on its panels in large capitals the not unnecessary words of comfort: “ *Omnibus-Diligence Inversible* ”—“ Unupsettable Omnibus Diligence.” Then comes the village of Les Ouches, and I leave the high road, and striking into the track for the Col de Voza, begin to wind upward through charming snatches of orchard, surrounding substantial,

warm-toned chalets of red pine. Your better sort of chalet here in the vale of Chamouni, such as some of these on the track up to the Col de Voza, is the very ideal of solid rural comfort. The ample store of fire-wood, packed neatly and tightly round the walls, under the wide-spreading eaves, suggests visions of bright flame and cheerily crackling logs when the pines outside are sadly drooping their branches under a load of winter snow. The benches of bee-hives, too, ranged in the sunlight with jolly, broad-faced sun-flowers lolling their heads above them; the little orchard close, with its well-laden apple and cherry-trees, and the vine-fence, where the heavy clusters peep out coyly from the shade of the leaves; the grave-paced cattle, shambling home from the pasture, all speak of honest, wholesome toil, crowned with peace and plenty.

Three hours and a half from Chamouni brought me to the naked stone auberge on the top of the Col de Voza, at the height of 5,500 feet, where I rested for an hour and took mid-day dinner. From the end window of the guest-chamber here, a glorious vision of the Mont Blanc range flashes on the eye, a vision rather than a waking sight; for these majestic billows of snow, outlined against the clear blue sky, have always something visionary and unsubstantial in their aspect. The foreground of the picture is a smoothly rolling green pasture flooded in sunlight, where a few scattered cattle are lazily browsing the grass to a dreamy tinkling of their bells, pausing now and then to ruminate and stare abstractedly at an artist who sits under the shelter of his white cotton umbrella, sketching in the outline of the valley of Chamouni. Here, with appetites sharpened by mountain air, I and the artist dine cheerfully off an athletic fowl, which, in spite of its brawny limbs and horny feet, we are assured is an alpine chicken, the dinner being enlivened by the thunderous ministrations of a lusty Savoyard handmaiden, who sets the rafters trembling as she trips in hob-nails across the bare plank floor. By half-past twelve I am on the road again, down hill from the Col de Voza towards the Val de Montjoie. On the left lies the glacier of Bionnassay, descending rapidly from the great peak of the Aiguille du Gouté, on the south-west flank of Mont Blanc, and sending off from its base a strong, full torrent to join the larger stream of the Bon Nant in the valley below. Nearly half an hour is saved by leaving the regular track a short way below the col, crossing the torrent to the hamlet of Champel, and striking the high-road about a mile above Bionnay; but when I reached the scattered chalets of Bionnassay, I was told that the wooden bridge had been swept away by a sudden rise in the water, and that the passage could now only be made with difficulty by a temporary footway of pine trunks. A scramble down the steep slope to the torrent and a few minutes' floundering along its rough, shingly margin brought me to the bridge,

two slender pine stems laid side by side across the current, almost grazing the surface of the water and made slippery by a shower of fine spray. At a distance of a hundred yards nothing seems easier to cross than one of these second-rate glacier torrents, such as this on the path to Champel. But when you stand beside it at one of its narrowest points, where the turbid waters, confined between granite crags, go swirling downwards at a giddy pace, when the roaring of the current among the rocks drowns the sound of your voice, and the angry jets of foam leap up from the very bed of the torrent to shoot through the air in long arcs, you come to feel a certain respect for the thread of seething waters that flies past you, and admit that, though it is, perhaps, little more than two yards wide, you would scarcely see your way out of it if you should chance to fall in with a knapsack on your back. So with due caution the torrent is crossed here by the slippery pine stems, and after a short climb through a strip of thick wood, I strike the path to Champel, and by half-past one find myself under the scorching sun once more, on the high-road to Contamines through the Val de Montjoie.

The Val de Montjoie runs transversely to the valley of Chamouni, following the course of the Bon Nant, a fine torrent sunk in deep, rocky, wooded gorges, and falling into the Arve, between St. Gervais and Sallanches. On a smaller scale, the Montjoie valley has all the beauties of the grand vale of Chamouni; but its slopes being better wooded, its general aspect is softer. The road here is almost level; and about an hour's steady walking brought me to the village of Contamines, the route being dotted all along with small, wayside oratories in Italian fashion. A few minutes' rest here, to cool down and drink a glass of Chamouni beer in the bar-parlour of the Bonhomme, and by three o'clock, I was on the road again, making for Notre Dame de la Gorge, a small, pilgrimage church, where the high-road ceases about forty minutes beyond Contamines. The Bon Nant, here in the enjoyment of a lucid interval, steals quietly along on the right of the road, past low banks sprinkled with stumpy alders, like a lazy English midland stream; on the left rises up a wall of naked rock, whose dark brown is set off by thick tufts of bright-green parsley fern. Then comes the steep path to the chalet of Nant Borant, a painful track over wide sheets of smooth water-and-glacier-worn rocks in sound of the Nant, now raging madly in the gorges on the right. Another half hour and a small stone bridge crosses the torrent, dimly seen far below through the gloom of its narrow, rocky cleft, in gleamings of snowy foam; then the pines cease for a space, the chalet comes into view at last, on a stretch of rugged pasture in front of the beautiful Aiguille de Tre la Tête, and by five o'clock, just ten hours from Chamouni, I am in possession of a bedroom in this most secluded of mountain inns.

Arrangements at the *châlet* of Nant Borant, in that they are primitive, are, so far, in harmony with the prevailing rock formations of the mountains round about it. In one corner of an ample quadrangle, enclosed by a low wall, stands the original *châlet* itself, sending off at right angles two lines of wooden sheds, one appropriated to the cattle, the other, seemingly an after-thought, set apart for travellers. On the side opposite the travellers' shed is a small wooden pavilion, a true *belvidere*, for its window looks out directly across the valley of the Bon Nant to the lovely glacier of *Tre la Tête*, lifted up high in air some 7,000 feet above the dark band of pines clothing the base of the *Aiguille*. This pavilion serves as dining-room, and at a pinch, no doubt, on the rare occasions when Nant Borant is stormed by a rush of half a dozen travellers at once, can be turned into a spare bedroom. There are four bedrooms proper in the travellers' wing of the *châlet*, spare, too, in a different sense of the word; for when washing at the plank toilet-table, it is quite possible for one to bruise his elbows against the bedsteads. But though space is limited, it must be said, in bare justice to Nant Borant, that everything is clean and fresh. After a long day's tramp and a hearty meal on the simple but plentiful fare to be had here—good coffee, glorious milk fresh from the mountain herd, fresh butter, fresh eggs, *Gruyère*, and home-made bread—more carnal food may be got at the *châlet* by those unhappy mortals who must have the flesh-pots seven days in the week—you may turn into your spare bedroom, filled with the wild woodland scent of the naked pine planks which line it, walls, and floor, and roof, and sleep as soundly as if stretched on down under rose-pink curtains. The accommodation at Nant Borant, no doubt, is not perfect; perhaps, among other drawbacks, the plank bedrooms do reek unpleasantly at eventide, after basking in the sunshine through a long August day. But, primitive as is this *châlet*-inn, all true lovers of nature must fervently hope that it may never be supplanted by some huge, staring *Grand Hôtel Imperial* de Nant Borant to profane the solemn beauty of this mountain solitude.

The sun goes down gloriously that evening, as I sit in the pavilion with my next-door neighbour, the occupant of packing-case No. 3, a melancholy little Englishman, on the wrong side of fifty, who is making the tour from Chamouni to Courmayeur in two days, with mules and guides. The snows and glaciers glittering on the flanks of the beautiful *Aiguille* in front grow dim as the rays of the sinking sun glide upwards from off them to tip the naked summit crags with gold; the hoarse monotonous roar of the torrent below comes out clearer through the deepening silence; and as the gray gloaming settles down on the valley, bringing with it a rapid chill in the air, colour and sheen die slowly away from the woods and the mountains. Then the cattle pacing gravely home from the pastures,

file through the courtyard gate; and as they cross the quadrangle to their stalls, a chubby, half-stripped urchin, escaping from the chalet with a wild yell of freedom, scampers out to cling round their patient necks, with a parting hug of "good-night." In a moment he is captured and borne off to bed by the landlady, and half an hour later we all—I and the Englishman and two Piedmontese sportsmen, the sum-total of travellers that day at Nant Borant—turn into our pine-boxes for the night.

By half-past five next morning I had breakfasted, paid my bill, and was on the tramp to the Col du Bonhomme, the Englishman, with his mules and guides, having had the start of me by half an hour. Ball, speaking of the chalet of Nant Borant, remarks tersely: "Charges extortionate—make your bargain." I made no bargain; and if seven francs be an extortionate charge for supper, bed, and breakfast—the meals including half-a-dozen eggs—at a remote spot some miles distant from its nearest base of supplies, then I was victimized, for that was exactly the amount of the bill presented to me by my landlady this morning. The Col du Bonhomme lying at a height of about 8,200 feet above the sea, and Nant Borant at about 4,600, there is a rise of some 3,600 feet to be got over between the chalet and the top of the pass. For the first quarter of an hour the path leads through pine-wood, then crossing a stretch of rock-strewn nakedness, shut in in front by a grand barrier of perpendicular gray crags, broken at the crest into literal battlements of rock, it winds upwards past the solitary chalet of La Balma. A last glance backwards here down the valley shows the snow-peaks and sombre pine-woods lying silent and motionless as a picture in the crystal air of morning; a few steps more, and a sudden bend in the path shuts out the grand perspective behind and opens a vista of wild barrenness in front; the gorge below on the left is choked with drifted snow, through which the torrent of the Bon Nant bores its way and leaps foaming into the sunlight from a vault of blackness arched over with pure white; the soil grows more and more naked as the track pierces further into the mountains, until even the goats give up the search for grass in despair; but the delicate fronds of the *cystopteris alpina* still make little oases of greenery in sheltered nooks of the rocks, though the snow lies round about in scattered patches.

Two hours from Nant Borant the path dips into a desolate mountain-locked basin, clad with scant pasture, through which the infant Bon Nant, my cheery companion all through the Montjoie valley, ripples quietly over an almost level bed. A herd of cattle is watering at the stream as I cross by stepping-stones; and when I reach the opposite bank a weird old woman, dressed in a man's ragged overcoat, buttoned down to the ankles, and with a red handkerchief tightly bound round her grey hairs, holds out one bony hand and hoarsely begs for

alms, while the other brings a heavy stick to bear with savage energy on the hind-quarters of the straggling cattle. With a hungry look she snatches from me and thrusts into a pocket of the overcoat the few coppers which I hold out to her as a peace-offering. Not a word she wastes in hollow thanks, but the gladness of her heart overflows in a wild howl and a perfect paroxysm of blows, dealt impartially right and left with the cudgel, on the hides of the unoffending cows.

From this dreary valley the path, obliterated here and there by broad patches of drifted snow, mounts rapidly for half an hour until it leads into a scene of the most utter and hideous desolation. In devious windings, the track crosses a jagged outcrop of black shaly rock, soaked with the melting snows that blotch its surface, and fast rotting back to its original mud under the alternations of heat and frost and moisture. This dismal expanse, overshadowed by naked ridges and peaks that cut off the sunshine, is absolutely lifeless. Not a blade of grass, scarcely even a lichen, relieves its cold, monotonous tone of colour; the ground, though rugged enough to make the track a toilsome one, is so featureless that the runnels from the melting snow cannot even join themselves into one brawling torrent to cheer the dead silence which broods over this nasty geological workshop. Gaunt, weather-beaten posts, only needing twilight to make them too strongly suggestive of gallows-trees, mark the way at long intervals; but many of them are broken off short with the ground, so that a slight snowfall would be enough to wipe out the track completely and make it a ticklish business for a stranger to hit the col.

At length, at a few minutes after nine o'clock, the prospect opens and brightens; the summit of the col is reached, and the entrance of the Val Bourg St. Maurice appears right ahead. The ground is still stony and barren enough, but dry and firm, open to the blessed sunshine and sprinkled over with grass, wild pansies, and bright-flowered rock plants. Here the knapsack is thrown off; I stretch myself with my back to the gaunt cross marking the top of the col; and while the teeth are busy with a crust and the leg of a fowl, the eyes are free to wander over the sunlit circle of the Tarentaise Alps in front, or glance downward along the grassy hills to the valleys

“That stretch in pensive quietness between.”

How sweet was that half-hour's rest after the dreary climb up through the wilderness from La Balma! How sweet to lie here alone under the summer sunshine in the pure bracing air of 8,000 feet above sea-level, and with a vacant mind suffer the snowy mountain peaks to print their pictures on the eyes, to feel that mere existence itself was enjoyment, and to hear, or fancy one could hear, the throbblings of his heart in the breathless silence of these everlasting hills!

Shortly after half-past nine I am on the road once more, making straight down hill for the opening of the Bourg St. Maurice valley in front, across rapid grassy slopes almost free from snow. Half-way down to Chapiu, a little hamlet where the track bends abruptly backwards from south-west to north-east, I am overtaken, surrounded, and brought to a stand-still by a troop of twenty goats just started from the mountain pasture above by a whooping herd-boy, and left to their own devices to find their way home to the milking. On a mountain-pasture absolutely bare as this was of trees or prominent rocks, tourists, good-for-nothing as a rule, may at all events be turned to account as indifferent scratching-posts. So as many of the sturdy brown goats as my person can accommodate at once gather round me and fall to rubbing their jaws against my legs, pausing now and then to butt me with their horns in an ecstasy of enjoyment, or to climb up my back and have a quiet chew at the delicious leather straps of the knapsack. I escape in a canter down hill, followed closely by the whole herd in long single file with their bells tinkling madly, until we reach a large stone *châlet* near the foot of the mountain, where the goats march demurely into their shed and their laughing mistress invites me indoors to a bowl of milk. While I sip the cool draught three nut-brown, bullet-headed urchins, whose united heights amount to little more than eight feet, peep out at me distrustfully from behind their mother's skirts; but when I pass round a few bronze coins of the Republic, one and indivisible, they resolve that such conduct deserves encouragement; they come to the front accordingly, take their bibs from their mouths, and looking fixedly at each other and not at me, lisp out a formal vote of thanks in very pretty French.

Ten minutes from this *châlet* a stream is crossed by a stone bridge, the path turns abruptly to the left, the scattered roofs of Chapiu rise gradually into view, and the eye looks down on the right to the deep, narrow valley of Bourg St. Maurice—here a dreary waste of naked sand, through which wanders aimlessly what seems to be a thread of soap-suds, but is in reality a torrent flowing south from Mottet to join the Isère. By eleven o'clock I reach the lonely hamlet of Chapiu, and after an hour's halt here to dine in the *Soleil* inn, I take to the road again.

The south-west end of the Mont Blanc range has been turned at last. I have coasted along the edge of the grand mountain barrier from the Col de Balme round to Chapiu, and now the track bends abruptly to the north-east and leads through a desolate treeless valley to Mottet, my goal for the day. A full torrent, a feeder of the Isère, flows in a deep gorge on the right, on which side the mountains are smooth and grass-grown. On the left, the steeper ridge rising rapidly from the path in some places to a height of about 2,000 feet, is thickly strewn from top to bottom with loose rocks, ranging from the size of a



cheese up to that of a commodious dwelling-house, and lying in confused ruin, as if a band of Titanic navvies had set to work here to make a gigantic railway embankment, and had shot their waggon-loads of rock rubbish along the crest from Chapiu to Mottet. This stony wilderness, in which nothing seems to thrive but the stiff, shining holly fern, positively reeks with the heat; so that after an hour's upward toiling it is like feeling a fresh breeze to catch sight of the lovely Aiguille du Glacier closing up the barren vista in front, with the cool, sea-green tints of its glacier faintly piercing through the overlying snow. The valley now opens out rapidly, a few miserable gray stone hovels are seen sprinkled over the floor of the valley towards which the path descends; the torrent is crossed by a stone bridge; I recognise, not without difficulty, the primitive little chapel given as a land-mark by Ball and Bædeker, and mounting the grassy slopes on the opposite side at two o'clock I reach Mottet.

Mottet is not a post-town, nor a village, nor even a hamlet. Leaving out of account the dozen or less hovels scattered over the valley-head, the sum and substance of Mottet is two small inns, built side by side on the mountain slope rising up to the Col de la Seigne, one bearing on its sign-board the question-begging title, "*Repos des Voyageurs*," the other styling itself the *Ancien Hôtel*. As the Traveller's Rest looks decidedly nasty, I pass it by and enter the rival house next door, which displays on the reverse of its sign-board, for the benefit of English travellers, no doubt, the slightly mystifying legend—"Olds Mountains Mottets Hotel." The Olds Mountains turned out to be a very respectable establishment, kept by one Laurent Fort, a courtly old Frenchman who, while ponderously pervading the house, in the joint capacity of landlord, waiter, chambermaid, and boots, contrived to maintain all through his ministrations the imperturbable dignity of a lord chamberlain. It was pleasant to throw off the pack here for the day with the prospect of a long evening of rest in this quiet valley after the scorching tramp from the Col du Bonhomme. The wild sense of freedom with which (I speak of the amateur mountaineer) you shoulder your knapsack at daybreak and set out with elastic tread through the pearly mists of the high alpine valleys is thrilling, no doubt. There are no cares of baggage to ruffle the serenity of the mind: *omnia mea mecum porto* you may exclaim exultingly with the Latin Grammar philosopher as you spring forward, drinking in new life from the mountain air. But when you reach your gaol for the day after some ten hours of see-saw tramping up and down rugged cols, under scorching sunshine, with the blistered skin peeling from your face, and the knapsack, in spite of all patent ventilating dodges, making a furnace between the shoulders, then it is with very different feelings you are tempted to repeat the words of the philosopher as you fling down your little all with a fervent wish that it might be twice as little.

Another calm sunset here, like that of the evening before at Nant Borant, came to print its picture on the mind in colours that can never altogether fade away. I have only to close my eyes for a moment now, and the whole scene rises up clearly before me as it did while I lay stretched that evening on the grassy knoll close by the inn at Mottet. I can see the snows far up on the beautiful Aiguille blush tenderly at the farewell kiss of the setting sun, and feel over again how the mountain solitude grows

"quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration,"

while the gloaming sinks softly down over the valley and the mountains.

Anticipating another scorching day in the shadeless Allée Blanche, I hired a mule from Fort to carry me up to the Col de la Seigne, so that I might start fresh from the top to Courmayeur. Before six o'clock on the morning of the third day from Chamouni (August 18th) we set out from the Ancien Hotel, myself, astride on the mule with the knapsack strapped behind the saddle, Fort's boy in the rear cracking his whip, and Cartouche, a wolfish-looking dog, who goes frisking round the party in wide circles. As we wind slowly up the bare grassy slopes I have time to study the bill which old Fort has just presented to me with his hand on his heart and a magnificent parting bow. This is the document *verbatim et literatim*. It will show that Fort, in matters orthographical at least, is a man of independent thought, and that his charges are reasonable enough when we recollect that Mottet is nearly five hours' march from Bourg St. Maurice, the nearest outpost of civilisation:—

*Notte de M. le voyageur.*

|                      |     |     |     |     | fr.  |
|----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|------|
| 1 Boyolai,           | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3.00 |
| 1 Bout. au Minérale, | ... | ... | ... | ..  | .40  |
| Supis,               | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2.50 |
| Chambre,             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3.00 |
| Servise,             | ... | ... | ... | ... | .50  |
| Bugia,*              | ... | ... | ... | ... | .50  |
| Chausuie,†           | ... | ... | ... | ... | .10  |
| Dejeuné,             | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1.50 |
| Monturre,‡           | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5.00 |

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16.50

Pour aquit. FORT.

About an hour and a half of steady marching up rolling grassy slopes, flecked with deep snow patches, which here and there bridged

\* Bugia.

† For greasing my boots.

‡ The mule.

over the miniature torrents lying in our path, brings us to the top of the col. These snow-bridges are the source of much exercise of mind to the wise old mule. Before venturing her weight on one of them, she thrusts her nose forward, smells anxiously at the snow, and turns her long ears backward with an interrogative expression, as if she would ask me: "What do you think of this bit?" Then one foreleg is cautiously advanced and placed in position, the other is just about to follow, when she hears the water gurgling beneath the thin crust of snow and draws backward with a nervous shiver, so that Fort's boy has to ply the whip, pile defamatory adjectives on her head, and set Cartouche barking and snapping at her heels before she can be induced to stumble across.

Shortly before eight o'clock we stand on the top of the Col de la Seigne, at a height of 8,327 feet; the knapsack is transferred from the saddle to my shoulders, Fort *fil*s bids me *bon voyage*, and scampers down-hill with Cartouche and the mule, and I am left alone to enjoy the sublime vista of the Allée Blanche, the great valley stretching from the col towards Courmayeur. From this spot the eye takes in the reverse of the entire Mont Blanc range as seen from the Col de Voza at the south end of the vale of Chamouni. It is a vista of unquestionable sublimity; but naked, sterile, and desolate to the last degree. On the right, billow upon billow, peak upon peak of naked rock, ranging from 12,000 up to 15,000 feet in height, seamed and capped with ice and snow, goes stretching away northward under the direct sunlight in monotonous uniformity of tone. It is some time before the eye can take in the true dimensions of this colossal barrier, and before it has done so it has become dissatisfied with its oppressive nakedness, and turns gladly to the little speck of soft green far away at the bottom of the valley, where the Lac de Gombal lies sleeping with its girdle of stunted pines.

The Col de la Seigne is the frontier between France and Italy, the line of demarcation being pointed out by the arms of a stumpy wooden cross bearing the word "France" on the face towards Mottet, and "Italia" on that looking down to the Lac de Combal. A single step takes me from France into Italy, and the descent to Courmayeur begins at once. By eleven o'clock I reach what Bædeker flatteringly describes as the "pretty green Lac de Combal," which, grand as its setting undoubtedly is, is but an artificial reservoir for the drainage of the Mont Blanc glaciers, filled with water, green, indeed, but with what seems to be the greenness of stagnation. The Doire, a fine torrent tributary to the Dora Baltea, flows out from the north end of the lake, and crossing this by a wooden bridge the track for an hour and a half passes along by the foot of a great moraine, another scene of stony, shadeless ruin like that on the way from Chapiu to Mottet. Then the Doire is recrossed and I arrive at a miserable Italian inn, or rather

wine-shop, the Cantine de l'Avizaille, where the valley begins to open out and give space for level pastures of refreshing green, and after resting here for an hour to tide over the climax of the day's heat, I take to the road once more. The path falling back from the base of the mountains now gives a splendid view of the Glacier de Miage and the stupendous buttresses of Mont Blanc,

"rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,"

and half an hour from the cantine enters thick pine-woods, where grimy woodmen grunt and sweat under a weary life as they load their timber carts with heavy logs. Then the path widens into a broad mule-track which winds along a precipitous mountain face, and turning a sharp corner in sight of the village of Entrèves leads into the Val d'Aosta. Another half hour and I cross the Dora Baltea for the third time, leave the village of La Saxe on the left, and by four o'clock reach the goal of my three days' tramp, the Hôtel de Mont Blanc, just outside Courmayeur.

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

BY HENRY BEDFORD, M.A.

### No. 5.—HEAT.

#### PART II.—*How Heat is communicated from one body to another.*

IN our former paper we gave our answer to the question, What is heat? It is not a substance, as was once thought, which when poured into a body, by its presence made it warm; and when poured out of it, by its absence made it cold; but it is "a mode of motion." The particles of which a body is composed are in a state of vibration among themselves; increase that vibration, and its heat increases; diminish it, and its heat diminishes also.

It is easy, when once the idea is grasped, to see how heat, which is in reality motion, can be communicated from particle to particle throughout a solid body. The first molecule which is acted upon by an external force swings in its little orbit and strikes against its neighbours, who pass on the blow to those beside them, and thus the movement advances along the body, slowly or quickly according to circumstances, and what is called the conductive power of the substance of which it is formed, until the temperature of the whole is raised, and

we judge of its heat by contact (it may be) with our own fingers, which tingle with the vibrations thus communicated to them, and are, perhaps, burned by oscillations which are too violent for our nerves to endure. This is the action in solid bodies, wherein the molecules are held together by what is called the force of cohesion. The vibrations do not displace the molecules, but at most force them further apart, which result shows itself in the increase of the bulk of the whole body.

But when the vibrations grow more violent and the distances between the molecules are enlarged beyond a certain extent, this force of cohesion is so far overcome that the molecules are freed from the bondage which held each in its relative place, and they can move among themselves although they are not as yet free to fly asunder. And thus it is that the body ceases to be a solid and becomes a liquid—a change of condition or aggregation of molecules, which is obvious enough to our senses; for now we can pour out and give what shape we please to the liquid whose particles are free to move: a very different condition from what holds good in a solid.

We continue the process, and increase the vibrations; but our manner of heating has to be altered and adapted to the changed conditions of the body. Before, one particle passed on the vibrations to its neighbour, who in turn communicated it to those adjoining. Like sentinels each remained in his own beat, and passed the word to the next when they met at their respective limits; but now, when there is, as it were, disorder in the camp, each rushes away with the news that has reached him at the outpost, and those behind hurry up to the front to learn the intelligence for themselves. This is obvious enough when we heat a liquid. We place the fire at the bottom of the containing vessel: the vibrations are communicated to the vessel and by it passed on to the liquid within. The particles adjacent to the bottom are set vibrating more violently than before; they expand through that internal commotion, and becoming thereby less dense, and so less heavy, rise up above their cooler neighbours, and give place to them; who, sinking downwards, receive the vibrations from the heated vessel, expand, rise, and give place to others. Thus the process of heating continues, not as with the solid by conduction, or what we have called passing on the vibrations, but by convection, or the giving place to each other to be warmed or set vibrating by the exterior fire.

It is easy and interesting to observe the currents both upwards and downwards which this mode of heating liquids generates. A glass vessel of water with some small fragments of paper or bran placed over a spirit lamp will clearly show them. But suppose the operation continued, and the heat or vibrations increased, until the water begins to boil: a new phenomenon shows itself. The vibrations in time shake the particles of water into pieces; they would fly apart but that the superincumbent mass of water presses them together. They rise to the surface,

and if the water through which they force their way is below boiling point, it will chill them in their passage, that is, it will check and control their vibrations, and they will still remain water.

But what if they reach the surface unchilled, owing to the heat the mass of water has previously received; will they not fly away? Not unless they can overcome another difficulty in their way, and, as it were, throw off its pressure. What is this? There is the air which presses upon the surface of the vibrating particles of water; and its force, in an open vessel, is about fifteen pounds weight to a square inch of that surface. This must be overcome by the expansive power of the water, and then it is free to rise in steam. We say the water boils whenever it overcomes this pressure which circumstances may cause to vary: and so it is that water boils at different temperatures, for its boiling point is when it matches and masters this incubus.

So when we climb a mountain, our kettle boils at a lower temperature than in the valley below, because the column of air above us is shorter the higher we rise; and if we try to make our tea the water boils, it is true, but at too low a temperature to make the fragrant and cheering infusion. The result is the same, as if we go through the same operation at home with hot but not boiling water, and what an insipid result we obtain most people know only too well. Nothing less than a temperature of 212° Fahrenheit will shake the goodness out of the tea, boil the water as it may at a lower temperature.

But when this victory is gained, away flies the finely divided particles which we no longer call water or ice, which it once may have been, but steam, which is of course the same substance in another state of aggregation. The vibrations have now produced another result; they have not only torn the solid ice into drops of water, but they have shaken those drops into minute fragments and have overcome altogether the attraction which held them together, and now they are hurled apart and absolutely rush away from one another, impelled by the violent agitation which has raged within. Suppose we entrap them before they can escape into the air by closing every opening in the vessel in which this strange and fierce action has been proceeding. M. Papin did it about two hundred years ago, and with what effect the grave John Evelyn has told us in his well-known Diary.

But first let us look at it theoretically before we record its practical results. The steam liberated from the surface of the water by its victory over the air which held it down, rises into that air, but cannot escape from it, seeing that the vessel is closed, and so, like a base traitor, combines with it and lends its force to keep down the struggling water beneath, which is now held prisoner by a double pressure. The heat increases, for the fire is still below, and so the vibrations become more violent, and in time the oppressed water is strong enough to overcome its two foes and rises triumphantly; but only to join the

oppressors and to keep down those beneath. Again the combat is renewed; more heat and more violent vibrations result in another victory, and fresh steam literally shakes off the now triple weight and rises as its predecessors did. So it goes on until the safety of the vessel necessitates the closing of the strife, for we must remember that the pressure of the steam is not only upon the water beneath, but also upon the sides of the digester in which the contest is carried on. But what is the result of all this upon the water which has not yet escaped, and upon the substances which are stewing within it?

We can easily imagine what violent vibrations must be in the one, and how it must shake the substances of flesh and even of bones which are therein; shake them until the consistency of bone has been shaken out and they are no longer recognizable with respect to the hardness and strength which are their ordinary characteristics. So we are not now surprised, however the learned suppers were, when M. Papin dished up his results, which Evelyn shall himself describe:

"1682, April 12.—I went this afternoone with severall of the Royal Society to a supper which was all dress'd, both fish and flesh, in Monsieur Papin's Digestors, by which the hardest bones of beefe itselfe, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with less than 8 ounces of coales, producing an incredible quantity of gravy; and for close of all a jelly made of the bones of beef, the best for cleanness and good relish, and the most delicious that I had ever seene or tasted. We ate pike and other fish bones, and all without impediment; but nothing exceeded the pigeons, which tasted just as if baked in a pie, all these being stewed in their own juice, without any addition of water, save what swam about the Digester, as *in balneo*; the natural juice of all these provisions acting on the grosser substances, reduced the hardest bones to tenderness. . . . This philosophical supper caused much mirth amongst us, and exceedingly pleased all the company. I sent a glass of the jelley to my wife, to the reproach of all that the ladies ever made of the best hartshorn."

Thus far have we considered the course of action when the hot (or vibrating) body is brought close to the substance, be it solid, liquid, or gaseous, it is to heat by augmenting its molecular movements. But when that action takes place from a distance, some other element, which we have not yet considered, comes in; and this, whether the distance be great or small; whether, for example, we ourselves are warmed by a fire close at hand, or by the sun millions of miles away from us.

If we strike a body with a hammer, we can easily understand how we set it trembling with the blow; but if we cannot reach it and we strike a blow, what will come of it? We shall but strike the air: precisely so; but does not that at once suggest an idea which may help

us in our inquiry? In a former paper we spoke of the mouth forming certain vibrations which the air transmits to the ear, and the vibrations which are thus sent, reach the brain and set it vibrating too; and we hear what the mouth has spoken. In that case the air is the medium by which the vibrations are carried on, may it not be so also with heat motion? No, we answer. And why not so? Because the action of heat will take place equally well in a vacuum when there is little air: and still more so, because it traverses the vast space between the sun and earth when there is no air to be set in motion.

But if the air will not answer the purpose, being too limited in extent and too gross in its nature to fulfil the requisite conditions:—for the medium needed must extend through all space through which heat travels, and penetrate into the very substances of bodies through which it acts—cannot we imagine what has been called an Ether, which will do all this?

Subtle it must indeed be, so that no body can exclude it from its innermost recesses; wonderfully elastic, for its vibrations must transmit the motion with the rapidity of light, and so imponderous that its weight cannot be made to affect the most delicate scales.

These conditions must be assumed when we consider what the ether has to do. Sound travels through air with the well-known velocity of about a mile in five seconds, but heat travels at the enormous rate of 196,000 miles in a second. It so flashes through space that it fails to warm that space in its passage. We stand in front of the fire; the vibrations pass to us, and our flesh vibrates accordingly, and we are warmed; but the air is not warmed accordingly, for if we place a small screen between ourselves and the fire the heat no longer affects us. Place a thermometer behind that screen and it is nearly at the same temperature as if no fire were there. If the air was heated by the fire, as we are by its rays, the thermometer would record this. Try the experiment in another way. Sit in a bath and let the warm water flow in, the water will be warmed, and its temperature will not be lowered if we place a small screen between ourselves and the tap by which the water enters. The water is warmed throughout, alike before and behind the screen, but it is not so with the air in the room.

Fortunate for man is this providential arrangement; for were the air heated as we ourselves are, by the direct rays of the sun, what escape would there be from the oppressive heat of summer? There would be no use in seeking the shade, for we should be as warm underneath the tree as beyond its shadow. As well might we seek a cool corner in a bath of boiling water, as shelter from the boiling air, as under such circumstances we might consider it to be. And then, again, to breathe it, and to feel that we cannot live without and yet must surely die with it!

Again, how subtle or penetrating must this ether be. It is not



only around us, but it is, in the most complete sense, within us, within our flesh, within our bones, penetrating every muscle and even fibre of our complex bodies. And not only penetrating, but occupying; not only passing through, but abiding in every portion of us. How is this? It seems easy to imagine that the ether may be between the particles of a liquid or of a gas; but how can it find space for itself, in a dense, compact, and solid body. Nevertheless it is true that each molecule of the densest solid floats in this ether, as fish in water. To the unaided eye many substances seem compact enough which a microscope shows to be full of interstices or holes. And so the imagination may easily be brought to our aid, to enable us to comprehend how molecules come near, but never absolutely touch one another; and how the intervening spaces may be filled with this ether; and so the vibrations of the particles of a solid body when heated do not so much jostle against each other, as swing in this liquid ether, and setting it in motion, communicate their swing by its intervention to one another. Thus are we not correcting but expanding what we said before; and having got a firm hold of the original idea, following it up more closely into its minute development, which at first might have only confused us in the original conception.

And now, perhaps, we may venture to trace the action of heat, let us say from the sun to ourselves, and see how its distant rays come down to earth to cheer and warm us. We have already treated at some length of the physical constitution of the sun and what it does; so that now we may at once assume that there are rapid vibrations of its gases and vapours going on within the sun. Imagine their action upon this ether that surrounds it. Leaving aside the question, which has been raised, whether or not this ether is itself the outward envelope of the sun, let us content ourselves with tracing the rapid movement around, on all sides, and so towards this little earth which we inhabit. The pulsation begins ninety millions of miles away, in less than eight minutes it is here. Intense is the radiated heat, and did it reach us in its concentrated form we should perish; but as it rushes on, its rays diverge further and further apart, until what at first would have been destruction, when it reaches us becomes life. It warms us as heat, when it threatened to scorch us to ashes as fire. Again it flashes downwards as light. The fierce rush strikes against the tender ball of the eye, it shakes that wonderful and delicate optical instrument, it agitates its liquids and penetrates its solids which seem so fragile; it concentrates itself upon the retina and sets the optic cords vibrating and tells the brain what God has sent it, and bids it see and live. So is its fierceness restrained when it seems most likely to harm us, so does it become gentle as an angel of peace, though it started on its way like a minister of destruction.

But how does it come to us, this heat, with which the sun warms

us? Here, again, popular language, and indeed the scientific language in common use, misleads us. The heat which leaves the sun and traverses these millions of miles which intervene between it and us, what is it but motion? Nothing really leaves the sun, nothing traverses this long distance, and so nothing really reaches us. All that fills that vast space is ever there, whether the sun shines upon us or not; whether the part of the earth we inhabit is turned towards the sun in day, or turned from it in night. The earth swims in that ether, as every particle of matter does which helps to constitute a substance. The ether is set in motion by the vibrations of the sun: that is all, and that is enough. Onward the motion passes, but the ether never quits its proper sphere; oscillation succeeds oscillation, and every minute particle returns on its little path, moving violently it may be, but never swinging out of its appointed place. And when the vibrations reach our bodies the ether around them vibrates in completest harmony: onward the motion passes, and the skin is reached, its molecules swing in their own ether, we feel the movement and we call it heat. The rapid, lightning-like motion has been checked when it has first come in contact with a solid substance, and though it penetrates to the ether which is within, its diminished speed produces diminished heat. Much of the heat that thus visits us is visible, and we call it light; but far more of it is invisible, and we call those rays obscure.

How is this, and what does it mean? The vibrations which reach our bodies fall also upon our eyes; they pass inwards by means of the ether which fills every division of the eye; and so they fall upon the retina and set it also vibrating. Yet we may not see. A poker may be heated in the fire, and it will look as black as if it were cold: and yet it is vibrating with that heat, and those vibrations are acting upon the retina: yet we do not see the heat. Put it again into the fire, and now it shows a dull, red colour: why red? It has changed its colour: what does that mean? Simply this, that the quicker vibrations which its particles now have penetrate the eye as the slower vibrations did before; but now they affect the optic nerves and are seen in the colour which the slowest vibrations that affect the eye produce. Put it into the fire again; it is seen of a brighter colour, because its vibrations are increasing in rapidity and approaching the next colour of the rainbow tints, the yellow. So we find that there are slow vibrations that fall upon the eye which cannot produce effect, as there are others, at the other end of the scale, which fail through excess of rapidity of action; just as there are vibrations too slow or too rapid to affect the ear, and so to be heard. The light which comes from the sun has a mixture of both of these, which of course means that there are vibrations of different velocities mixed up in the sunbeam.

There are simple processes by which these mixed rays can be, as it were, sifted. Alum in solution is as colourless as water, yet it has

great power in intercepting the obscure rays, while its transparency shows that it allows the luminous rays to pass. Again, iodine in solution will intercept the rays of light, and yet allow the obscure rays of heat to pass through it. The mixed ray leaves its heat, as it were, in the alum; and the bright ray that passes on is comparatively cool: the iodine seems to let nothing pass, for no light is seen to emerge through it; but bring that darkness to a focus and it will raise platinum wire to a white heat, which will shine out in the midst of the darkness, and in it the obscure are transformed into luminous rays.

Observe how this principle is applied in the warming of a conservatory. The bright sunlight passes freely through the glass windows; why does it not pass out again? It cannot; it is a prisoner. Did it remain luminous it could freely escape through the glass by which it entered. But mark what has happened. In the light comes, for the glass offers little or no impediment; but once in, it falls upon the brick walls and floor and heats them. They in turn give up this heat and radiate it freely into the conservatory: but out it cannot go, for the glass is impervious to obscure rays, and into these the bright sunlight has been converted by the solid walls. A simple illustration of this different action of glass in allowing luminous rays to pass through it, while it keeps back the obscure ones, is afforded by a glass handscreen. It is useless as a sunshade, and no one sits near a closed window with this in hand to escape the sun's rays that are streaming in; but when we wish to enjoy the sight of the fire and to exclude its too great heat, then the glass is a fire-screen, for it cuts off the obscure rays which are here so much more plentiful than in the sunlight.

We must stay our illustrations, which present themselves on all sides, and bring our paper to an end. Our endeavour has been to popularize the received theory of heat, and to excite an interest in our readers in the phenomena of nature which surround us. If we have succeeded in doing this, our labour has not been in vain; for surely one of the noblest efforts of the educated mind is to investigate the works of nature, in the midst of which we are placed; to try and understand them as much as we can; never to rest content with what we know, or with what can be acquired without mental exertion, but humbly and reverentially to strive for more knowledge, and thus to

“Look through Nature up to Nature's God.”

## A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

## SECOND CHAPLET—THE FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

## I.—THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

THE Saviour kneels on lone Gethsemane :  
 The heavens look cold, though starry splendours shed  
 Their pallid lustre on that sacred head  
 That bends to earth in mystic agony.  
 Trembling He rises ; his disciples wait  
 Beneath the hill ; He yearns for sympathy  
 And human love to help Him humanly ;  
 But lo ! they slumber at the garden gate.  
 "No one to watch with Me one little hour !"  
 Patient He murmurs, and returns again,  
 To feel deep desolation's mastering power  
 Sweep o'er his heart ; till spiritual pain  
 Wrings from his shiv'ring flesh a bloody shower,  
 As crushed He lies beneath the sins of men.

## II.—THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR.

The court of Pilate rings with laugh and jest ;  
 Relentless faces all around are seen,  
 Who mock and jeer the preaching Nazarene,  
 Sitting with pale hands folded on his breast.  
 Weary He seems, unspeakably forlorn,  
 Like one in whom all earthly hope is dead,  
 The friends that seemed to love Him all are fled ;  
 And what awaits Him on the coming morn ?  
 Behold, He stands, a gentle victim bound ;  
 And bloody scourges quiver in the air ;  
 The halls re-echo to the cruel sound  
 Of lash on lash that leave his shoulders bare.  
 No cry He utters, for each crimson wound  
 Is borne that God may vilest sinners spare.

## III.—THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

The sunlight falls athwart the stained floor,  
 The weary scourgers fling their whips aside  
 And shake the drops of blood, that far and wide  
 Are scattered, from their clothing. At the door  
 The children press, to see what lies within,  
 Causing this tumult ; for the face of man  
 Is black with passion since the dawn began,  
 Drunk with the ecstasy of fiendish sin.

The Saviour reels; they thrust Him to a seat,  
 Clothe Him in faded purple, take a crown  
 Of thorns, and o'er that brow surpassing sweet  
 They press it till the dark stream rushes down.  
 A sceptre reed with mocking words they bring  
 And kneeling cry, "Behold Judea's King!"

#### IV.—THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

What gallant show emerges from the gate  
 Of the fair city? The blue, hollow sky  
 Rings to the multitude's delirious cry,  
 And lances flash, and blows reverberate.  
 'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows! Bending 'neath  
 A heavy cross of wood, He faints, He falls;  
 But pricking spears his weary soul recalls,  
 And goads Him onward—'tis too soon for death.

They meet, the Mother and her only Son,  
 Heart reaching heart in one long look of woe.  
 She cannot wipe the drops that blinding flow  
 From that beloved face, so meek and wan.  
 O Via Crucis! Mother, reach his side!  
 He on yon summit will be crucified.

#### V.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Behold Him now, in death's sad solitude,  
 Hanging on high, above men's maddened cries;  
 His Mother watches Him with strained dry eyes,  
 And one poor sinner clasps the cross of wood.  
 They watch his life-blood slowly dye the sod,  
 They mock his thirsting lips, they lance his side;  
 And, ere is spent that Heart's most loving tide,  
 All is consummated—O God, my God!

The sun shrinks backward from the shudd'ring earth,  
 Appalling darkness grasps the golden noon;  
 The rocks are rent, the yawning graves give birth  
 To sheeted spectres gliding through the gloom.  
 Some beat their breasts, and terror-stricken cry:  
 "This was indeed the Son of the Most High."

## BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE BLACK ART.

SOME thirty years before Walter's expatriation, the fame of the notorious Cagliostro was at its height, in Naples and elsewhere. This man, whether quack-doctor, necromancer, or with an undefined position between the two, had attained a celebrity equal to that of many an arch-heretic or great general. His reputation, in turn, had given him a command of wealth, the lavish use of which heightened his prestige and became the means of its own reproduction. Cures, some of them the effect of a stimulated imagination, others the result of an unquestionable shrewdness that eked out, in this extraordinary man, a slender medical knowledge, caused him to be hailed as a regenerator of the human race, in the physical order. His pretension again to a knowledge of the mystery of numbers, and various occult methods of increasing the wealth of his dupes, surrounded him with applicants for communication with the unseen world. He was believed to be expert in the Cabala, and to have made advances towards the discovery of the philosopher's stone. With his accomplice, one Altotas, he had been engaged in researches of this kind at Malta, in the laboratory of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John. How much of actual dealing with invisible powers, how much of self-delusion, and again of conscious fraud, mingled in his unparalleled career, would be hard to define. Probably these elements existed in an increasing ratio, in the order here named: of necromancy, little; of enthusiastic self-deception, more; of quackery and roguery, most of all.

Cagliostro found a powerful ally ready to his hand, in the ramifications of freemasonry, and the secret societies by which Italy, like other countries, was honey-combed. He caused himself to be initiated, and became a member of the brotherhood. Nor is his genius, a quality he might undoubtedly lay claim to—anywhere more conspicuous than in the way in which he employed as his tool an organisation usually credited with making tools of other men. He was, indeed, enabled to graft upon it, to his own aggrandisement, his new system of "Egyptian Freemasonry," of which he became the chief hierophant. Lodges of this mystic association were opened in several European cities. At Lyons he built a magnificent hall, which was

made the central lodge of the new order, all whose members acknowledged him as the "Grand Cophte," or master. But the genius of this arch-deceiver had deserted him at Strasburg, in the early days of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Cardinal de Rohan ranked among his disciples; and the adventuress La Motte appeared at that juncture as an evil angel, to lure him with so high a prize as the celebrated Diamond Necklace. Cagliostro might otherwise have carried on his splendid juggle for some time longer, and escaped his ignominious downfall, and ultimate death in prison.

Though the meteor itself had exploded, not a few of its satellites continued to shoot their baleful fires. At Naples, the scene of Cagliostro's marriage with Lorenza Feliciani, his helpmate and able accomplice, professors of occult science were still to be found; infallible, if you would believe them, at the transmutation of metals, calculating a horoscope, or furnishing means for the discovery of buried treasures. With this fact Walter Bracton became acquainted at a gaming-table of no reputable class, where a motley assemblage of sharpers surrounded the cards and dice: such hazard being even, to some of them, among the least culpable of their employments. One question led to another. Walter's mind was of that ardent cast, which is easily lured onward by some distant prospect, lit up and glorified by the imagination of the dreamer. This had been partly the secret of his attachment to the chance and excitement of a gambler's life, where the grim reverses are masked, though not compensated, by the hopes of a splendid success. Happy they to whom the plain, at times the severe path of duty and of right, has become by habit pleasant, as in the end it leads to true enjoyment.

It was a particular locality in Naples to which Walter was directed in answer to his inquiries; a man lived there, it was said, who had inherited, or stumbled upon, no small share of Cagliostro's mysterious knowledge. With some little difficulty the seeker found the place at last. It seemed half ruinous, when viewed from without: an old house, in the quarter of Santa Lucia, propped up and apparently on the verge of falling into the narrow, squalid street, over which it ominously beetled. Some mystery and caution were observed in admitting him: though the existing government, offspring itself of a revolution, was tolerant enough of the "cosenage" which existed in Naples, as plentifully as in the Ephesus, where Antipholus found himself so bewildered. There were

"— nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such-like liberties of sin."

Bracton was ushered by a weird attendant on the necromancer, along a dark passage, through which he was obliged cautiously to feel

his way. He had not come unarmed, in the event of his encountering foes of a more substantial nature than the powers of darkness he was about to consult. Those were days when, even in civilized England, London streets were not always secure to the unarmed: and here in Naples, in the darkness of night, in an unfrequented part of a city where assassinations were not infrequent, it would have been madness to come weaponless on such an adventure. Walter had, besides, a twofold claim to carry his pistols: he was an Englishman on his travels, and also a kind of chevalier of fortune, with whom the various devices of fraud might at any moment culminate in acts of violence. He had added to his equipment a strong, serviceable sabre, and with this he now cautiously felt his way through the dark; advancing towards a curtain hung at the end of the passage, through whose rifts some gleams of light were visible.

Pushing aside this curtain, he found himself suddenly in a room of ampler proportions than the outside of the house betokened, and sufficiently lit from waxen sconces arranged against the walls. There was, besides, a numerous assemblage of persons, evidently of various ranks and occupations in life, seated on benches that ran round the apartment. Many of them were masked; and even those who had not adopted this precaution appeared anxious to shroud their features from being recognised. Absolute silence prevailed, and remained unbroken on Walter's entrance. Everyone seemed so pre-occupied with his or her own thoughts (for there were female figures also among the masked ones), that a curious and somewhat anxious glance at him, as, sword in hand, he stood within the curtain, was the only sign of acknowledgment his presence elicited. The *sbirri*, or Neapolitan police, had occasionally interrupted these unlawful *séances*, in search of some one amenable to the law on other accounts than a breach of the First Commandment. But Bracton was evidently no *sbirro*, and, quite as unmistakably, was of that nation whose exploits, naval and military, had impressed the Neapolitans with a sense of respect. Beyond a momentary look, little notice was taken of his entrance.

In the centre of the apartment a kind of altar had been prepared, on which lay a skull, a mystic volume, and a drawn sword. Such expressive symbols have generally accompanied the rites of secret and unlawful societies: emblems, on one hand, of the hidden knowledge they profess to impart; warnings, on the other, of the fate attending such as should violate their oath of initiation by divulging that knowledge. It was a mummary common to Rosicrucians, Illuminati, and the disciples of Freemasonry; and it had not been neglected by those of Cagliostro. A child stood in front of the altar—a little girl of some ten years of age—her dark hair flowing loose, her lithe form attired in rich and quaint garb of oriental device. This child's face rivetted Walter; it had something weird and unchildlike, that gave her an



appearance of more mature age, while the glitter of the eye arrested him by its preternatural brightness. Faces very unlike in expression have sometimes a faculty of reminding us each of the other; and Walter felt something of a shudder at noticing that this young agent in an unhallowed transaction, bore no slight likeness to his own innocent child. It was a passing impression; he was soon absorbed in the darker interests of the errand on which he had come.

Incantations, suffumigations, and passes with the drawn sword, then followed, on the part of the adept, a villainous-looking Neapolitan, who soon afterwards appeared. Walter paid little attention to these, except by a slight gesture of contempt; to his practical English mind they presented the appearance of a vulgar juggle, and he had well-nigh quitted the apartment in disgust. His movement caught the quick eye of the adept, who immediately laid aside the sword, stepped out of a circle that was drawn round the altar, and approached Walter with his finger on his lip. One lean, dark hand he extended for the customary fee due from those who consulted him; with the other he pointed to the child, who had now taken from behind the altar a crystal vase, filled with some dark liquid, and assumed her place within the circle. The movements of this little girl, and especially the painful mysterious likeness he traced in her to Edie, would of themselves have determined Walter to remain and see the end. He placed in the man's hand, extended silently towards him, the five *scudi* which he had ascertained to be the offering expected, and the adept immediately seized the muscular arm of his visitor, and drew him within the circle. Bracton's first impulse was to shake him off. He felt himself degraded by being thus placed in familiar contact with a charlatan, who, as he now decided in his thoughts, was merely coining money from his dupes by practising a dark trick. An irresistible fascination, however, urged him forward. The child fixed her eyes upon his, and drew him towards the spot, as by the glance of the fabled basilisk. He stepped slowly into the circle, and stood like one spell-bound.

A murmur began among those who had preceded him into the room, and who found themselves postponed to this new comer. But the Italian threw out his lean arms, and with vehement gesticulations and rapid utterance, in that Neapolitan *patois* which is so difficult to follow, especially when the speaker determines to be understood only by his fellow-countrymen, gave them, apparently, good reasons why the Englishman should be indulged by the first look into futurity. Some of those whom he addressed were hard to be appeased; but by degrees the tumult subsided, and Walter was grudgingly permitted to take a precedence which, like a true-born Briton of those days, he assumed as a right over these consumers of maccaroni. The adept, or charlatan—so he would be differently held by those who believed in his powers, or scoffed at them—now taking the hand of the child, bent

it into the form of a hollow cup, sufficiently to pour into it a portion of the dark fluid from the crystal vase. Steadying the child's hand with one of his own, he again seized Bracton's with the other, and by a movement of his eyes directed him to look into the fluid. Walter gazed intently for some little time, but no object formed itself on the surface. Half suspecting from the first that the whole was a mere juggle, he raised his head fiercely, but encountered the keen, dark eyes of the necromancer, whose glance fairly looked him down. He had recourse again to the small pool of inky hue, which he continued to watch in silence.

Gradually the surface became clouded, while shadows seemed to chase each other swiftly over it, emanating from the centre, but spreading irregularly. These by degrees cleared away, and the gazer recognised, dimly at first, then with greater distinctness, the outlines of a building. There were walls, arches, buttresses, all clad in clinging ivy; but the sky peered down into it, for it was a ruin. It was Ernham Priory.

Walter gave an involuntary start when the place so well known to him was thus revealed to his sight, in a distant quarter of Europe. But the grasp of the Italian tightened on his arm, as though warning him to utter no exclamation, and at the same time bidding him look further.

As he continued to gaze, he became aware that it was not the interior of the ruin to which his attention was directed, but that portion of the outside walls that lay between the shattered choir and a small lake, separated by a weir from the stream spoken of in a previous chapter, which, in fact, partly formed it. In that lake, the proprietors of the place in monastic days had stored the fish for their scanty table. Walter had often fished there as a boy, and been rewarded by a sufficient take of the greyling—an importation into England from foreign climes by the monks of old, those introducers of more precious and equally unacknowledged benefits into the land that had since learned, under evil teaching, to hate and traduce its benefactors.

The windows of that ruined choir peered down, like melancholy eyes, into the dark pool, overgrown with reeds, bulrushes, and broad floating leaves of the water-lily. The deepest part of the monk's fish-pond, however, that which lay nearest to the ruins, was comparatively free from these encumbrances. And here Walter, looking now with absorbed and painful attention, made out the forms of three men, engaged apparently in drawing a net, or at least some strong cords, out of the water.

In one of these three, he recognised himself.

"Not without shudder may a human hand grasp the mysterious urn of destiny." So sings a poet of the temptation and fall of a greater man than Walter, or any of his caste. But even Walter, with percep-

tions blunted by habitual neglect of the voice of conscience, his imagination chiefly limited to the greed of unlawful gain, was conscious of his shudder too. "Myself!" The thought went swiftly through him: "and engaged in what?—What work of midnight guilt is this? Is it robbery?—is it sacrilege?" For he was aware, in his own dulled way, of what Spellman had put intelligently on paper, two hundred years before, to Helen's great disquiet, as we have heard her declare. Ernham, with all its appurtenances, had belonged to God by the solemn gift of its founder, with appeal to heaven against all intruders, nearly four centuries before it had been made over to Sir Hugo de Braqueton by an impious spoliation.

His thoughts ran swiftly on. The three men in the vision were tugging, with much effort, at something in the water that resisted them.

"What is coming? Is it—has it been?"—

The word *murder* arose to his mind. At the same moment, the child's hand trembled, and when Walter raised his eyes to meet hers, and bent them again on the fluid, its surface had become troubled, and the picture was gone.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

WE have mentioned George Eustace as one of the two expected guests at Ernham, whose presence was so inadequately supplied by Mr. William Knollis. Young Lord Melfont, his intended companion, has missed the chance of coming within focus of observation on this our faithful camera; nor, had he entered the circle of light, would he have presented any remarkable figure. A colourless individual, in most senses of the word; pasty in complexion, inexpressive of look, indeterminate in mind and character. Dexterous in a tandem was Melfont, speechless in the House of Lords, shy and stammering at county meetings and on the local bench—all which, the tandem excepted, his lordship sedulously eschewed.

But Eustace—*altera cosa*. Eustace is to be a chief figure in the dissolving view; and, as the reader had not then the advantage of seeing him at dinner, it is only fit that he should now be introduced to one, the like of whom is not to be seen every day of this working world.

Eustace was not what is vulgarly called a dandy; for by that term is meant a man, often a mere manikin, whose outward demeanour and style of dress proclaim the value he sets on himself, his figure, taste, *tournure*, or general refinement. It was, indeed, the age of dandies,

and of many distinct species belonging to the genus. The Prince Regent had set a fashion of dandyism, which was sedulously followed by his liege subjects of various shades of character : each several man importing his idiosyncrasies into the general intention of being a dandy of the first water. There was Sir Jessamy, all frills and nankeen, and eye-glass. There was Sir Orson, with dark Brutus hair, portentous coat-collar, and clubbed stick. Bucks there were in plenty, and "blades," and Bond-street loungers, with minor shades and subdivisions, and eccentric varieties, wearing their rue with a difference—all of whom, as saith the poet, it were long to tell. Eustace was none of the fraternity.

He was a member of some of the leading clubs ; Arthur's, Boodle's, and a brace more, predecessors of the Carlton and Athenæum of to-day. Few among the frequenters of those Athenian haunts were more welcome than George Eustace, whenever he appeared ; yet you seldom or ever saw him with others, his compeers, in the bow-window. He was no gazer down on the street, criticising those who polished the pavement with heels of Hoby's best. Trifler with time, as undoubtedly he was, it never seemed his purpose to kill that ancient passenger outright. Three solecisms, besides others, were far from him ; he was never known to yawn, or to look bored ; and they who had seen him pull out his watch with any interest, were few indeed. Of the last-named act, one occasion was when a big coal-heaver had roughly refused to draw his horses aside, to let a poor old woman's donkey-cart go by with her little store of vegetables. Eustace, who was passing, had given the fellow three minutes on his gold repeater to think better of it, or undergo a thrashing. "You thrash me?" said the large coal-heaver, grinning down upon our lithe Eustace, who was replacing his watch in his fob : "I'd fain see thee troy!" It was a gratification in which, to his great surprise, he was soon indulged ; for the pink of Boodle's, and cynosure of London drawingrooms, deliberately tucking his lace ruffles under the wrists of his coat-sleeves, proceeded to administer with so much science and directness of purpose a disabling punishment to the unskilled man of thews and sinews, that in generous good-nature he finished by throwing him a guinea to salve his wounds. Then Eustace, somewhat out of breath, but untouched, laughed quietly, as he took the arm of his friend, Sir Joseph Lidyate, and sauntered away, talking of last night's division in the House.

For George was in Parliament, and had been so for two sessions. It was the free and independent borough of Sudbury that returned him, on the nomination of Lord Ixworth, who kept that little borough snugly in his pocket, like his ancestors before him. Eustace had driven over, after a day's snipe-shooting by the Orwell, to his lordship's seat at Giblands, where he was to dine, sleep, and be elected. He met there his fellow-member that was to be, Colonel Widdington, who

had come for the same purpose; for Sudbury could influence the national votes by two. Eustace was habitually courteous, and, to all beneath him, attentively so; but the colonel, with a dash of soldierly *hautour*, sometimes forgot he was not addressing the non-commissioned officers of his crack regiment on parade.

"Some bread," said Widdington, rather curtly, to one of the tall footmen behind his chair.

"Don't offend the man," whispered Lord Ixworth, good-humouredly; "he is one of your electors, you know, and may turn the scale to-morrow." That was a mere joke of the great man's, however. The tight little borough was to be had for the asking, if Ixworth nodded. Accordingly, next day, on an antiquated mound which had once been a castle, just outside the park wall, seven free and independent electors (one of the constituency being laid up, and another unavoidably absent), retainers, game-keepers, and a farmer or two, all on Ixworth's estate, and almost within his ring fence, accepted Colonel Widdington and George Eustace, Esq., to represent their interests in the council of the nation. It was done without any of the modern inventions of hustings or poll, thundering declamations, patriotic pledges, broken heads, bribery, and corruption, electors plied with drink, or locked up because they were sober. O golden age! O Saturnian reign! That was simply the peaceful, patriarchal way in which Britons managed their public affairs before the radical times of twenty years later; and that was how the fine gentleman whom we have refused to call a dandy came in for Sudbury.

What was the motive that determined him to seek admission to the chapel of St. Stephen's? It was a question that occupied the minds of more than one of those who moved in his circle. We would have said his friends; but a mind and character like that of George Eustace does not readily attract friends. Acquaintances he had, without number; admirers and imitators by the score. His relations with them, however, and his regard for them, apparently lay very much on the surface. Beyond the courteous and polished intercourse in which, like the Aristippus of an earlier day, he appeared to advantage in every phase of his Proteus-life, seeming to shine in each varied act more than in any of the former, George Eustace somehow presented an impassable barrier to further intercourse with his fellow-men.

"I always seem to know Eustace up to a certain point," said young Lord Orpington to Percy Selwyn, as they reclined on the luxurious cushions of the smoking-room at Boodle's, and the fragrant wreaths of nicotine curled upward towards the gilded ceiling. "To a certain point; and then—behold, he seems to recede into an immeasurable distance, and I feel I've never really known him at all. What can be the reason? He never appears to me to give himself the trouble to be anyone's friend."

"Just my feeling, too," answered Selwyn, sucking his cigar. "I am sometimes reminded, when I am with him, of the donkey of those Indian jugglers that Malcolm saw at Seringapatam, when he was out there with Arthur Wellesley, now Wellington. The animal went slowly up a ladder, step by step; and, when he got to the top, by Jove, the animal somehow disappeared."

The other laughed at the comparison, and none the less at the moment, because it was not very flattering to their mutual acquaintance. But the conversation at least would have cleared the subject of it from one charge, had it ever been brought against him. Eustace was no tuft-hunter.

Orpington had lately come into his title and estates by the death of an uncle. He had always, however, been secure of the succession. The most easy, good-natured fellow alive, as all his intimates declared. His house in Berkeley-square, from which the tide of fashion had not yet flowed in a south-westerly direction; his princely castle in Scotland, his mansion down in Kent, his villa on the Thames, his yacht, stud of hunters, and all other means and appliances of enjoyment, were liberally at the service of his friends. More than one borough owned him for its possessor, and men might be sent into Parliament almost for the asking: for Orpington had not declared his politics, if he had any, and was too new a man to have made capital, at present, in the statesman world, out of his splendid position. His boroughs were like the yacht, and the stud, and he seemed to grudge the free use of those senatorial privileges to his friends no more than a loan of the *Ariel* or the hunters. Orpington had been much taken with Eustace's easy grace, and the mental superiority which at times flashed from him, without an effort. A degree of pique, to which he hardly owned, at the high-bred indifference with which his friendly advances had been met by that hero, did little more than determine Orpington to win his regard through all obstacles.

"*Potztausend!*" exclaimed he, half laughing and half annoyed—(smoking a meerschaum, you see, he deemed it congruous to blow off his vexation in German.)—"Why it reverses the old story of somebody and his child. Somebody (Themistocles? thank ye, Smallridge)—ruled—no, it was the other way. Themistocles' child ruled its mother; its mother ruled Themistocles, and he ruled Athens: therefore the child ruled Athens. Here, on the contrary, half the town pays court—eh? to my unworthy self"—he gave a glance at his face and figure in a large pier-glass. For Orpington, like Alcibiades, concealed the superior half of his mind and character under a foppish exterior. "Well, I in turn bow down to the tassel of Eustace's hessian—beseech him, sir, in all but words, to admit me to the inner circle of his friendship :

" ' And the imperial votary passes on——' "

"Votary of what?" said little Captain Norris, looking up from the walnuts he was assiduously peeling.

"Not of Bacchus, Norry," answered Lord Orpington, with some significance. "Help yourself, and pass the Madeira to Smallridge."

The intelligent reader will have perceived that this second talk was not going on in the smoking-room at Boodle's. We are, indeed, for the moment in Berkeley Square, sitting round Orpington's grand mahogany, after an almost *tête-à-tête* dinner with "poor little Norris," as the master of the house would have described him. The only third person was a kind of walking shadow, a lean, middle-aged chaplain, who had come up to town to inform my lord that the old incumbent in Bedfordshire was reported to be at his last—at last. He, Smallridge, had long been promised the living; he was not displeased to supply the name of Themistocles, when his patron's Oxford memory was at fault.

Norris may be sketched, so far as it is incumbent on us to notice him, in a stroke or two. He was a sort of established toady and *major duomo* in Orpington's retinue: a smug little man, with shining red nose and cheeks that seemed to point the moral of his patron's rejoinder about the Madeira. He had been enrolled as a volunteer during some late patriotic movements, and thus had managed to secure to himself the military title by which his friends were requested always to address him. He knew London, and life, there and elsewhere; had travelled, and had brought home from the Continent a pair of mustaches, a smattering of French, and a superficial knowledge of *virtù*. He had narrowly escaped finding himself among the *détenus* at Verdun. Finally, after more than his share of ups and downs, Norris had now established himself as factotum and indispensable companion to the young earl, who hardly knew how to get rid of him, and indeed had never quite made up his mind that he really wished it.

"No," replied the *soi-disant* captain, unabashed, "that is one thing lamentably wanting in this perfect gentleman of your lordship's worship: For my part, I could find another fault or two in him, besides his letting the bottle go by."

"I know," laughed Orpington; "he was never an idol of yours. You have never forgiven him the snub you got from his Sublime Transparency, when you asked him for an introduction to Westmoreland House, for the last ball."

"Snub?" ejaculated Norris, smashing a walnut to shivers—"Eustace snub me?"

"Well, that's not the right word I grant," pursued his host, who, having no better amusement on hand, was determined to follow up this one, till it was time to go to the opera. "Snub?—why, no. It was rather the lofty unconsciousness, my Norrey, of the Apollo Belvidere, when he has launched his shaft against the Python. You remember,

or Smallridge will tell us, how he stood (Apollo, I mean), and who sings it. Let me see, let me see: 'Fixed'\*—how does it run?—aye,

“ ‘Fix’d in the majesty of calm disdain,  
Proud of his might, yet heedless of the slain,  
The heavenly archer stands—’ ”

But Orpington read in the flushed brow of his dependant no response to his light-hearted rattle; and when he saw that Norris was vexed, his good-nature instantly checked him. Few men were more faithful to that monitor, on the rare occasions when he had, however slightly, transgressed its precepts.

“Old fellow,” he said, “you can’t think I was anything but joking? and heedlessly enough, I acknowledge. Come, Eustace is an unapproachable Spanish don, a hidalgo of the Golden Fleece—and we’ll fleece *him* to-morrow night at Crockford’s, to your full satisfaction.”

“He, he,” simpered the chaplain; “if I may cap your lordship’s verses, I will bring in Miss Edgeworth——”

“Miss who?” asked Orpington, with some *hautour*, for his reading had not lain in that direction.

“The authoress of ‘Eton Montem,’” pursued Smallridge, unobservant, and delighted at finding a new quotation: “She shall describe the Apollo more truly.” And he repeated, ill-naturedly enough:

“ ‘Who’ll buy my Lord John? the fishwoman cried—  
A nice oyster, shut up in a choice shell of pride!’ ”

The chaplain’s intended joke fell dead, and elicited no smile. His patron was sensitive about Eustace; still more so about any jest regarding the aristocracy of the country. Moreover, he was thinking of the next evening at Crockford’s.

“Bracton will be there,” he continued, more gravely: “Bracton, that unassailable gamester, whom I like as little as Norris likes—ahem. Do ring for coffee, *Monsieur l’abbé*, and we’ll see whether my cabriolet has come round. Siddons is to play Queen Catharine at Covent Garden; or would you like to look in upon Coleridge’s new tragedy of ‘Remorse’ in Drury Lane? It is reported to have had a great success. Smallridge, how say you? Will it suit your cloth to come too—no? Then we will order candles into the library, and make you monarch of all you survey there. No more of that decanter, Hal, an thou lov’st me. Let me offer you one of the cups that cheer, but not inebriate; and then we’ll go and kill Time with the tragedy queen, or the metaphysical dramatist, at your choice.”

\* This is a slight anachronism, but the lines were too tempting. They occur in the finished and classical prize-poem (the “Newdigate”) by the late Dean Milman, and their true date is some five years after our story.



## SIR DOMINIC CORRIGAN.

BY E. D. MAPOTHER,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

IT has been thought fitting that he who in these pages sketched "Great Irish Surgeons" should offer a tribute, however humble and hasty, to the memory of the greatest Irishman who ever practised physic. Mine will be simply a record of events in the order of their occurrence, and a commentary on great thoughts bestowed during a long life on his profession and his countrymen. A full and philosophical biography must needs be written, for the name of this typical Celt is already classic.

Pre-eminence may be claimed for Graves and Stokes; but illustrious as were their talents, and popular and enduring as are their writings, these well-born men owed much to fortune and to the aid they generously gave each other. Graves was the son of one leading Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and nephew of another. Graduating there in 1818, he was, after a visit of two years to the continental schools, appointed to the Meath Hospital. Stokes was the son of a Fellow and Professor in the same University, where also his grandfather and granduncle had held similar rank. A few months after he had taken his degree, he succeeded his father in the Meath Hospital, and in 1845, followed him in the Regius Chair of Physic. Corrigan was a merchant's son and the follower of a then oppressed faith.

On December 1st, 1802, he was born at 91 Thomas-street, where the Augustinian Church and John's Lane Distillery now touch, and where the late Sir J. Power was also born. The baronetcies in these families as well as in those of Guinness, O'Brien, Ennis, and others had their origin in the genius or commercial enterprise and munificence of natives of this portion of the city.

The Irish Parliament had established a lay as well an ecclesiastical department in Maynooth College. Richard Lalor Sheil and Woulfe were among its earlier pupils; and there young Corrigan spent many years. Amongst his school-fellows were the Very Rev. Dr. Ffrench Whitehead, R. M. Bellew, Lord Fingall, Dean Meyler, Daniel Clancy, Francis Codd, and Drs. Fleming and Lentaigne, of whom the three last-named alone survive. He became thoroughly versed in Latin, as it was known that the lectures he should attend in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital were delivered in that language; and of Natural Philosophy he acquired from Dr. Denvir a knowledge and a love which lasted through life. His writings, even the earliest, and his speeches were remarkable for a terse and vigorous style of English; and the origin and history of

words and phrases were always favourite subjects of discussion with him.

Having been apprenticed to Dr. O'Kelly of Maynooth, he mastered the rudiments of medical practice and pharmacy. That respected practitioner, early recognising the energy of his character, foretold the highest success. Living until about ten years ago, he often rejoiced at the fulfilment of his predictions, and Corrigan was his consultant at the College from 1831 to 1866.

The Dublin School of Medicine had at this time little renown, the University and the College of Surgeons having each but some forty students; and Corrigan, together with William Stokes, repaired to Edinburgh, where they both graduated in 1825. All through life these renowned men maintained the warmest friendship, and each had not more willing themes than the greatness of the writings of the other, and the progress of the Dublin School. To estimate the latter in a commercial way, £90,000 are annually spent by medical students amongst our lodging-houses and shopkeepers.

In 1826, having settled in Dublin, Dr. Corrigan took part in the distribution of food in his native parish, St. Catherine's, in which there was much distress and sickness. The food was by his advice always given in the cooked state, and those who were not wholly pauperised had to pay one penny daily for it. During the first six months £277 were collected in this way. In the *Lancet*, 1830, he very forcibly urged that famine always precedes great fever outbreaks as their cause; and in 1846, in a very famous pamphlet, he warned the authorities of the impending epidemic. For a hundred years the story had been the same, usually owing to the failure of Raleigh's gift, which has been to poor Ireland a root of much evil. In the epidemic of 1817-18, one quarter of the population (then six millions) took fever. Corrigan always felt that there should be hospitals for the self-supporting, and remarked that "sickness should not be made a chain to drag a man into a poor-house." Another favourite axiom of his was, "The health of a city very often bears a direct ratio to its prosperity;" and of no city is it more true than of Dublin. He was rather sceptical of the disinfection then in vogue, asking what was the use of whitewashing the rooms of a poor fellow who had no fuel to dry them? In later years he took much interest in sanitary matters, and enthusiastically aided Sir John Gray's efforts for getting the Vartry water supply, by evidence before the House of Commons Committee. He was most anxious that children should be taught the outlines of physiology and health, and gave me many a hint for my little school-book, "The Body and its Health." Three months ago he revised one of the National Education reading books.

Dr. Corrigan's earliest and ablest medical essay was given to the *Edinburgh Journal*, 1832, there being no similar periodical in Dublin.

It described the effects which follow disease of the three valves at the beginning of the aorta or main vessel from the heart. Sir Philip Crampton, in an address as President at the College of Surgeons in 1838, described him as "placed among the ablest pathologists of the day" by this essay. Not long after, the renowned Professor Trousseau of Paris named the affection "*la maladie de Corrigan*." As the discovery was made nearly half a century ago, its author has been supposed in the remote continental schools to have long since passed away.

An account of a peculiar contraction of the lung following inflammation and also the ravages of consumption, essays on heart-maladies in the *Dublin Medical Journal*, several articles on skin diseases in the "*Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*," and short descriptions of cases before the Pathological Society, were contributed within the following twenty years. His largest work is "*Lectures on Fever*," and it is remarkable for its pleasant pithy style and sound practical advice.

It is often said that he owed his success to the study of morbid anatomy; but he himself did not over-estimate this science, and has observed that an architect could ill judge of an intricate building by examining the ruin. His peculiar *forte* was a wondrous, almost intuitive power of rapidly distinguishing diseases. This quickness, his decided treatment, and highly honourable dealing, of which the demanding of a full fee was an essential part—for juniors must be let live—made him a most favourite consultant.

Corrigan's first appointment was to the Sick-Poor Institution, Meath-street. He became successively physician to Cork-street Fever Hospital, Jervis-street Hospital (1831), and the House of Industry, which last-named he attended from 1840 to 1866. To his death he held the offices of Consulting Physician and of Governor.

In 1843, before the Medical Charities' Committee of the House of Commons, he testified to the exclusion of Catholic medical men from most of the Dublin Hospitals, and defended the system of gaining office in others by payment towards the charity and to the retiring officer. At the Statistical Society, June, 1869, the purchase of hospital offices was under discussion, and an extract on each side of the question may not be out of place:—

"You will be surprised to hear that the buying of hospital places has defenders who believe the system to be good. Foremost amongst such is the great leader of the profession, Sir D. Corrigan. Before the Medical Charities' Committee he urged that a young surgeon who thus invests his money will work earnestly to repay himself by winning eminence and public confidence; but surely there is no reason to suppose that the man whom merit, not money, has qualified, will be less zealous. Have men born rich been the great ones of our profession? May not a rich but incompetent man buy an hospital through pride?—for notwithstanding all that has occurred to depreciate it, a surgeoncy is an honoured post: or may he not covet 10 or 12 per cent.—for such is the interest of some hospital stock? Of course there are men above such sordid views;

for instance, Sir D. Corrigan bought an hospital, as it was the only way he could get one. After twelve years' tenure, so far from having got good interest he had paid £10 more for supporting beds than he had received in pupils' fees. He also urged that as skill is the result of hospital work, a surgeon entering cannot be qualified, but such is an argument for assistant surgeoncies, or promotion from the smaller to the larger hospitals. Sir Dominic's last reason is, that there is no test of merit, and that the electors will be influenced by personal and political feelings. Such is an appeal for the Paris *concours* system, or the London plan of election by a committee of governors, the medical board giving well-grounded recommendations."

Sir Dominic said :

"His first entrance into the medical profession was as a candidate for a dispensary in Dublin, where he followed Abraham Colles. He asked a shopkeeper in the Liberties for his vote, and he asked him his qualifications. Just as the conversation was going on, he begged to be excused, as he had to attend a lady. The 'lady' was his (Sir Dominic's) mother's cook. As soon as he had attended the lady in buying kitchen-stuff he attended him. He obtained that man's support, but he would not say by what agency. The next election was at Jervis-street Hospital. The election rested with three hundred governors, and a number of his friends subscribed two guineas each to become governors. Where the money came from he was not bound to tell; but whatever might be the evils of a contested election in large popular bodies, whether in regard to politics or hospitals, it was most curious the development of latent philanthropy that came out. It was a very extraordinary thing that on the eve of a parliamentary election men went about seeking whom they might deliver from prison; and on the eve of a medical election men rushed in to subscribe their money for the good of the public. Now he would come to the oligarchy, where a certain election was vested in a small body; a single vote became of the greatest consequence, and of all the tribunals in the world the one that most discovered his aptitude for the place was the Chamber of Commerce. He went in there and told a friend that So-and-So would vote against him. The friend said he would not, and writing his name on a piece of newspaper said, 'Give him that and tell him to vote for you.' He said, 'Oh, I could not, for I was speaking to him, and he was not inclined to——.' However, he went to him and the voter said, when he saw the magic name, 'Since yesterday I have inquired into the relative merits of the candidates—your qualifications are of such a high order that I must break my promise to the others.' He was told afterwards, 'That man who sent the bit of paper discounts for the other.'"

In 1833, Dr. Corrigan joined the School, 15 Digges-street, as lecturer on medicine. One colleague, the late Dr. Churchill, speaking of that exact period, said: "Such acute intelligence, such power of observation and generalisation, such fine practical tact, combined with a strong will and unflinching courage, were sure to gain the highest success." Another, Professor Bevan, of the College of Surgeons, speaks with equal warmth—those who knew him longest honoured him most. It was my privilege to attend his lectures in 1851-2. Although he rarely spoke for more than half an hour, he told us more practical facts and portrayed disease more strikingly than others would in five hours. He frequently used the microscope—an aid to the investigation of disease only just adopted. Many of his illustrations were homely; for instance, to satisfy ourselves that the impulse of the heart against the left side

of the chest is not solely due to its apex, he would tell us that night to take the cat on our lap and feel the impulse on both sides, as the chest is so narrow in that animal. A favourite anecdote was that soldiers had tried to persuade him that certain round scars of skin disease were bullet marks; he retorted that as they are never found except on the back they did not attest to the glory of facing the enemy.

His studied addresses were eloquent and beautifully clear, such as those delivered on zoology in the Dublin Society about 1849, and that given in 1837 as President of the Students' Surgical Society. The latter portrays the pleasures which reward the physician's combat with disease, and ends in quoting the refusal of the sage of our profession (Hippocrates) when tempted to the court of the voluptuous king:

"Ask him if these, the pageants of a king,  
Can ever to his thoughts such rapture bring  
As that I feel, when, as I journey on,  
The pale youth rises from the way-side stone  
With health-rekindling cheek, and palms outspread  
To call down bliss on my unworthy head;  
As that I feel when some fond mother shows  
Her cradled infant lovely in repose,  
And tells me that the scion of her heart  
Preserved to bless her, by my timeous art,  
Taught by parental precept will repair  
To lisp my name amid his earliest prayer."

He was essentially a practical teacher, and his inaugural addresses in the Richmond Hospital, 1858 and 1863, are almost wholly devoted to an attack upon the "grinding" or "cramming" system. Having taught in this way from 1854 to 1866, I must assert that it is a most admirable means of supplementing other sources of education. When the British Association met in Dublin, in 1835, he was invited to join the "Heart Committee," of which Dr. E. Kennedy is the sole surviving member. He declined, and "on the first day of meeting," he says, "I at once stated that the view I had put forward was erroneous and arose from the mistake into which I fell of experimenting on the hearts of cold-blooded animals (fishes and reptiles), and arguing from them to the hearts of warm-blooded animals. And how was my avowal received? By passing a vote of thanks to me for my communication. I do not know any other profession in which a similar avowal of error could have been as safely made and would have been as well received."

He had great aptitude for practical devices; his bed of straps for fever patients and the heated button, always called by his name, are most useful; but his ventilating pane—a piece of zinc with the holes pierced outwards—was soon superseded. The Zoological Gardens were his favourite place of recreation, and for forty years he was the warmest supporter of the society which directs it. An original member,

he became Vice-President in 1841, and, in 1858, President, on the death of Sir P. Crampton.

In the latter year an accident occurred which might have endangered life but for his ready tact. A man having foolishly tried to stroke a wolf's head had his whole hand seized by the ferocious brute. On Dr. Corrigan's arrival he found the victim doing his utmost to tug out his hand which the wolf firmly held, although stoutly belaboured by a policeman with his baton. Taking this weapon, he thrust the narrow end between the animal's teeth, used it as a lever to force asunder the jaws, and thus he set free the hand.

For many years he supplied the Aquarium with marine animals from Dalkey, and rarely returned from his annual continental tours without some interesting donation.

For several years following 1826, when Corrigan settled in Dublin, he resided on Ormond-quay, in the house of the late Mr. Littledale, who remained always an attached friend. In 1833, having bought his well-known house in Merrion-square, he quickly gained consulting practice. No Dublin practitioner ever made so large an income; for, about 1860 it exceeded £6,000 yearly, a six weeks' holiday and evenings spent at Dalkey notwithstanding. At this place, in 1846, he purchased a plot of ground along the shore, and built in the native granite one of the most picturesque residences in the kingdom. Boat harbours and aquaria, by which he could gratify his enduring tastes, were soon added. Inniscorrig has been more than once visited by viceroys, and scores of times by the leaders of Irish society and distinguished strangers visiting Dublin.

From 1847, the unequalled merits of Corrigan were recognised by the State, or rather, the Liberal party, of which he had ever been a staunch, because convinced, supporter. During that year he was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, in addition to Sir Henry Marsh, and until 1852 was the friend and adviser of the Viceroy (Lord Clarendon) and Chief Secretary (Sir W. Somerville). With Crampton and Marsh he served for four years on the Board of Health. On the passing of the Medical Charities Act, 1851, they urged him to accept the Medical Commissionership. He consented to do so, at a salary of £2,000, although his income then had reached nearly twice that amount. He was, however, fond of public life, and felt he had it in him to largely serve his country. The Treasury refused to grant more than £1,200 for this post of vast public importance, the only one in Ireland, moreover, open to the medical profession. No other country in the world is more lavish of dignities and emoluments to the legal, military, and political professions, more sparing of them to their poor, ever-toiling sister, the profession of medicine.

Next come professional distinctions. In 1832, he was chosen as an original associate member of the Surgical Society, and would have

become a Licentiate of the College, except that he had not been apprenticed to any of its members. This monopoly Carmichael broke down in 1828. It has been said that he bore ill-will to my college: I have only evidence to the contrary; for instance, in 1878, when it was unjustly aspersed in the Medical Council, London, I happened to hear his able speech, supporting Mr. Macnamara's forcible refutation. In 1843, he passed the London College of Surgeons, the examination consisting of the single question—"Are you the author of this paper on disease of the aorta?" Some tell this in relation to the Dublin College of Physicians, of which he got the Licence in 1855. The charter of this body, in force up to 1866, excluded from its Fellowship all but Graduates of Dublin, Oxford, or Cambridge. The University of our city having given Corrigan the Honorary Degree of M.D., in 1849, he sought the Fellowship of the College of Physicians shortly after, but was blackbeamed in the ballot! He took this in no revengeful spirit, nor, indeed, was the college wanting in offering an *amende*. He was elected for the five years 1859-63, an unprecedented reign, and they, by his exertions and generosity, were enabled to remove from rooms in Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital to the splendid Hall in Kildare-street, of which the first stone was laid by Lord Lieutenant Carlisle on July 7, 1862. The money was raised by debentures, Corrigan subscribing to the amount of £2,000. The Fellows testified their gratitude by having his portrait, by Catterson Smith, hung in the Hall, and he bestowed a valuable stained-glass window, by Barff, then living in Dublin. It displays the arms of the college, and the Irish harp and shamrock. No Catholic had presided over this college for sixty years. In the College of Surgeons, where the Fellowship is obtained by examination, not by ballot, the fewness of Catholics who have gained a similar post depends on the fact that many remain satisfied with the lower rank of Licentiate, which very properly does not qualify for the highest offices. The public and the profession subscribed for a statue, and one of Foley's noblest works commemorates, in the College of Physicians, the greatness of the subject of our notice. It was presented by the subscribers June 3, 1869, with enthusiastic remarks from the leaders of the profession and eminent public men. It is surprising that only one foreign decoration was bestowed on him; but that was a great one—the corresponding membership of the Paris Academy of Medicine. In March, 1874, he was unanimously chosen, although a candidate from London and another from Liége were proposed. Since 1842, when Carmichael was elected, no other Irishman has held this distinction. The care of lunatics in public asylums always occupied Corrigan's attention, and from 1856-8 he gave much time to the Asylums Commission, of which he was the medical member. In reporting, a majority, all now deceased, denied him the right of giving his opinion that there should be always an extern physician,

whose daily visits would prevent there being the suspicion that harshness or cruelty was practised by the managers. Mr. G. Hardy (now Lord Cranbrook) moved for his written statement, and such officers were consequently appointed.

His visits to the Continent were often utilised for the profession and the public in notices of valuable health-resorts. Thus, in 1860, he popularised Arcachon, a place thirty-five miles S.W. of Bordeaux, whose mild sea air, dry soil, and pine forests render it so desirable a residence for pulmonary invalids. The following year his largest book of travel, "Ten days in Athens," appeared. Our space allows but the barest mention of the topics in this interesting volume. He talks of some busy men passing their holidays lolling on a sunny bank, others noting everything new to them, and owns that the latter gives him greater pleasure. He suggests that our Zoo should copy the gardens in the Bois de Boulogne, and acclimate waterfowl. I may note that an attempt is being made by our Zoological Society to Hibernicise some hundreds of American cat-fish, which, during life, are great river-scavengers, and afterwards, nasty though the thought be, splendid food. He asserts that recumbent posture for twenty minutes before the vessel starts and during the voyage is a certain preventive for seasickness, and expresses wonder at seeing infants swaddled in Florence. He was always stern on the tight dressing of children, and for them as well as adults often advised a flannel sac closed below by tapes as a night-dress. He tells us much of the amiable Sir Thomas Wyse, and that he presented to the Queen of Greece "Petrie's Collection of Irish Music." It is said that he tried on the ancient Greek helmets in the Acropolis, but not one was large enough to fit him.

His last foreign sketch was that of Aix les Bains, where, in 1875, he stayed some weeks. In his wittiest vein he tells of the Sedan chairs—like old Dublin cholera cots—in which all bathers are carried from their beds to the baths and back; of the piscines, where scores congregate in the warm sulphur water; and of the douches localised for every part of the human frame. A short visit there, in 1878, and my knowledge of the experience of Drs. Macé and Berthier, have proved to me that this health-resort excels all others.

The year 1866 was an eventful one for the subject of this brief sketch. On Feb. 5 patents were issued creating baronetcies for Dominic John Corrigan "in recognition of his very distinguished professional position, and also his great and gratuitous services connected with the health and education of Ireland;" for Simpson of Edinburgh, the discoverer of Chloroform; and for Fergusson, the first surgeon in London.

The medical subject which during this year most interested Sir D. Corrigan was the question whether the cholera, then raging, was catching or not. He stoutly maintained the negative, and republished his cholera map of 1849. A dinner at my house was arranged



for the discussion of this grave subject, and Dr. Benson (who only predeceased Corrigan by ten days) being the senior present, was in the chair. Sir Dominic's opinion that "general infirmaries should be open to cholera indifferently with scarlatina, measles, typhus, and typhoid fevers, &c.," was hotly contested, and the weight of authority tended towards the view that contagion was needed to bring in cholera, those disposed by ill conditions of residence and habits being liable.

The British Medical Association met in Dublin in 1867, and Corrigan was chosen to give the address in medicine. In it he proposed many measures with regard to the education of those who seek to become medical students, and others for the government of the profession, which have been since carried out.

On the foundation of the Queen's University, Dr. Corrigan was placed on the Senate; and in 1871, on the death of Sir Maziere Brady, he was appointed Vice-Chancellor. With six other Catholic members of the Senate, he supported the Supplemental Charter of 1866, which was to have enlarged the University's powers, so as to allow those who demanded the right of separate education to present themselves for degrees. Of the nine who opposed this Charter, three were officials of Trinity College and three presidents of Queen's Colleges. On this subject we shall only quote the statement made by the *Tablet* in a short but appreciative obituary of Sir D. Corrigan: "He did not adopt in their fulness the views on education generally held by Catholics." On the 30th of last December, the day his fatal illness began, he received an invitation to join the Senate of the new Royal Irish University.

For the twenty-one years he had a seat on the Medical Council, a meeting was never missed, although his going to London caused much pecuniary loss. By the English and Scotch medical men there assembling he was held in the highest esteem and regarded as the best of debaters. His favourite project was the reform of the Council, so as to allow it to be elected by the profession, urging that taxation should always secure representation. Before a Committee of the House of Commons, which has just been reappointed, he convincingly showed this.

His parliamentary career must be here very briefly noticed. In October, 1868, it occurred to several medical men that the then approaching general election might give an opportunity of sending to the House of Commons a member of the profession who would advocate their interests and advance public medicine. Sir Dominic consented to stand for Dublin City, and Drs. Lyons and M'Donnell and I acted as treasurers of a purely professional fund. Over £1,200 was quickly subscribed, although a strong protest was signed by Conservative doctors, on the grounds that the destruction of their Church was then threatened. It was urged that a single vote could not influence the inevitable disestablishment. But political convictions have

always outweighed professional interests. So it was in Manchester, when Mr. Mitchell-Henry failed to gain the votes of his medical brethren who were of the opposite party. During the canvass Corrigan made many remarkable speeches in a slow, impressive manner, in which he followed the *Liberator*.<sup>\*</sup> He often said to me, "I want to let one idea take root before I try to plant another."

The greatness of the man was never so fully recognised as during these election meetings. At one of them, Mr. (now Baron) Dowse, said a renowned German professor had warmly praised Dublin to him, and being asked why he did so, said, "Your city contains Corrigan."

He was defeated by the freemen, although getting the votes of 5,095 general electors. In August, 1870, he gained the seat which had been rendered vacant on petition, and held it till the general election in February, 1874. While in parliament, he worked earnestly upon such subjects as vaccination, superannuation of Poor Law medical officers, and the registration of deaths. With respect to the last-named subject, he urged, by able argument and striking cases, that the medical attendant should be only asked to certify as to the ailment, for as to actual decease and the time it took place, he was often not cognisant. No one had stronger views with regard to the betrayal to Insurance Companies of information regarding patients, of which some have been guilty. Had he lived, there would have been no more scathing protester against the recent job of superseding the illustrious Dr. Farr, the greatest vital statistician in the world, in favour of a retired Captain of the Horse Guards.

By Sir D. Corrigan's exertions the Irish Pharmacy Act, which provides for the supply of trained compounders, was passed, and he was chosen president. He was not the man to keep offices he could not do justice to; and, in 1874, he resigned this position and his seat on the Dublin Hospitals Board, which he had held for twenty-two years. In both instances most laudatory resolutions were passed.

His darling Bill was that for the closing of public houses on Sundays; and notwithstanding pregnant notices from its opponents, some of his most potent electors, he gave it untiring support. On this and other subjects Corrigan would not waive his convictions for elector or Premier, and no politician ever differed more from the First Lord we so often hear sung of, who "never thought of thinking for himself at all."

In February, 1874, the pronouncement of the vintners and the demands of the Home Rulers made his candidature hopeless. Had he yielded either point, his dearly wished-for re-election would have been certain. In the following month, the Sunday-closing Association pre-

<sup>\*</sup> In 1878 he showed his ever-enduring love for O'Connell in his strife to have the cloak removed from the figure in the anxiously-expected Foley monument.

sented him a grateful address for having been "in Parliament the pioneer of their hallowed object." His sacrifices in becoming a Member of Parliament were often wondered at; but he took it after forty-five years of routine work as vacation, which his pocket, body, and mind could afford. Scores of times I have rejoiced to see him breakfast on Saturdays with the Council of the Zoological Society as heartily as any there, although he had only left the House of Commons the night before.\*

Corrigan's last year was by no means the least in mental activity. On January 11th, 1879, he published† in the *British Medical Journal* most interesting "Reminiscences of a Medical Student prior to the passing of the Anatomy Act." The Burke and Hare atrocities, body-snatching in Dublin, and the style of education and examination for surgeons in war times, are graphically described. We have only space to summarise two paragraphs. The well-known sign of "The Grinding Young" public in Harold's-cross, was the basis of a famous caricature. The celebrated Surgeon Kirby was the miller. At one side rough, country chaps with hay-rope stockings, entered the hopper, and appeared at the other side as full-blown army and navy doctors.

Sir Astley Cooper examining for an army surgeoncy a candidate (the place of whose nativity will appear by the sequel), asked: "What is a simple, what a compound fracture?" He replied: "A simple fracture's when a bone's broke—compound, when it's broke into smithereens." "I ventured to ask him (adds Sir Astley) what was 'smithereens;' he looked at me with an intense expression of sympathy, exclaiming: 'You don't know what is 'smithereens!' Then I give you up.'"

Corrigan's constitution was one of extraordinary vigour. So late as his fortieth year he became one of the boldest followers of the Ward hounds, and his daring leap over the lough of the bay is often talked of. For the past twenty years he was frequently afflicted by gouty attacks, but otherwise age touched him lightly. In November, at a consultation to which I called him, his mental powers were as conspicuous as ever.

His figure was full and erect, and his countenance strikingly intellectual. Many thought he bore a close resemblance to O'Connell. He, however, always wore a single coat, saying that the putting on of an overcoat in the patient's hall led to unnecessarily protracted inquiries.

\* During his parliamentary career his ablest speech was on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's University Bill, in which he forcibly urged the endowment of Catholic colleges. In another department we may refer here to the Address which he delivered at St. Mary's Hospital, in July, 1873, and which for eloquence and force has perhaps no equal among similar productions.

† *Chamber's Journal*, 27th September, 1879, contains an interesting article by Sir D. Corrigan on Somnambulism, in which he tells us he has found that confining the limbs in a flannel sack as a night-dress has broken this dangerous habit.

The Foley statue and the Catterson-Smith portrait in the College of Physicians best call to mind the man, when his well-deserved honours had reached their height. A good lithograph was published in 1859, by J. B. Black of London, but the portrait in the *Illustrated News* of March 17th, 1866, conveys a poor notion of the baronet just then elected. Of his domestic life I must only observe, that that essential of public or professional success—a happy home—was most truly his. Further, his stainless life, his bright honour, and kindly heart, had made all who knew him friends.

On the 30th of December, 1879, his left side became palsied, and considering his age, it was at once regarded as a fatal condition. For over a month he lingered with kind physicians, loving relatives, and holy priests constantly around him. Their attention, affection, and ministrations secured a happy death which took place during the first hours of February.

Many of the public bodies with which he was connected adjourned their meetings, and resolved to attend the funeral officially. All passed resolutions of condolence with his family. His interment took place on the 5th of February in the vaults of St. Andrew's Church, Westland-row, after a procession which for many years had not been equalled in extent or in the rank of those attending. The church was filled by persons of every creed, while the solemn services were being conducted by his brother-in-law, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh. Some public memorial, or what would exemplify his career more fitly, an endowment in favour of strugglers in the profession he loved so well, is certain at no distant day to be established. This sketch, so unworthy of its subject, will end with the reflection which concludes an eloquent notice in the *Freeman's Journal* of the morning following his death :

"For the people of Ireland at large he had a character of which, perhaps, he was not himself altogether conscious. They regarded his career with peculiar interest, and his success with gratified pride ; because they saw in him evidence of a Catholic rising against all opposition to the highest position possible. This feeling was nowise sectarian, it was rather racial and national ; they felt that intellectual triumph was their noblest vindication against the contumely which had fallen on them, in consequence of the ignorance enforced by the penal laws. And certainly no man dared vilify the people who, at such a period, gave such chiefs to the three learned professions as Dr. Doyle, O'Connell, and Corrigan.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Training of the Apostles*. By HENRY JAMES COLERIDGE, of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns & Oates. 1879.)

CHANCE has brought under our eyes within the last few days the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1851, and for January, 1874, of which the former contains an interesting account of Hartley Coleridge, son to "the great Coleridge," and the latter introduces us to Hartley's sister Sara. At the same time we met with the touching little memorial sketch of Sara's son, Herbert Coleridge, contributed to *M' Millan's Magazine* in November, 1861, by Sir John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge.) These papers and the references in them to other gifted relatives would, we think, be sufficient to show that there has, perhaps, never been a family distinguished so long for the literary talent of so many of its members as the Coleridges. The religious earnestness which, amid many vicissitudes, was shown by the greatest of the name—him who was the first to make the name known—has manifested itself in the lives and writings of his descendants and their kin. It is not amiss to keep these circumstances in mind while welcoming a new volume from the pen of Lord Coleridge's convert-brother.

Father Coleridge completes with this fifth volume the first division of "The Public Life of our Lord," of which, even at an earlier stage, the *Dublin Review* said that "very few works, at once so able and so opportune, have been published by any English-speaking Catholic of our time." The plan of the work unites a profound and extensive scripture-commentary, with a chronological life of our Lord. The author's calm, modest, and dignified style suits his subjects and his aims admirably, though some will look for poetry and picturesqueness where they ought not to be found. The arrangement and printing of the volume are perfect. The table of contents, which is so full and clear in giving the themes of every paragraph as almost to dispense with the necessity of an index, enables us to find our way very readily through these rich stores accumulated by years of devout and patient study.

- II. *Preludes*. By MAURICE F. EGAN. (Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1880.)

A VERY dainty and charming volume both without and within, and the poetry which it contains is worthy of so fair a shrine. Apart from hope and promise, Mr. Egan's verses show absolutely much beauty of thought and refinement of expression; but the name, "Preludes," implies a promise of future greater achievements. Let us trust that we may not have so long to wait for the fuller strains as in the case of

another book of "Preludes"\* which Mr. Egan has perhaps never seen, or he would hardly have borrowed its name, pretty and suggestive as it is. The English and American "Preludes" have this further point of similarity, that some of their best workmanship has been expended on sonnets. Some one has compared a poet's soul to "un beau vase athénien plein de fleurs de Calvaire." With a Grecian inspiration like Keats', Maurice Egan is as ardent a Christian as the subject of one of his poems—Frederic Ozanam. And, as we cannot say much more about him just at present, we may add, that the very choice of his themes proves the catholicity of his spirit, whether you spell "catholic" with or without a capital. "I'll tell you what you are, if you tell me the company you keep." So the old saying goes, which comes to us from France, and, perhaps, from farther away. This young Irish-American muse consorts with snowdrops, little babes, Theocritus, Fra Angelico, Maurice de Guérin, Daniel O'Connell, Theobald Mathew, human love of a high and holy kind, and many things and names too holy to be linked even with the not unholy persons and things that we have grouped together. To show how carefully we have read those pages which Fagan and Son (very Irish name that also!) have stereotyped faultlessly, we stoop to so very small a bit of fault-finding as to remark that the "*who*" in the second line of the quaintly characteristic little preface is superfluous.

III. *Voices from the Heart. Sacred Poems by Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing.* New and enlarged edition. Revised by the Right Rev. DR. LEAHY, Bishop of Dromore. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

ELLEN DOWNING—for, with all due reverence for St. Alphonsus in heaven and his devoted clients on earth, *that* is the name by which she is known and ought to be known as a poet—Ellen Downing, even before going to heaven, had long outlived all the yearnings for fame with which her young heart had thrilled. If it were not for this, there would be something melancholy in the fact that this first complete edition of her sacred poems is published more than ten years after her death. The previously-printed collection was hardly brought under the notice of the public till the impression was almost exhausted. It has been for some time out of print, and it did not contain one-half of the poems which are found in the volume before us, the new additions being the most touching and most interesting of all, for reasons that are explained in the very tasteful biographical preface prefixed to the present work. These "Voices from the Heart" will long speak movingly to thousands of pious hearts; for they form a treasury of

\* We refer to Miss Alice Thompson's exquisite volume, illustrated by her sister, Mrs. Butler, whose wonderful battle-pieces, "The Remnant of an Army," "Inkerman," &c., lately drew admiring crowds to Cranfield's Gallery, in Grafton-street, Dublin.

spiritual thought not less remarkable for solidity and unction than for their variety and natural grace of expression. We content ourselves with this hurried announcement the more readily, as we know it will soon be our duty to chronicle the success of this precious legacy of a true poet and a true saint.

IV. *Nitro-Glycerine as a Remedy for Angina Pectoris.* By WILLIAM MURRELL, M.D., M.R.C.P. (London: T. Richards. 1880).

DR. MURRELL's reputation, his position as Lecturer on practical physiology at Westminster Hospital, and especially as regards his present subject, his experience as Physician to the Royal London Hospital for diseases of the chest, must speak for themselves to our medical readers, who have probably been interested in this question, when discussed in the pages of the *Lancet*, from which this pamphlet is reprinted.

V. *Other Recent Publications.*

WE are glad to see "Third Thousand" on the title-page of the New Testament portion of "The Child's Bible History," compiled by the Sisters of Mercy, Downpatrick. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). The child or adult who masters the contents of this compact and closely-printed little volume will possess a fund of scriptural and religious information.

"The Dream Come True: a Whisper to Paddy in a Letter to 'Pat.'" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), being more or less political, does not fall within the limits of our critical jurisdiction. The same observation applies to a well-written pamphlet by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, a London barrister, on "The Irish Land Question and English Public Opinion;" (Dublin: T. D. Sullivan), which takes as its motto John Bright's saying: "The great evil of Ireland is this, that the Irish people, the Irish nation, are dispossessed of the soil; and what we ought to do is to provide for, and aid in, their restoration to it by all measures of justice."

"Primary Instruction in Victoria" is a very forcible "plea for parental rights," by the Rev. Michael Watson, S.J., reprinted from the "Melbourne Review," which is the most important of Australian periodical publications.

A review of Father Harper's "Metaphysics of the Schools" will appear in our April number, for which we must also reserve notices of the "Life of Dr. MacDevitt, Bishop of Raphoe," "The Three Roses of the Elect," and of several other works

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEEVIL," ETC

## BOOK SECOND.

## CHAPTER XII.

## UNEXPECTED NEWS.

"Young friend, I have met thee before."

Fanchea returned the good Quaker's long, steadfast look, with a glance of surprise, never doubting that she was mistaken for some other person.

"I do not remember," she said, "and yet—I have not seen many people."

"It is many years since I met thee," said Rachel, "but thou hast still the same face. Thou wert singing and dancing among gipsies."

"Many people saw me then. What a good memory you must have!"

"The time is not so long for me as for thee," answered Rachel, smiling. "At my age seven or eight years pass quickly. But let me remove thy wet clothing. Afterwards I shall have something to say that perhaps may concern thee."

When, still pondering these words, Fan emerged from the bedroom to which she had been led, she was dressed in a print gown fresh from the ironing-table at which the maids were at work. Her riding habit was hung at the fire, and she was assured it would not be dry for an hour; besides the storm showed no signs of abating. In the parlour she found Mrs. Webb and Captain Rupert awaiting her re-appearance; and tea was spread on a table in the pleasant, old-fashioned sitting-room where the sober drabs and greys of the furniture enhanced the rich colour of the flowers that adorned it. A large china bowl of fresh-gathered roses perfumed the tea-table; such light as the storm permitted came into the room laden with a cool green tinge from filtering through overhanging leaves that clustered over the windows. Pleasant to Fan's eyes was the whole scene, including Rachel's white muslin cap, placid face, and the white plump hand that moved among the tea-cups. A swift, strange feeling of having been in the place and the circumstances before seized upon her. This woman belonged to her past, would have a hand in her fate. What was it that she was going to tell her?



Thrilling with expectation Fan did not notice the look of admiration which Captain Rupert bestowed upon her, as after the fashion of lovers he reflected that nothing he had ever seen her wear was half so becoming to her as the impromptu raiment from the ironing table. She fixed her eyes on Rachel, eager for her next words, yet finding it impossible to hurry her, or disturb her in her little hospitable courtesies.

"Drink thy tea first, my dear," said the good lady; "it will rest thee and do thee good; and then I will say what I have to say to thee."

Fan swallowed her tea, and then sat silently waiting. "It will be nothing after all," she thought, checking her impatience. "Only some foolish story about the gipsies."

"Madam," she said at last, "you need not be afraid of frightening me. I am no longer afraid of the gipsies."

"She is in safe keeping now, I assure you," said Captain Wilderspin, smiling on her.

Mrs. Webb looked from one to the other. "I am glad to know it," she said, "yet I have something to tell thee that does not concern those people. Didst thou know that some one else was seeking thee besides the gipsies?"

Fan rose suddenly to her feet. "Yes, I always known it, have always believed it. *What* have you got to tell me?"

"It is seven years since he came here on his way to London looking for thee, and I have not seen him since. I suppose you know of whom I am speaking."

"Kevin!" said Fanchea, glowing and trembling.

"That was his name. It was so new to me that I could not forget it. He was a simple, noble creature, and his anxiety about thee was great. I told him I had seen thee, and I put him on the track of the gipsies; but when he found them, thou wert gone."

"Which way did he go?" said Fan, her head erect, her breath coming short, her whole frame seeming to expand with exultation. She looked as if ready to unfurl a pair of wings and fly along the track so wearily travelled by her friend so many years ago.

"To London," said Mrs. Webb. "But calm thyself, my child; I cannot tell thee where he is now. He wrote to me from London many times; he was always searching for thee, and always disappointed. He obtained some employment with a bookseller, and I have had means of learning that he gave himself up to study and developed some unusual talents. A literary gentleman took him up, and they went travelling together, and have never returned."

Fan's face had become more and more radiant as the Quakeress went on speaking. The fact that she had caught sight of him only to lose him again could not cloud her delight. Her faith in him had been verified, and at present that was enough. He had really been in search of her; he was educated, talented, and living with people of

refinement. What did it signify that they were still to be apart? He lived in the world, and so did she; and with the happy audacity of youthful hope she felt this sufficient guarantee of their ultimate joyful meeting.

Glowing with excitement, beaming with triumph and joy, she turned to Captain Rupert who had been a silent witness of this scene; but she met no sympathy from him; he turned away abruptly and looked out of the window with a clouded face. The whirl of her thoughts would not allow her to guess at the cause of his coldness; she only felt him unkind, and remembered with a sort of pity for his want of judgment that he had never been able to believe in Kevin. A little laugh rose in her throat, as the picture of a coarse peasant, with which he had lately succeeded in frightening her, flitted across her mind.

"If thou art really anxious to learn something more," said Rachel, who had been watching her with interest, "I will let thee see a young woman who knows more of thy friend than I do. She is the daughter of the bookseller with whom he was employed, and it is possible she may have some later news of him. Her husband and she have recently come to help me with my farm."

"Where is she?" cried Fanchea, in a flame of impatience.

"Softly, my dear, Thou wouldst tear up time and space into tatters with thy rage. We must wait the natural course of events."

At this point Captain Rupert could bear the scene no longer, and went out of the house. Mrs. Webb soon followed to look for the young woman she had spoken of, and Fanchea, left alone, fluttered about the room with her joy like a bird let loose from a cage. After a little her steps took the wreathy measure of the accustomed dance; she waved her arms lightly over her head with the old gleeful snapping of the fingers, and, flitting from wall to wall of the space allotted her, she sang her triumph in a sort of exultant recitative that broke now and then into a little warbling laugh, while the grave gladness in her eyes gave an air of almost solemnity to this childish manifestation of her delight.

"Kevin is Kevin," was the burthen of her ditty. "Kevin is himself. And on some beautiful sunshiny day we shall meet!"

The door opened, and a buxom young woman appeared holding a little child by the hand.

"Bessie!" cried Fanchea in surprise.

"Yes," said Bessie, smiling and changing colour nervously. "We have come to live in this part of the country. This is my little boy."

"But, Bessie, you cannot be the person of whom Mrs. Webb spoke to me—who can give me information of a long lost friend."

"Yes, I am the person. Mr. Kevin was father's assistant, and he was always looking for a little girl that the gipsies had stolen. I

think he would never have left us, only a gentleman took a fancy to him; but we have not seen anything of him for years."

Bessie spoke hurriedly, and broke off with some abruptness.

"But," said Fanchea, "when I met you at the Park—— Could it be that my friend was with you then?"

"No, he was gone away, and I did not know where," said Bessie, crimsoning at the recollection of the difficulty of that time. "When I thought you might be the child he was looking for, I wrote to him to tell him where you were; but I could not find out his address."

"Oh, thank you; it was good of you to take so much trouble," cried Fanchea; and Bessie relieved at being questioned no further regained her composure and proceeded to tell everything she knew about Kevin.

"I married soon after I saw you at the Park," she said, "and went with my husband to Canada, and so I had no chance of hearing anything more about your friend. Father wrote to us lately, begging us to come home and he would help us to settle comfortably in England. We were doing well where we were, but we came to please father, and that is how we are coming to settle here. Father tells me now that he has had a letter from Mr. Kevin, and that he has written a book. I'm sure I do not wonder, for books and poetry were his only delight."

"And you do not know where he wrote from?" asked Fanchea.

"I do not remember, but I can easily ask father. I am sure he will be willing to send you the letter."

"Bessie, you are a darling," said Fan, throwing her arms round her neck.

"John—my husband—thinks so," said Bessie, laughing, and winking a tear from her eyelashes; and Fan could not guess with what fervent satisfaction and pride these words were spoken out of a heart that had suffered its trial long ago.

"He must be a monster if he did not. But, Bessie, was my friend very anxious to find me?"

"He could think of nothing else. It made one sorry to see him; and I helped him all I could. We went to theatres, and music-halls, and every kind of singing places. He always said he would know you by your voice."

Here Mrs. Webb appeared, followed by Captain Rupert, who announced that the storm was over, and the horses at the door. Fan hurried away to prepare for departure, and was soon riding homeward with Captain Wilderspin.

Very few words were spoken between them during the ride. Rupert could not bring himself to congratulate the young girl upon the discovery she had made, fearing it involved the ruin of his own hopes. The story he had heard had sounded to him like a page out of a fairy

talé, and it seemed cruel of Fate to contrive circumstances so exceptional for the purpose of robbing him of his coveted happiness. Upon his exertions to find a low-bred and vulgar Kevin he had rested his expectation of winning Fanchea's affections; but he could do nothing to bring about her meeting with such a man as had just been described. Her little outbursts of gaiety as she rode along by his side, the lark-like joy in her voice as she broke out into raptures about the beauty of the clouds, the landscape, anything that caught her eye and became for the moment transfigured by her own delight, annoyed him beyond measure, feeling, as he did, that the fact of his own existence had no part in producing her satisfaction. Yet his unresponsive gravity gave her a slight chill in the end. If he really had any regard for her, she thought, why could he not be glad in her joy?"

"I think you are not pleased at my good news," she said, looking at him wistfully, when he had lifted her down from her saddle. Captain Rupert turned pale, but smiled, and for all answer raised her little hand to his lips.

"She is such a child," he said to himself. "How can I confess to her that I am jealous? After all she looks on this Kevin as a brother. If I can win her for my wife beforehand, why should I not be satisfied to see them meet?"

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FAN'S TRIUMPH.

THE signora was walking impatiently about the room, reflecting on the downfall of her own and Herr Harfenspieler's hopes. Another disappointment was about to be added to the many troubles of her life. She cast remorseful glances at the large canvas that stood in the corner, with its face to the wall. Had she carefully guarded her pupil instead of wrapping herself in foolish dreams, this great misfortune might have been averted.

"Oh me, oh me!" she moaned, "to think of all the care and pains we have lavished on her for nothing. Only that she may turn out a fine lady after all. Who could have imagined that Lord Wilderspin in making himself so nobly the friend of genius was but providing an unfortunate alliance for his heir?"

The door flew open and Fan came in radiant.

"Mamzelle," she cried, springing to her side, "whether you like it or not, I cannot do without your sympathy. You must wish me joy."

The signora heaved a bitter sigh. "I cannot but wish you well. I have loved you too dearly for that. But the lady of Wilderspin must learn to be independent of so humble a person as myself."

"The lady?—oh, Mamzelle, you do not know what I mean. That is all over—at least—nothing more has been said, and I had forgotten it."

"Forgotten!"

"Mamzelle, you do not know what I have heard to put everything else out of my head. Kevin is found."

"Kevin!" shrieked Mamzelle, feeling that this was, indeed, "out of the frying pan into the fire."

"Where is he?" she added, with an accent of despair.

"I do not know."

"You said he was found."

"He is in the world; he has been seeking for me; he is clever and learned and a gentleman. Is not that enough?"

"Quite enough for me," said the signora, tragically, "and I am glad to hear it is also enough for you."

"Ah, Mamzelle, had you never any childhood, any youth? Have you no recollections of early friends and home?"

"It is my duty to think above all of your vocation."

"My vocation is in the hands of Providence. Heaven will not ask to sacrifice all natural feelings as you would do."

"Fanchea, you are unkind."

"I want to be kind, Mamzelle, and you will not let me. Kiss me, and I will not trouble you any more with my good news."

And Fan went away to her room and had a thorough good cry.

For a nature so sympathetic as hers to be solitarily glad is a trial; and she felt keenly the refusal of those around her to rejoice in her joy. She had early learned to keep her cares to herself, but to be happy in silence was a more difficult matter.

Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had almost quarrelled that afternoon on the subject of his lordship's weakness in yielding to his nephew's caprice.

"The child is the child of genius," said the professor. "A pedestal is awaiting her in the temple of Fame. Your lordship has generously chosen to put her there in her place; and why should you suffer the heir of your noble family to pluck her out of her proper niche, to the detriment of his own dignity?"

"Men of his position have married women already famous on the stage," growled his lordship. "It is better to take her artless and fresh, as she is."

"His fancy would pass away if you continued to oppose him."

"But I will not oppose him," shouted Lord Wilderspin, thinking not of his nephew at all, but of the cruel redness round Fanchea's bright eyes.

"My lord, you are——"

"A fool?" said the old man, testily.

"I could not think of applying such an epithet to your lordship," said Herr Harfenspieler; and after that the two old men had sulked at each other for several hours. But as it is hard work sulking with an old and congenial friend in a lonely country house, they met in the evening as if nothing had happened.

So conscious, however, was each member of the party of something vividly present in the mind which could not be alluded to in speech, that conversation was difficult, and an unusual silence hung over the dinner-table. Afterwards music came to the rescue, and Fan's singing and the professor's violin-playing drowned a great deal of trouble for the moment. Having soothed himself into better humour by such accustomed means, Herr Harfenspieler bethought him of something to talk about which would have no sort of connexion with the difficulties of the hour.

"I have had a letter lately from my old pupil and young friend, the Baroness Ida Von Walden," he said.

"I hope she is growing more like a woman of flesh and blood than she used to be," said his lordship. "I remember her. A graceful creature, but demented about bogies and all sorts of uncanny rubbish."

"She has a great deal of musical talent, and sang better than any one I ever knew, with so small and thin a voice."

"She had still less heart than voice. Her kinsman, young Honeywood, would have given his life for her; but she married an elderly tyrant at the bidding of her maniacal old father."

"She is a widow now. But you must not say she was altogether heartless. I have experienced her kindness and her affection."

"Well, do not let us quarrel again. Come here, Fan, and tell us whether it is better for a woman to sing or to have a heart."

"One need not hinder the other, need it?"

"An evasion, madam, an evasion."

"The baroness Ida will doubtless live to prove the truth of what our Fanchea has declared," said Herr Harfenspieler, drawing his bow across the strings. "Her castle is full of company, and Mr. Honeywood is one of the guests. But the person who evidently engages her attention the most is a young poet, the new one of whom we have all heard. I forget the name at this moment. What is his name, my lord?"

"I am not a reader of poetry," said his lordship, gruffly, but patting Fan's little hand which he held in his own, "and what is more, I do not believe in it. They never feel what they say. But it is good to hear of Madame Ida being foolish about anyone. Is the fellow an Englishman, and will she marry him?"

"He is an Irishman, 'from the Island of Saints,' as she puts it. But as to whether she will marry him, I cannot tell you that, my lord. She does not say one word that would justify me in saying so."

"Let us hope she will do something to keep herself happy," said

Lord Wilderspin. "It is all that was ever needed to make her charming."

"You are speaking of the Baroness Ida Von Walden," said Captain Rupert. "I always thought her charming. Who is this lucky fellow whom she admires?"

"I cannot remember his name. But stay, she has sent me his book."

Herr Harfenspieler left the room and returned with a book which he gave to Captain Rupert.

"Ah, I remember this," said Captain Rupert, turning over the leaves. "I am not a great reader of poetry, but some things in this volume won on me very much. Here, for instance, is what I call a delicious love-song. He glanced at Fanchea, taking in all the grace of the light, white-clothed figure, the dark little head and warm, sparkling face that leaned forward in the lamplight to listen; and then he read the poem aloud.

"Sweet," said Herr Harfenspieler, "sweet! It ought to be set to music for our songstress."

Fan gazed around on her friends. Mamzelle had approached and listened; his lordship, with a preliminary grunt of protest, had given ear to the reading, and now stood silent, all under-lip and scowl. The poem had found a tender spot in every heart of the group, for there was that in the four faces which cannot be either affected or denied.

How strange, thought Fanchea, that their hearts should all bow to these words, and yet have so little sympathy for the mindful tenderness that had caused her joy to-day. Her own heart yearned to the comprehending soul that had so given a voice to her fidelity. She worshipped in silence the Master Spirit that had spoken to them all with one breath, in the language of each.

"That is the true voice," she said, impulsively, to Herr Harfenspieler. "Song can only be its echo."

"Nay, music is often its inspiration," said the Professor, jealously, while Captain Rupert looked on angry, enraptured, wondering at the look that this love-poem had called into her face. He realized in that moment the heights of her nature, and knew that to fail in exciting the highest devotion she was capable of would be to lose her altogether.

Her eyelashes wet with the tears of enthusiasm, Fan picked up the volume which Rupert had laid on the table, and turned over the leaves, seeking for more of that divine music whose vibrations were still thrilling in her brain. As she bent tenderly over the book towards the light, a soft radiance in her eyes and on her lips, Captain Wilderspin asked himself *who* would be the one to awake fully the ardent womanly soul he saw dawning to-night in her face.

Accidentally her eye fell on the title-page, and all at once a cry broke from her lips.

"What is the matter?" asked several voices. Captain Rupert came close to her with a presage of trouble. All eyes were turned on her in surprise, as a torrent of crimson rushed over her face and brow and vanished as quickly, leaving her almost as pale as her dress.

"Well, madam, what have you got there?" said his lordship.

"Why, it is Kevin!" she cried, bursting into a peal of rapturous laughter. "Kevin who has wrung all your hearts and brought the tears into your eyes. Kevin is the poet, the master we have been worshipping—Kevin whom you despised."

"Kevin!" was echoed around.

"Yes, Kevin," she said, standing on her tip-toes, and smiling down on them in her triumph. "Look at the name for yourselves—K-e-v-i-n, and the other is his surname. Bessie said he had written a book. Didn't she, Captain Wilderspin?"

"I do not know. I was not there," said Rupert, too much amazed to say anything more.

"Allow me to introduce my old comrade, Kevin, to my dear and noble friends," she went on, making a gleeful courtesy all round, and waving the precious volume above her head. "You who have all been so good to me—you were afraid I should be ashamed of him when he appeared. My lord, have I reason to be ashamed?" suddenly wheeling about and facing him with eyes full of saucy triumph.

"No, you baggage, no."

"Will *no* one congratulate me?" said Fan, with a sudden pathetic change of manner, folding her two little hands over the book and glancing wistfully round.

"I congratulate you," said Captain Rupert, and walked out of the room with a jealous heart.

"I will try and be glad," said Herr Harfenspieler, rubbing his nose vehemently with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Mamzelle!"

"I love you!" said the signora, eagerly; but she did not look more pleased than Captain Rupert.

"You expect us to be glad," said his lordship, "because this is a great fellow whom we can do nothing to serve."

Fan looked up at him with wide, grateful eyes, remembering all his bounty to her for years.

"You can shake him by the hand, my lord."

"Little Simpleton, is that a benefit?"

"No small boon, and no small honour," lifting the old man's hand and kissing it impulsively; and then Fan, smiling a loving look all round upon her friends as if thanking them for their scraps of sympathy, turned away abruptly, still hugging her book, and disappeared.

A solemn silence reigned in the room for some seconds after she went. His lordship, striding about the floor, was the first to speak.



"After all, we are a pack of fools," he said. "We ought to be thankful that the fellow is, as she says, one to be not ashamed of."

"As the husband of the Baroness Ida we might all greet him as a friend," said Herr Harfenspieler. "Except in that character I do not like him—in spite of the genius that has spoken to my heart."

"Captain Wilderspin is the only person who has serious cause to be displeased," said the signora.

"Ha!" ejaculated his lordship.

"I do not think we shall hear any more of his suit," continued the signora, beginning her sentence on a triumphant note, and ending it on a sad one.

"The genius of music may still carry the day," said Herr Harfenspieler. "We may yet have the happiness of presenting our queen of song to the world."

His lordship glared round at them as if they had been plotting somebody's death. He was ashamed to confess how completely he had gone over to the enemy. In the few hours that had elapsed since that morning he had changed so thoroughly as to be more willing to have Fan for a beloved daughter than to see her a successful *prima donna*. Confounded for a moment at coming face to face with his own inconsistency, the next he remembered nothing but the pair of red-rimmed eyes that had confronted him so bravely in his study.

"By heaven! he shall not jilt her for any far-fetched jealousy!" he shouted. "You pair of heart-murderers! robbers of the joys of youth! hypocrites! with your tender melodies, and poetic sympathy with human feelings—you would send the fellow away, and put forth a crushed creature to give expression with her own misery to your hum-bugging music!"

And emphasizing this outburst with a scowl of displeasure he marched out of the room.

Arrived in her own chamber, Fan threw open her window and trimmed her lamp and sat down to spend the night in reading Kevin's book. Weeping and laughing with delight, her eyes flew over the pages that were intended for herself alone, and that told the story of their early comradeship, their parting, and his continued, fruitless, but never hopeless search. An exquisite sense of happiness settled on the young girl's heart as the mysterious union of their lives, long believed in, became so suddenly proved to her. The history of the princess, related to her on the island long ago, had its place in the poem; but not in death would her prince be restored to her; the ending of the real life-story would be the fulness of joy. Had she, indeed, been his inspiration, his genius, the cause of his attaining the heights he had reached? Overwhelmed with bliss she lay back in her chair to dream over what she had read, and the first sunbeam found her fast asleep; a smile of paradise on her parted lip, her small oval face bleached

of its roses by the intensity of her passion of gladness, the shadow of her eyes darkened by half-dried tears. Soon the room was full of light gilding the slim young figure in the chair with its crisp white wrappings; a fresh breeze suddenly sprang up and blew a drift of rose-leaves over her face, her bosom, her little folded hands that rested on the open book; and with a slight shiver she awakened.

While bathing and dressing, she considered about how she was to communicate with Kevin, concluding to write him a letter, for which Herr Harfenspieler would supply the address. She laughed to think of her two old letters of long ago, and how they failed to reach him, of course, because he was not there where she sent them, but gone out into the wide world to look for her. Herr Harfenspieler was an early riser; she should find him in the garden by this time; and arrayed in all her morning beauty and freshness she went forth to look for him. The old musician was already airing himself among the flowers, humming melodious ditties to himself in a broken voice, and when he saw her approach in her crisp, cambric gown of white and delicate green, with her daisy-pink cheeks and the rings of her hair yet dewy from her bath, his heart smote him for the love he was hoping to exclude from her young life. He could have wished she had been one of the more robust-tempered, strong-minded sort of women who stand in little need of love, and only borrow its sentiments occasionally to give plaintive meaning to their artistic work.

"And yet in spite of her tenderness, there is something hardy about the creature," he reflected, studying her firm elastic movements as she hastened to meet him. "She might weather a gale as well as the strongest, and her song be all the fuller, enriched by a note from the storm. Certainly his lordship had me there; for I believe the crown of art is for those who have suffered."

"Meinherr, I want to speak with you."

"Willingly, my pupil, but after we have sung. We will give the freshness of the morning to our work."

And he led her out of the sunshine into the music-room.

Overwhelming joy seemed to have given a new power and sweetness to her voice, and having heard her with pride and delight, the professor paused in the lesson and gazed into her young face with a strange, uneasy, half-angry expression in his eyes.

"Can we suffer her to fail us?" he asked himself. "Shall we bear to lose her, having brought her so far as this? I cannot—I will not have it."

"Now I have earned the right to speak, meinherr. I am writing to my friend, Kevin. Will you give me his address?"

Meinherr frowned. "My pupil, I do not know it. When the Baroness Ida von Walden wrote to me, they were on the eve of starting upon a journey, she and your poet-friend, probably on their wedding-tour."

The words came to him like an inspiration in the cause of art. They were not exactly untrue, for he had concluded in his own mind that the baroness was devoted to her poet, and what young man, especially in his circumstances, could resist her? There had been nothing in her letter to suggest a wedding trip; but a little exaggeration might be held lawful, considering his pupil's case, thought the professor.

All the light had gone off Fanchea's face, as she stood amazed, looking her master straight in the eyes.

"Do you mean that he is married, meinherr?"

"I conclude so—from her letter. Why, my child, what difference can it make? You did not want to marry him yourself, little one? What would Captain Rupert say to that?"

Fan made a gesture of impatience.

"He has nothing to do with it, meinherr. I will never marry him. I did not think of marrying, but I wanted Kevin to love me best. And wives are loved the best. I would rather he had not married."

"Then you are a silly little one, and do not know what is good for your friend. Listen to me, my child; your Kevin is a poor young man; only the other day he was tilling his land, and now he will be the husband of a great lady with wealth and power to do as he pleases in the world. Why should a poor little maid like you, to whom, it seems, he has been very true and affectionate, wish to deprive him of his prosperity?"

"I do not, I do not," said Fanchea; "but," with a quivering lip, "in the old, old days he loved me best."

"He loved you as a brother, and probably he will love you so still. You were a child, you see; you are still one, and the Baroness Ida is a lady. When you marry Captain Rupert——"

"I will never marry," said Fan.

"Wisely said, my pupil. The priests and priestesses of art are the better of their freedom. I have not married; the signora has no husband. Now if you are ready, let us try this lovely aria once again!"

"No, I will not sing any more; I am tired," said Fan.

"As you will, my pupil; go out and get the breeze. You had not enough of it before I brought you in." And well satisfied with the conversation the Harfenspieler drew forth his violin; and Fan, as she hurried away to her own solitude, heard the moans and wails of exquisite tenderness with which the musician answered the yearnings of his own lonely heart.

"I thought he would have loved me the best," mourned Fan. "I wanted him to love me the best!"

She picked up the precious book that had told her so much, and now as she turned it over with jealous eyes she seemed to see the Baroness Ida on every page. To only the one tale of his early days

and hers, had she any claim; the rest had been written of the experience of the years with which she had had nothing to do. The strange beautiful foreign lady had a right to his poetry as well as to his heart.

"He was fond of me as a child," thought she, "but wives are loved the best. He will expect to find me still a child, to be led by the hand, I to walk on his left side and she on his right; but I fear I cannot walk with them at all. I did not think about marrying, but I wanted him to love me the best." A burst of weeping interrupted her reflections. "He is more lost than if I never had found him," she went on; "for he will not be the same, and neither shall I. What could I do for him now, except sit and watch him write poetry for a beautiful lady? I wanted to keep my singing all for him, that it might help him with his wonderful thoughts; but she will do all that for him, and more.

"Well, let her have him!" cried Fan, at last, having wept her heart dry; and, gathering her courage round her, she made up her mind to the worst. "*He does not want me; he never can love me the best.* Then, at least, I will please my benefactors and go upon the stage."

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## ON READING A CERTAIN PAGE\* OF THE "APOLOGIA."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL."

A GAIN betrayed! Another of thy deeds,  
Performed by stealth to help a brother's needs,  
Divulged by happy accident at last.

Not listlessly thy tranquil years have passed,

\* "My dear friend, Dr. Russell, the present President of Maynooth, had perhaps more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He called upon me in passing through Oxford in the summer of 1841. \* \* \* I do not recollect that he said a word on the subject of religion. He sent me at different times several letters; he was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone."

In the original edition of the "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*" these words are found at page 317, which corresponds with page 197 of the later form of that work called "The History of my Religious Opinions." The passage, which is given also at page 52 of "Characteristics of John Henry Newman," has been recently referred to by the *At-<sup>test</sup>ation*, *The World*, *Irish Times*, *Freeman*, and other journals in their obituary notices of the late President of Maynooth College. Dr. Russell's death, which makes possible the publication of these lines written so long ago as 1864, occurred on the 26th of February, 1880. "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!"

But with a placid energy to dare  
 All that thy well-trained strength could do—whate'er  
 Might serve God's glory in thy time and place.  
 Yet keen thy glance that aim divine to trace  
 In humblest fellow-creature's humblest good :  
 Work for the toiler—for the hungry, food.  
 If thou but learn where merit suffers need,  
 Word of encouragement and generous deed  
 Are sure to come. From learned toil or play  
 To weep with those who weep thou turn'st away.  
 And as the Eye—yes, in our measure we  
 Must Him resemble who hath deigned to be  
 Our Father—as that Eye, which guides the race  
 Of star and comet over lonely space,  
 Marks every flutter of the tiniest wren :  
 So from plain Duty's pettiest task thy ken  
 With earnest sympathy can range apart  
 Through all that thrills or pains the world's great heart.

But God's own word that order has assigned  
 Which guides us best in working for our kind :  
 "Chiefly for those at home, by faith and blood  
 Thy kin,"\* thou livest. Whatsoe'er of good  
 Thou canst—or others, moved by thee—thou dost,  
 Hast done, wilt do, through lengthened years, I trust,  
 For this dear land, for holy Faith and Truth,  
 And Her, till now unnamed in song—Maynooth.  
 Maynooth, unhallowed yet by hoary hair,  
 Mother of myriad souls ! lo, by her care  
 The faith of Peter and of Patrick sown  
 In distant regions, fostered in her own.  
 May true apostles, trained by her, each year  
 Speed on their glorious mission far and near,  
 To waft abroad, at home to guard from taint  
 The faith that made this land the martyr-saint  
 Of Christian lands, the suffering Holy Isle  
 Which greener from the stormy waves doth smile—  
 To feed the love our Erin aye displayed  
 For Jesus' Mother, that each Celtic maid  
 May smile in virgin dignity and be  
 What generous strangers have rejoiced to see  
 In the poor homesteads of our scattered race—  
 In God's gifts of purity and grace.

Rica

\* domesticorum fidel." Gal. vi. 10.

• "Maxim.

With these three names, names prized in heaven at least—  
Maynooth, the Irish race, the Irish priest—  
Long with these names close linked shall be thy name,  
And grateful blessings shall thy memory claim.

"Uncontroversial, unobtrusive, mild"—  
Gentle, unselfish, simple as a child.  
True cheerfulness from serious thought has birth,  
Natures the gravest bend to gayest mirth.  
Courteous alike to menial and to peer,  
Kindest of hearts to those who see thee near,  
Though some might deem thee from afar austere.\*

My courage fails me when I fain would paint  
A nineteenth-century gentlemanly saint.  
True sanctity respects the *where* and *when*—  
The Saints of God are truly gentle men.  
This purse-proud age, with its galvanic heat,  
Votes many of God's wonders obsolete,  
And from the noonday glare smiles back with scorn  
Coldly benignant at the dewy morn  
Of Christendom—if all this garish light  
Be noon, indeed, and not mere gaslit night.  
Yet God is still of his poor earth the Lord—  
True progress with his law must still accord.

Stay! such grave fancies misbeseem my strain.  
I scan the Oratorian's page again,  
And marvel how in all those years no word  
To such noteworthy incident referred,  
Though oft the easy context of discourse  
From lips least egotistical might force  
Some tiny crumb of personal anecdote,  
A "*Thus I heard him say*" or "*Once he wrote.*"

And what high privilege, dear Friend, was thine,  
Guiding Faith's pilgrim to her one true shrine!

\* "Il n'y a que les personnes qui ont de la fermeté qui puissent avoir une véritable douceur. Celles qui paraissent douces n'ont d'ordinaire que de la faiblesse qui se convertit aisément en aigreur." After Rochefoucauld let me cite Tennyson:—

"Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind but stately, such a grace  
Of tenderest courtesy—that gentleness  
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man."

I have often applied to the subject of these lines this phrase from Tacitus: "*Neque illi (quod est rarissimum) aut facilitas auctoritatem aut severitas amorem diminuit.*"

Pilgrim far-famed, in whom God deigned to see  
 Fit instrument for work sublime—to be  
 For many in our day and through all days  
 Himself a guide from out the dreary maze  
 Of error and half-truth and crumbling creeds—  
 Himself a "Note" for all whom candour leads.  
 Not such as he grope blindly in God's sight  
 From light to darkness, but from dark to light,  
 When helped by such as thou. Had *he* not all  
 The faculties, the graces which might call  
 God's blessing on his painful years of thought  
 And prayer and study? Found he what he sought?  
 Happy who have so much to sacrifice,  
 Happy who buy the pearl at such a price!  
 Rare intellect, rich culture, marvellous pen,  
 A gently potent sway o'er thinking men—  
 Humble and pure, his tale proclaims anew,  
 "The clean of heart have eyes to see the True."\*

*He* pays thee tribute thou wouldst fain forbid.  
 Blessed are they whose best from men is hid.  
 Oh! that the vain and selfish understood,  
 Like thee, "the luxury of doing good,"†  
 And how its zest is ne'er so exquisite  
 As when the All-seeing only seeth it.  
 The flower, the stream, the prayer, in secret springs—  
 God loves, as thou, "the silence of good things."‡  
 The ways of God are surely not men's ways.  
 And what of all those years of studious days  
 Which e'en Liguori's vow,§ from boyhood till  
 This reverend age, could scarce more richly fill?  
 The self-denying, conscientious toils  
 That have amassed of many climes the spoils:  
 Not the harsh pedant's ill-assorted store—  
 Here learning's purest and most copious ore  
 Is in the crucible of thought refined,  
 Poured through a style as limpid as thy mind.

\* "Beati mundo corde quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt."

† Even during the few days of illness which closed his life, after having, at his own suggestion, received the Last Sacraments, he did what he had been always doing—striving, for instance, to further the interests of more than one young man who had applied to him for counsel and help, ignorant as they were that his career of laborious and unselfish zeal and benevolence was very near to its end.

‡ Jean Reboul, the baker-poet of Nîmes.

§ St. Alphonsus Liguori made a vow not to waste a moment of his time.

These, God be thanked, reap harvest scant of fame,  
 Though many love and more respect thy name.  
 So be it to the end! So shall the Lord  
 Reproach thee not: "Thou hadst thy due reward."  
 Praise from a Newman's lips must needs be rare.  
 May those thou servest heed thy wish, and spare  
 The pang of such revealings here, that they  
 May take us unawares upon the Accounting Day.

St. Beuno's, 1864.

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## VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.

BY THEODORA LOUISA LANE TEELING, AUTHOR OF "ROMAN VIOLETS."

SOME years ago—from 1856 down to the fatal time of Sedan and Bazeilles, of Strasbourg and Metz, of war, disaster, and failure, which has been called, only too truly, "*L'Année Terrible*"—a little rock-bound island off the coast of France, English in name, Norman by law and lineage, held, in impatient exile, one of this century's greatest poets.

Visitors to the quiet spot, wandering along its narrow quays, or threading their way amongst a crowd of battered and dirty carriages, worn old vehicles, which jolted out their last days as omnibuses, plying between the microscopic townships of St. Petersport and St. Sampsons, were often called upon by their guides to look upwards at the quaint, irregular, foreign-looking hill-slope, covered with houses and terraced gardens, and crowned with waving trees, to where, among a row of tall, well-built mansions, one stood distinguished from the rest by a curious, square kind of glass-house or conservatory on its roof. "That is Victor Hugo's house," their cicerone would tell them. And not unfrequently the poet himself might be seen, in that quaint "belvedere," or glass-room, where he always wrote, leaning from the open window, and looking straight before him out to sea, across the rippling, blue water, and the little boats dancing on it below, away beyond the long, purple-cliffed island of Serk, to where a faint coast-line melted into sky in the far distance.

"What is he looking at?" said one from among a little group of tourists who stood watching the motionless dark figure as he gazed.

"France," was the answer: "France. The land whence he is exiled, the land of his fathers, and of his people, and of his child's



grave." Then, in lower tones, as though to himself, the speaker continued, in the poet's own words :

" Oh ! n'exilons personne ! oh ! l'exil est impie !—  
Cette grande figure dans sa cage accroupie,  
Ployée, et les genoux aux dents !"

Years have passed since then. Paris has fallen, and the lonely figure which they saw that day, " watching for the dawn of liberty and home," no longer keeps sad vigil in a strange land, but has returned to the bustle of public life, and re-entered in triumph that Paris which, nineteen years ago, he quitted in secrecy and haste, as a proscribed exile.

His island home stands empty now ; yet it is sometimes revisited by the poet during summer vacations, when, tired out by noisy debates and crowded salons, successions of dinner parties, and open house to all who seek him, he comes for rest and seclusion from the world. The house itself has been made a place of pilgrimage by many an ardent admirer from England or France, who tread with almost awe the tiny, carpeted study where Marius and Gilliatt, Jean Valjean and the saintly bishop, Josiane and Cosette, have come into being ; and truly the place is worth a visit, so strong an impress of himself has its owner left upon it.

Let us climb that somewhat steep, uninteresting-looking street, the " Hauteville," or high town, which crowns the hill. Its houses command on one side a magnificent view, which was probably the poet's reason for choosing so unromantic a spot wherein to dream out his exile.

You enter the dingy, green gates before the house, and passing in by the hall-door, find yourself in what was once a mere ordinary house of no special beauty or antiquity, but which has been transformed into the quaintest of dwelling-places ; thick, sombre, dusty-looking carpeting lines the stairs, balustrades, and walls ; the light over the door is intercepted by the ingenious device of a quantity of green bottle-ends let in pane-wise, producing a unique and not unpleasing effect, while you turn to grope your way upstairs with uncertain and muffled tread, lighted only by an open door in the distance, leading out upon the green sward of the terraced garden.

" Mais Monsieur veut voir la salle à manger, n'est ce pas ?" says the neat-handed Phillis who acts as cicerone, flinging open another door opposite.

You follow her into a room duly furnished with dining-table and chairs, the walls lined in blue-and-white tiles, plates, and rare bits of pottery well soldered in. They were so arranged long before the present mania for china display was known in London drawing-rooms, and caused a vast amount of astonishment among the aborigines when

first exhibited some twenty years ago. The fireplace is also constructed of tiles, in the form of a double, raised letter H, making the initials of "Hauteville House." Round two sides of the room run long, covered oak sediliae, which serve as sideboards at dinner-time; and at the head of the table, between two windows, stands a high-backed, carved chair, with the Hugo arms inlaid, and their haughty motto: *Ego Hugo*. You notice a strong iron chain stretched across the seat, and ask the reason. "Monsieur, c'est la chaise des ancêtres." M. Hugo "believes that the spirits of his ancestors occupy this chair, and thus are constantly present with him."

We repress an involuntary smile, and turn away, noting, as we pass through the door, an inscription carved over the lintel: *Exilium vita est*. Above, a small coloured statuette of the Madonna, "Notre Dame du Bon Secours," looking down, sadly and patiently, as one might fancy, on the desolate room. The thought of exile, the neglected Madonna, even the fancifully chained chair, which seems to embody a certain craving after some intercourse with the invisible world—

"Is there never a chink in the world above  
Where they listen for words from below?"—

bring a sense of sadness as one lingers there; so we pass out, through other rooms, all hung with tapestry, and fitted with valuable old oak carving, upstairs to the "grande salle," or drawing-room, on the first floor.

This is a double room, known as the "salle rouge," and the "salle bleue," from the respective colourings of its upholstery, both hung with gorgeous tapestries which once adorned the royal palace of Fontaine bleau, when Queen Christine of Sweden inhabited it, and saw *Monaldeschi* slain at her feet. On either side of the fireplace are four gigantic gilt statues for bearing torches; and they also are of historic interest, for they formed part of the state barge of the Doges of Venice, in mediæval times, when they came forth in splendour, amid great rejoicings, to cast their ring into the sea, and espouse with it Venice, Queen of the Adriatic. An inlaid table near, once belonged to Charles II. of England, and beyond, in the further room, stands a small table, holding a gigantic and unwieldy-looking block of wood which, as your cicerone will tell you, is "of inestimable value." It is, indeed, a literary curiosity of no small interest. Some years ago the late Madame Victor Hugo, being asked for a contribution to a local bazaar, promised "an inkstand" as her donation. She wrote to the three great contemporary French writers—George Sand, Alexander Dumas, and Lamartine—and asked each to give her an old ink-bottle or pen which they had actually used during the composition of some of their works. All complied with her request, and the result is here. A solid, square block of dark-stained wood, with little drawers at each corner,

inside which are framed, under glass, the autograph replies of each contributor. Lamartine sends a dainty little red and gold Venetian glass pot—"Offert par Lamartine au maitre de la plume;" and Madame Georges Sand, an old wooden travelling inkstand, significant of her many voyages, with the following letter:—

"CHERE MADAME,—J'ai cherché depuis deux jours un encrier qui ne m'eut pas été donné par quelque trop chère personne et je n'ai rien trouvé qu'un affreux petit morceau de bois qui me serve en voyage. Je le trouve si laid que j'y joins un briquet de poche, qui n'est pas plus beau, mais qui me sert habituellement, et comme c'est là ce que vous voulez, au moins votre veracité est bien à couvert.

"J'ai été bien heureux de vous voir et de pouvoir, à présent, vous dire à vous même que je vous aime. Soyez l'interprète de ma gratitude et de mon dévouement auprès de votre illustre compagnon.

"GEORGES SAND."

Bluff Alexandre Dumas characteristically contributes one of the ordinary penny stone ink-bottles with a penny school-pen to match, saying of them that,

"Je certifie que ceci est l'encrier avec lequel j'ai écrit mes quinze ou vingt derniers volumes.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"*Paris, 10 Avril 1860.*"

He counts his volumes as other men count chapters—by the dozen; and one might write on *this* ink-bottle what M. Victor Hugo once intended to write of his own, "Ce qu'il y a dans une bouteille d'encre!" There is a certain "air Gascon" about the certificate, which is Dumas all over, and we venture to predict that in future years this corner will not be the least precious one of Mme. Victor Hugo's happy inspiration.

M. Hugo himself gives an ordinary small leaden inkstand, with a pretty little note attached, very gracefully worded.

"Je n'ai point choisi cet encrier, le hasard l'a mis dans ma main, et je m'en suis servi pendant plusieurs mois; puisqu'on me le demande pour une bonne œuvre, je le donne volontiers.

"VICTOR HUGO."

The whole fourfold inkstand thus arranged, was duly offered for sale at the bazaar, at the price of 2,500 francs (£100), but one cannot much wonder that it remained unsold. M. Hugo therefore bought it in, and it remained in his possession. Perhaps some fifty years hence, it will be worth two or three times as much, and be a valuable heirloom in the family.

Other rooms on the same floor are private apartments, not usually shown to strangers; but we may without indiscretion mention one sad little corner of the late Mme. Hugo's apartment, where, in a glass-fronted cupboard, which the mother's eyes often fell upon, perchance, in waking hours, are folded rich brocades and dainty laces, time-stained, and one discoloured with sea-water. These are the dresses worn by

Leopoldine, M. Hugo's eldest and best loved child—the one on her marriage with M. Charles Vacquerie, the other in which, only six months later, her body was washed on shore by the smiling, sunny gardens of Caudebec. The young bride and bridegroom, then living at Villequier, on the banks of the Seine, hired a pleasure-boat one day to sail down to Caudebec and lunch with friends at the château. They went, and after some happy hours spent among trees and flowers by the river side, and sounds of gay laughter under the old gray walls of the château, they, with two others, set sail to return. Perhaps an incautious movement overturned the tiny bark; or a treacherous gust of wind caught her sail; certain it is that before nightfall four bodies were washed ashore, with convulsed, clinging hands, which had tried in vain to catch the overturned boat, and then clasped and gone down together.

On the next floor a large, light room, handsomely furnished with carved oak, is called "*la gallerie de chêne*;" and in the magnificent carved bedstead it was proposed that Garibaldi should sleep, when M. Hugo invited him here as a guest after Mentana. He never came; but the room is still called by his name, and we believe no meaner (?) personage has been suffered to occupy it. Some exquisitely-carved *sedilia*, once belonging to Chartres Cathedral, form part of the furniture, together with rare mirrors, old cabinets, and other treasures.

Then we climb up, higher and higher, even to the roof, and enter the poet's sanctum. This is composed of two tiny rooms, lined all over with carpet to keep out the sound, and with long, low couches, usually piled with books and papers, while the inner one is fitted with a narrow sofa-bed, which the poet used, in younger days, to occupy occasionally, when in need of absolute retirement. From thence he could, at any moment, step out upon the glass-enclosed roof, and revel in the splendid panorama unrolled before him. A steep slope of houses over which you look down to the sea-shore; a long-armed double harbour, crowded with shipping of various kinds; mail steamers from England, Jersey, and France; colliers laden with coal from the north; dainty yachts from the Isle of Wight in plenty, putting in for provisions or shelter; graceful chassemarées from French ports, bringing their weekly freight of poultry and eggs; great three-masted ships driven in, perchance, by stress of weather; and tiny sailing or rowing-boats by the dozen, everywhere. Then, across a narrow, rock-strewn channel, lie two small, hilly, barren islands—Herm and Jethou. Beyond them, again, the lovely island of Serk, whose purple cliffs stretch out in long, undulating lines, lit up in marvellous beauty by every setting sun. To the left, Alderney shows, a faint mound of blue in the distance, and by her side the white beacon of the Casket Rocks, where, long ago, "the bark that held a prince went down;" and then, to the right, Jersey, with the long, low coast of France, visible on clear days, between.

And now let us suppose for a brief while that you are, as was the writer long ago, "un ami de la maison," with privilege to enter when these great dusty, deserted *salles* were peopled with living, moving forms. Two glimpses we will take: one of Hauteville House some twelve years since—the other in later years.

It is four o'clock on a winter's afternoon, somewhere near Christmas time. The long dining-table in the "salle à manger" is piled with cakes, mince-pies, and oranges, and surrounded by about twenty little children, varying in age from perhaps seven to twelve years, who, having eaten a grand Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding in true English fashion, are now awaiting, round-eyed and solemn, for a grand postscript to the feast in the shape of "le dessert." They rise demurely, and bob little courtesies as the door opens, and a party of ladies and gentlemen enter, headed by the master of the house, a man of middle stature, with robust and well-knit form, slightly stooping shoulders as befits a student, hair and beard alike whitening with age and thought, a noble forehead, and kindly dark eyes glancing under bushy brows. He returns their salutations with easy, courtly grace, moving slowly across the room; then standing with his back against the fireplace, some one brings him a glass of wine. Raising it, he speaks a few gracious, simple words to the children, wishing them happiness and health in the coming new year; and then each child receives a tiny glass of wine, and they proceed to attack the pile of cakes and oranges before them.

By-and-by the whole party proceed to the adjoining billiard-room, where the "board of green cloth" is covered with piles of warm clothing, and in the midst a glorious, dazzling Christmas-tree! Here the ladies of the household are busy, detaching toys from the branches, handing warm clothing to the poorest-looking, and laughingly attempting a word or two in English to the little guests as they do so. There is Madame Victor Hugo, pushing back the still profuse ringlets of gray hair which hang down on either side of her face after the fashion of her youth, shading the somewhat highly-coloured cheeks and sallow, but broad and thoughtful forehead, the full, curved lips, and pleasant smile. "Women should always show their foreheads," M. Hugo repeats; "it is the noblest part of their faces." And so his wife and daughters put back their hair, as now la petite Jeanne learns to toss away her sunny curls and stroke back the fashionable locks "à la chien" when she most wants to please her grandfather.

Then there is an old gentleman, rather deformed and unwieldy in person, certainly not beautiful to look upon, always by the poet's side. He is one of the exiles, faithful friend and follower of the master, singing his praises and doing him homage all day long; earning a scanty livelihood, like many another *émigré* of former days, by giving French lessons among the English families of the place, his sole text

and lesson book the works of Victor Hugo in prose or verse. Just now he brings forward one of his pupils, a shy young lady of about fifteen, whose last bit of work has been shown to and criticised by the master himself.

"Votre paraphrase était très bien, Mademoiselle, je l'ai lue avec attention." And the girl falls back, smiling and blushing, as M. Hugo passes on to a younger child, one of his friend's pet pupils, and smilingly brings her a present from the Christmas tree, in the shape of a piece of music with an inscription by his own hand. "Mademoiselle est musicienne, n'est ce pas? You must sing this for me." A song of liberty.

Among the group of gentlemen in the background is another pale-faced, stooping, half-deformed looking man, talking eagerly in whispers to his tall, handsome, dark-bearded brother. They are M. Hugo's two sons, Charles and François; the elder, a violent Republican, editor of the *Rappel*, and friend to Rochefort and his kin, among the leading spirits of youth in Paris; the younger a translator of Shakspeare, content to move among quieter paths of literature: both destined ere long to have quitted their several lines and passed, the one in shuddering haste and dread loneliness, the other from a lingering sick bed, into another life than this.

For eight years, from 1862 to 1870, did these little gatherings take place year by year. Their origin was as follows: M. Hugo, writing of "les gamins de Paris" and the "misérables" of the world, felt great pity for the children of the poor. His wife visited regularly amongst them, working clothes, and distributing help in their homes; and it occurred to him that if by some means these hungry children could receive, regularly, a meat dinner twice a week, much disease, weakness, and suffering would be spared to the poor families; and that regular meals given to a few, were better than occasional charity offered to many. So he chose twenty children from among the very poorest, ascertained their need, and gave them a dinner twice a week throughout the year, with the Christmas *fête* over and above. His idea has since been carried out, in London and elsewhere, most successfully, under the title, we believe, of "dinners for poor children;" but it should not be forgotten that he may fairly claim to be the originator of the charity.

Our second glimpse shall be in summer time, of the year 1878. The great windows of the Salle Rouge are open, leading out to a broad balcony overlooking the sea, and some of the dinner-guests, lately risen from table, lean pensively over the iron balustrades to watch the rippling sea under the moonlight, and the twinkling harbour-lights shining below.

Within, a family group gather round the master as before—but what a change! Not one of the familiar faces of ten years since now

remain. Wife, sons, friends, all passed unto the silent grave! and in their stead two young, fresh faces, daintily beribboned forms, with "parisienne" in every line of them, sit working by the inlaid table. They are Charles Hugo's widow, remarried to a Député of the Left, M. Lockroy, who sits chatting with M. le Secrétaire in a corner; and her friend and guest, Madame Ménard-Dorian. The two grandchildren, Georges et Jeanne, are playing "cache-cache" in the shadows of the *salle bleue* with Madame Ménard's only child, while "ma tantine" as they call the late Madame Hugo's sister, Madame Chenay, flits to and fro, pouring out tea for the whole party.

M. Hugo himself sits a little apart, beside the fireplace, in a great gilded arm-chair, exchanging an occasional word or two with his neighbour, Madame Drouet, an old lady who may still almost be called beautiful, with her soft, gracious face and abundant gray hair piled high above the placid forehead. She is said to have saved the poet's life, or, at the least, his liberty, when, after the *coup d'état*, she conveyed him, concealed in her carriage, safely through and out of Paris—into exile.

But the poet's face is sad to-night, and his eyes wander wistfully into the shadows as if seeking for some memory of the past, while his daughter's bright chatter fails to evoke interest or reply. She notices this, and calls her children to her. "Georges, Jeanne, come and dance for grandfather!"

They rush in, laughing, little Jeanne springing upon her grandfather's knees, and covering him with kisses. Then in a second the table is pushed away, Madame Lockroy sits down to the piano, the bright little aunt comes forward to act dancing mistress, and the three children waltz and pirouette, perform dainty little minuets with exquisite precision and solemnity; Georges always calm and grave, with his pale, immovable, chiselled features and large dark eyes fixed intently on the ground, hardly smiling, hardly even playing like a child, and so princely in his bearing that one hardly dares treat him as one; while his little sister, with her clear gray-blue dancing eyes, long golden-brown curls, and merry face, frisks about, shrieking with laughter and playing all manner of tricks—breaking off suddenly in the midst of a waltz to rush up to her grandfather and fling her arms about his neck, then whirl back crying to her mother to play on "Vite, vite, plus vite encore!" Then pouncing upon the famous old greyhound "Sénat," who, all unconscious of his own immortality (for he, too, is a well-known character as "le chien de Victor Hugo"), is sleeping quietly under the table, she drags him into the dance by his collar, on which you may read the motto,

"Je voudrais qu' au logis quelq'un me ramenât.

Mon état, chien, mon maître, Hugo, mon nom, Sénat."

To which name, by-the-by, one of the guests present gravely takes exception, as savouring of too little reverence towards the august body of which his master is a distinguished member!

But it is time to say good-night, and the music stops. The dreamers come in from their balcony, the "bonne" knocks at the door, and with a sigh of childish regret for the happy moments passed, the three children go round to take their leave. "Bonsoir," little Mademoiselle Ménard, who can answer you in your own tongue and say "Good-night" in English: Georges could doubtless "give you good even" in the Latin tongue, for he is studying it with his professor; but he will say nothing—only lay his tiny soft hand in yours, and look up with those great melancholy eyes, until his sister pushes him away, flinging her arms round you and holding up her face for a kiss. "Bonsoir, petite Jeanne; Good-night! Good-night!"\*

### NORAH'S BIRTHDAY.

"April, with her white hands wet with flowers."—LION HUNT.

THE third fair morn of April is shining in the sky.  
 Though 'tis the month of showers, to-day is bright and dry:  
 No tears must fall from heaven—there's nought but sunny mirth  
 To greet the day which welcomed so sweet a flower to earth.  
 For this is Norah's birthday—how many years are gone  
 Since o'er her distant cradle the Star of India shone,  
 I cannot quite remember—'tis either six or four:  
 I must run off to Kingstown, the question to explore;  
 And with me I may carry this little birthday song,  
 Perchance a couplet adding as speeds the train along.

But, to make sure of ending, I'll end, my Norah dear,  
 With birthday prayers and blessings most loving and sincere.  
 Your birthday is in April, and, as the months fly round,  
 May you by every April be wiser, better found!  
 May many a showery April bring many a flowery May,  
 And e'en your bleak Decembers be Christmas-like and gay!  
 May nearly all your pathway be beautiful with flowers,  
 And may your darkest tempests be only April showers!  
 And so, dear little cousin, this birthday prayer I pray:  
 May Norah's earthly April bloom into Heaven's own May!

M. R.

\* [This pleasant paper would interest us and our readers more deeply if the subject of it had made a better use of his genius and had followed to the end the higher inspiration of some of his early *Odes et Ballades*.—ED. I. M.]



## HOSPICE FOR THE DYING.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

"For in the shade of death I shall find joy."

WHETHER or not it is true—and I do believe it is a fact—that no such institution as a hospice for the dying is to be found anywhere but in our own marvellously charitable land, certain I am that in no part of the known world, except Ireland, would one see on the public high road a great brass plate affixed to a gateway and bearing the title I have just now named. Anywhere else, the mere letter of the superscription would be considered as unendurable as a vision of "a bare-ribbed death," or an invitation to "come to sit upon the margent of our grave."

But the Irish have a way of their own of regarding death. They do not shirk the thought. It is mingled with all their prayers and has a place in all their blessings. Though sometimes, like their Spanish kinsmen, they will, with their benedictions, well nigh wish that you may "live a thousand years;" still, they never forget to cap their huge desire with a prayer for your happy passage to eternity. And these Irish blessings, covering the whole extent of life and culminating in the thought of dissolution, are pronounced as freely in seasons of joy as in moments of intense solemnity. At the wedding feast, amid smiles and congratulations, just as surely as at the funeral rite, you will hear the favourite blessing—the "happy death"—reiterated.

This comes mainly from their vivid faith which, while it helps to realise the future life, makes it easy to regard the grave as but—

"A covered bridge,

Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness;"

and also, no doubt, from their quenchless memory of the dead sweetly drawing the thoughts to that bourne whence, indeed, their departed friends cannot return, but where they themselves most devoutly reckon on rejoining them.

And who shall say that this daily memento, this familiarity with "the strange events of death," saddens their outlook or disturbs the fountain of their spring of life? Rather, does not the timely recollection of the supreme goal towards which all who do not press thitherward with the Christian's trust are nevertheless reluctantly driven, serve, now to lighten a dark way, and again to calm a chafing stream? For content in life is not assured by forgetfulness of death, nor is there a panacea for misfortune in a drugged oblivion of the mysteries which are the law of God.

One thing at any rate is certain—the Irish as a rule know how to die. The priest, the doctor, every one who may have been called to attend men of different nationalities in their last hours will, I think, allow that the Irishman more frequently than any other meets death with simple fortitude and becoming calm. He may not, perhaps, have lived up to the Christian standard; he may have overlaid his lamp of faith with questionable deeds; still, in the final hour, from the wreck of earthly hopes and the ashes of a passion-consumed life, the flame bursts forth anew and brightens for him the narrowing path drawing “nigh even to the gates of death.”

And if this be the case in the event of “a more uneasy and unhandsome death,” such as results from sickness or accident, how much more so is it when the scene is heroic or conspicuous! Then, indeed, do those “very great scorers of death” continue unbroken the tradition of their nation, confronting death with the martyr’s serenity, or hastening to it with a gallant joy. A striking incident was that which is related as having occurred amidst the horrors succeeding the capture of Limerick by the parliamentary forces in 1651. A young man, called the Baron of Castleconnell, being summarily sentenced to death, applied to Ireton for respite of execution until his return from his lodgings. This having been granted, he broke open his trunks, and finding a new suit of white taffeta attired himself in it, and then rode gaily to the place of execution. His demeanour astonished the bystanders; and when asked concerning his change of clothes, he replied that if to marry a creature he should have done no less, why should he not do so now, when he believed he was going to marry heaven?\*

Unquestionably all die a good death who depart in the grace of God. However, when our people speak of a happy death, they mean something over and above. They mean that their hope is to have time to prepare for appearing in the divine presence; to retain their senses to the end; and to have some one in their last hour to speak strengthening and consoling words to them. When death is imminent, they consider it no kindness on the part of a friend to gloss over the matter and cajole them into the belief that they may recover. I knew of a physician who found comfort on his own death-bed in remembering that during his practice he had never allowed a patient to pass into the other world without warning him to make his preparation. Once he was attending a poor man who had been recently ejected by the “crowbar brigade” and had hurt his leg in trying to remove some timber from the roof of his mud-walled cabin. An operation became necessary, and after its performance the doctor saw that the patient was sinking. “Rouse yourself, man,” said he, “you are going to die.” Opening his eyes and fixing his gaze on the speaker, the poor

\* Rev. C. P. Meehan: “The Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century.”

fellow uttered these words: "God bless you, doctor; and God's will be welcome!"

The doctor's own turn came not very long after. He had been "a good living man," as the people say, and was quite resigned to die. When his sister told him there was no longer hope, he expressed his gratitude to her for not concealing the fact, and thanked God that he had never himself deceived a patient. In the last stages of his illness his mind wandered, and he seemed to fancy that he was already before the judgment-seat, and called on to give an account of his actions. He enumerated works that he had been engaged in, and named the societies to which he belonged. But these were all set aside, stamped as "ostentation." When, however, it came to what he had done for the poor, and his kind acts in the workhouse (for he was medical officer of a country union in early poor-law days) the sentence was different—all these things were "allowed." On the evening preceding his death he imagined he was another person, a patient under his own care. He felt his pulse, and said: "This poor man is sinking rapidly; nurse, give him a little ether. He will not see the morning sun!"

Next to the word of simple hard truth comes the sustaining or invigorating word, in the estimation of the dying Irishman. He waits expectantly for the strong, bright word to quicken the spark within him, and uphold him in the presence of "God's messenger," the angel of death and deliverance. In a striking way was this need made known to a priest who had not been accustomed to minister to the poor, and still less to attend the death-bed of the children of St. Patrick. On the occasion referred to, he stood beside a dying Irishman, to whom he was about to administer the last Sacraments. The man appeared for some time hardly to notice his presence, but at length, looking fixedly at him, and raising his voice, he exclaimed with startling vehemence: "Are you a priest? For if you are, why don't you say something to warm the heart of a poor fellow that's going to leave the world? Why don't you stir up the faith in him?"

Greatly do the poor Irish love to hear of heaven, when earth and its concerns are about to shrivel as a scroll. They will themselves speak of the holy city, Jerusalem, as if they already saw the walls thereof of jasper-stone, and had a passport to the gates. And who can wonder? For are not these they who have borne the burden and heats of the day, and carried their cross after their Saviour? Not, however, that they forget there is such a place as purgatory, or think it unlikely they shall have to pass through the cleansing fires. But what matter, so that heaven is beyond! How, indeed, they think, would God be the just Judge and not send them there!

Sometimes, too, the native humour will flash upon the scene. A poor woman in a sea-side village was sick unto death. She was "ready

to go," except for one thing: she had not been provided with the Carmelite habit she wished to be buried in. As night approached, she became uneasy on this subject, and begged that some one would go to the convent and try to procure what she wanted. By-and-by there was heard a ring at the convent gate, and an urgent message was delivered to the nuns, of which the plain meaning was that Biddy was departing, and could not die easy until she had got a "habit" to be buried in. The implied request was complied with. Next day the nuns, in making their rounds of the village, called at the poor woman's house. "So poor Biddy is no more," said one of the nuns, on entering the humble tenement. "Well, then, ma'am," replied one of the neighbours, "she isn't dead at all, glory be to God! She got a change for the better, and sure here she is to speak for herself." "Look, now, dear," broke in Biddy, with her grave clothes still strongly in her mind, "this habit won't answer me at all at all; it's too long entirely—hanging over my feet. I always cut my petticoats nice and tidy, so I did; and sure I couldn't have the like of *this* trailing after me in purgatory!"

For many a year it was the ardent desire of the Irish Sisters of Charity to have a house into which they could receive—not sufferers from a temporary illness who might, under good treatment, be restored to health; nor persons afflicted with incurable diseases, who yet might linger for months or years; but those on whom the hand of death was manifestly laid, and who, for that very reason, were not, strictly speaking, admissible into the existing hospitals. Providence at length opened a way; for, as St. Teresa has it, his Divine Majesty never fails to further true desires to their end. The generous gift of a Dublin family, whose alms are commensurate with their princely fortune, enabled the Sisters to meet the first large outlay, in altering and furnishing, so as to serve its new purpose, the house at Our Lady's Mount, lately the Novitiate of the Congregation; while the bequest of Mrs. John Sweetman, a member of another wealthy and eminently charitable family, supplied the means for carrying on the work of the institution in its first stage. On the 9th of December, 1879, the Hospice for the Dying was formally opened with an impressive religious ceremonial.

It was a happy inspiration to place the new institution under the protection of the Virgin Mother, who received the last sigh of St. Joseph, and stood by the cross of the Redeemer of the world. Happy, too, was the choice of the word "hospice," a word infinitely more pleasing than "hospital" or "asylum," "refuge" or "retreat," and marking at once the urgency of the need and the limit of the stay.

The word conjures up a vision of a sea-board city of the middle ages. In the midst rises a house, towards which pilgrims bound for the Holy Sepulchre and already far on their way, painfully direct their steps. At the gate come forth to meet them Hospitallers vowed to

religious life and chivalrous deeds, robed in a long black habit and wearing a golden cross in the middle of the breast. These men of knightly countenance and tender hand lead in the pilgrims, wash their wounded travel-stained feet, refresh them with meat and drink, and then, when rest and nurture have restored their exhausted strength, send them forth once more in good heart with their faces turned to Jerusalem.\*

Or again, the auspicious title recalls the hospice on the Alpine heights, with its open door and grateful succour; where travellers, beaten by the winds and drenched by the rain-clouds, sinking under the fatigues and affrighted by the perils of the pass, find repose for their perturbed spirit and gain strength to accomplish yet another stage.

Between the 9th of last December and the 9th of the ensuing March, that is to say, during the first three months of its existence, the hospice received no less than forty of these pilgrims and travellers. Nineteen passed to the other world. Some lingered for a few weeks; others departed after not many days; all, without exception, thanked God for throwing open to them the gates and granting them a prayerful peaceful time ere they were summoned to appear before His face.

Certainly the atmosphere of the place is well calculated to refresh the weary frame and soothe the suffering spirit. Here there is no gloom. The sunshine enters freely and brightens the walls; the birds sing and flutter on the boughs outside; dull and distant falls the murmur of the city on the ear—only the convent bell tolls near, sweetly and solemnly marking the hours of sacrifice and prayer. To and fro move the Sisters of Charity, in discharge of their various ministrations; the priest makes his welcome visit; and the kindly doctor takes his daily round, exhausting the resources of his science in procuring alleviation for each and every all. Books are not banished, neither are newspapers prohibited; and if a visitor enters with a cheerful face, and some pleasant conversation, he or she is made welcome.

Although the prosperity of this unique institution will depend on the support it may receive, there is no difficulty in forecasting its future. Assuredly, it is destined to flourish on the Irish soil. The prayers of the poor will rest on it in benediction; and the rich will bestow on it their gifts, enlarging its bounds and widening its door,

\* The Irish were even before the Knights of St. John in this good work. On the Continent they had many houses for the reception of pilgrims going to Rome and Jerusalem. A monastery, founded by an Irish bishop in the 8th century on an island in the Rhine near Straßbourg, was patronised by Pepin, Carloman, and Charlemagne. A confirmation grant of 810 states that it was founded for pilgrims of the Scotie (Irish) nation; and it is attested by the signatures of the abbot, seven bishops, and one presbyter, all of them bearing Irish names. (See Dr. Wattenbach's "Account of the Irish Monasteries in Germany," translated and annotated by the Rev. Dr. Reeves of Armagh.)

while providing by the same act a viaticum for their own long journey. Thrice blessed will be the "pilgrims and strangers on the earth" who rest in this hospice awhile, under the shadow of the cross, indeed, but with garments washed in the blood of the Lamb, and eyes fixed in loving trust on the Gate of Heaven and the Morning Star.\*

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## BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

### CHAPTER IX.

ALL BUT OVER THE BRINK.

ALONE, in his own room, after his interview with Knollis, whom he left with the decanters, Sir Edward gave way to his hitherto suppressed rage and fear. He walked up and down, as one beside himself. The polished floor was dented under his footsteps, as he strode from the carpet and spurned the oaken boards. Then again he would step forward noiselessly as a panther, when it steals away from the huntsman, or sights its prey—his bloodless face working, his eye fixed. It was no slight issue that he had now to encounter. This man, this Knollis, coarse-minded, relentless as he was, greedy of the gain to be coined out of the knowledge that had become his, maintained over his victim the grasp of a giant. He held him, as in a vice, and by one of the most sordid of all compulsions, the possession of a shameful secret. Had Knollis become conscious of a murder committed by the owner of Ernham Hall, his power, said Edward to himself, could hardly be more absolute. Shame, exposure! To a man of Bracton's temperament they ranked very evenly with death.

Murder!—but what brought the imagination of that into his mind? He recoiled from his own bad thoughts. "Is thy servant a dog, that

\* Although the succour of the poor in their last hours is the principal object of the institution, persons in a higher position, as the prospectus intimates, are enabled to share under certain conditions in the benefits of the hospice; for "it is lamentably true that many who are by no means of the humbler ranks are, nevertheless, friendless in their extremity, and find themselves without a kind hand to aid them when strength is departing, or a kind voice to console and sustain them when the shades of death are darkening round them." It must also be noted that religious differences are no impediment to admission; and that non-Catholic patients shall not be at all interfered with.

he should do this thing?" was said of old by one who, determined and ruthless, though not as yet quite depraved by a passion of cruelty, ended by committing the crimes from whose first aspect he revolted. So insidiously does the serpent steal into men's thoughts, and if he cannot mask himself wholly under the leaves, yet makes the rattle noiseless till just before the fatal spring.

"Murder?" Bracton whispered the word, and shrank; then again whispered it, hissed it, slowly. His walk, his tigrish step, now quickened, now relaxed, as he thought out his thoughts. The hair rose upon his head; beads of sweat stood on his brow. That he should come to this—even to debate it, even to think of it, without flinging it from him as a defilement!

Murder?—

He stood still. He folded his arms tightly, as though to still the beating of his heart, which was audible. His head was thrust forward; the muscles of the face rigid, as cords drawn taut against a whirlwind. The expression of that set mouth bodes no good to the man who has come across his path. He stood thus for a space; then resumed his unsteady walk through the room.

Knollis was under his roof. They had returned to the house together, after their "angry parle;" the blackleg was then armed, and Bracton defenceless. But now—the one was drinking himself, it was to be supposed, into a drunken sleep in the dining parlour; and Sir Edward, the victim, in the hands — No; not in his hands, while he can use his own!

He paused; he stood opposite to an escritoire with many drawers: all of them locked. He looked at it fixedly. Then he began again to walk up and down, but ever, as he passed and repassed the spot, stole a glance at that locked cabinet, then, with a shudder, or an impatient gesture, turned away.

Whisper to him now, O good angel! for it is the crisis of his fate. The crowding evil powers are at work, within him and around. If no ray descends upon that wretch from above, if no voice, if no hallowed influence speak such powerful truths as are weakly spoken—too often weakly—even from a chair of truthful teaching—then—the swift deed, and the brand of Cain!

Nearer, nearer to the cabinet he draws now; at each turn he makes, the tether of his walk is shorter, shorter. Like the fascinated, trembling creature, that cannot withdraw its eye from the upward glance of the serpent coiled beneath the tree, so Bracton pauses, hesitates—he almost totters. His hand steals towards a concealed pocket, searches for something, finds it—withdraws his hand, still empty.

Aid him, all heavenly powers! aid him, by your love and pity!

He has turned away again, to resume his walk; his back is to the door. There is a knock, but he does not hear it. He is listening only

to his own fierce passion. He does not even hear his own voice, "It is too much!" he exclaims to himself, but loud and distinct:—"too much! It shall not be again!—I will have him!—I will have his blood!"

He turns now, moving eagerly towards the cabinet, and faces a man, who has entered unperceived. "Who are you, sir?" cries Bracton, flaming forth. He rushes at him, plants his hands on his shoulders, forces him backward to the door. "Who are you, villain? Speak! or I'll—"

"Sir Edward," stammers the man, aghast at his violence, "I—I came——"

"You *what*, sir? How dare you intrude?" Bracton gasped in his turn with agitation, while a fear of having betrayed himself now began to mingle with his anger.

"Your valet, Sir Edward, is ill, that is—not so quite well—and I came instead, to see if you wanted——"

"I want nothing; begone!" exclaimed Bracton, motioning him vehemently to the door, and striding after him as the man, willingly enough, disappeared. "Stay," he added, loudly, before the intruder vanished down the passage: "come back, I command you."

Major Lavicount's valet, for it was he, returned, with a hesitating step, and a look on his alarmed face, as of one who faces a maniac because he cannot help it.

"See, my man," said Bracton, commanding himself, under strong sense of necessity, though voice and hand still shook, with horror alike, and this new dread of discovery: "see, my good fellow, you came upon me suddenly, and found me agitated, certainly. Bad news from my agent in the—in the West Indies—they have rather unhinged me. Thank you, thank ye—I do not need your services; much obliged. I hope that Semmes makes you comfortable? You must accept this from me"—putting a couple of guineas into the man's hand—"and now, good night. Thank the major for sending you; and—hark ye—you need not mention the West Indies, you understand; it might set them all talking down stairs." So saying, he waved the man away.

This interruption had broken in upon him for a while; but its effect was too weak to resist the master-passion of revenge and hatred that had taken possession of his soul. It was a conflict of currents; or rather, a river pouring itself into a tide. The tide swept it away. Bracton has got to hate Knollis with desperation; and desperately he will compass his evil will.

His hand is in that secret pocket again. The key of the cabinet now glitters in it; but the hand shakes so, that he can hardly find the lock. A drawer opens. Look—if you wish to meet a horrible sight—not at the drawer, but at the face of the man who is bending over it. For the things themselves that lie there are harmless, unconscious, irresponsible—the unresisting agents of man's free action. It is the



malice of the creature, endowed with the faculty of will, that alone makes them deadly. In themselves they would slumber on to the end of the world. A brace of horse-pistols, finely made, according to the skill of that time; another brace, of recent invention, that were to be discharged by compressed air, and would make hardly any noise; cumbrous, however, by the nature of the mechanism, and altogether strange and forbidding in appearance; a Malay *oreese* that looks dull with poison; a beautiful glittering stiletto; a strong and straight German hunting-knife, keen, with double edge; these, with bullets and a powder flask, are nearly all the contents of the fatal drawer.

How long Bracton stayed there gazing on these implements of death; whether he shut the drawer, and opened it again; whether he turned from it, and returned; what possibilities he revolved in his thoughts; whether he distinctly formed a plan, dwelt on it, rejected it, ended by accepting it—who shall say?

One by one, he takes up these deadly contrivances, handles them, ponders over them. The pistols with their flint locks he touches, passing them by with a shake of the head. Nothing that made a report would serve. He dwells longer on the air-pistols and the hunting-knife.

Bracton has leisure enough, but the reader must not be detained. At length, if no compunctions visit him, yet prudence, at least, and the instinct of self-preservation prevail. He finally locks the drawer, thrusts back the key, and without hesitation, but with a face pale as ashes, strides from his room.

Out upon the corridor, down the great staircase, to the dining-room door. There he pauses, while his hand instinctively feels in the breast of his coat. But no, he has left the hunting-knife in that cabinet up-stairs—and well for him. Could he have seen that scorpion, his tormentor, before him, helpless from drink, as he doubts not, and still refrained from its deadly use?

But Knollis was possessed of more worldly wisdom than Bracton, blinded by hatred, had allowed himself to suppose. When Sir Edward entered the dining-parlour he found his unwelcome guest—his intended victim—walking slowly through the large room, his hands behind him. It was now late at night: the servants had not thought it necessary to remain up for him. His candle was placed ready for him, the chandeliers burning low, and decanters of various kinds on the table. Knollis had been drinking, and his face was flushed; but he was perfectly himself. According to his code of temperance, he had committed no great excess. Bracton internally felt a fierce gladness at observing this; it removed from him the temptation to a premature vengeance. He would wait; he would concert his measures well: a future time and place should serve.

It is repulsive enough to have traced two such characters as now

meet in that room; and we have no intention of inflicting on the reader a detailed account of their mutual attempts to overreach one another. Knollis was peremptory and overbearing, according to his nature; but his instant demand for money was met by Sir Edward with a calm and grave determination before which the inferior nature gradually gave way. The man of breeding so far triumphed over the bully. Without compromising his position, Bracton went into details at such length, so accurately, as to convince the other that at the moment no ready money was to be had to the exorbitant extent of his demand. But Sir Edward promised him, on the honour of a gentleman—a thing which Knollis at least knew of by report—that he would give him a meeting on a certain night, within the month next ensuing, and then settle with him to the full. The place he named was a lonely barn, east of London. It was even better known to the black-leg than to the man he now held in his power; for Sir Edward had merely passed it during one or two of those frequent hunting-parties in Epping Forest, which then occupied a consideration, and were attended by a class of sportsmen, now claimed by Melton and Wissendine. Knollis, however, knew the place well, and the forest avenues that led to it; for, unless report gravely traduced him, it was on other roads besides the "Road to Ruin," that he had from time to time sought to repair his fortunes; and Epping Forest had its traditions of Richard Turpin, together with many a "dingle and bosky bourne," in which the belated traveller might be surprised, and the spoil divided with an accomplice.

With this understanding, and a final stirrup-cup of some depth, William Knollis concluded his visit to Ernham. Sir Edward would have presented a notable sight to the grooms of his well-kept stables had they seen their stately master descend into the stable-yard with "that cad in the leggings," and heard him quiet, in hushed tones, the bloodhounds of faultless breed, aroused by his dark lantern, while he aided Knollis to prepare the sorry pony for his midnight ride. But the grooms were buried in a sleep as profound as those in Duncan's chamber, while Lady Macbeth smeared their drunken cheeks with the royal blood of Scotland. When Knollis, with small ceremony mounted, passed through the stable-yard gates and took to the road, Bracton stood riveted there for some minutes, with a face from which the lantern in his hand was happily averted. It was not a sight for angels, nor for men.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE ETERNAL CITY.

ON the elevated terrace of the Monte Pincio, looking over that quarter of Rome that is traversed by the straight line of the Corso, having the Porta del Popolo somewhat to the beholder's right, and the Capitol to his extreme left, a stranger leans against the balustrade, gazing on St. Peter's. That he is a stranger, and probably a Briton, may be guessed from his braving the air of this calm evening, with no mantle protecting his face, as though malaria were a fable. Englishmen and dogs are the only living creatures that choose the sunny side of a street in Rome during the sultry hours. But at the still more dangerous eventide, even the dogs will slink away from the rising of the scarce perceptible but deadly exhalation of the suburbs and garden grounds, leaving the Englishman to enjoy it or brave it alone.

Those few among the native Romans who had not already left the Pincio were now hastening homeward, flinging a fold of the ample Roman cloak over the left shoulder, and bringing it round, so as to protect the features. As they passed the solitary figure, whose looks were still fastened on the great basilica that rose in its majesty on the distant Vatican, they merely ejaculated: "*Ingleso—chè curiosa gente!*" and speculated on the probability of the stranger finding himself, within eight and forty hours, in the fever-ward of the great public hospital Dello Spirito Santo.

Walter Bracton certainly ran no slight risk. For the *Ave Maria* has sounded from every steeple, and the broad red sunlight, not yet quite faded from the spotless sky, has poured its crimson through the windows of that unrivalled shrine where the Prince of the Apostles lies entombed, ere its rays are quenched in the sea by Civita Vecchia. Rome, always solemn in the character of its beauty, always the majestic if half-ruined queen among cities, lies now in deeper shadow. The undulations of her Seven Hills, clothed once with the marble pomp of paganism, now with the numerous palaces of an ancient nobility and the uncounted shrines of a still more ancient Church, have partially disappeared under the *debris* of centuries. They are less prominent, at least, than when Romulus surveyed them from the Capitol, or Virgil sang of them to Augustus, or St. John described them in the Apocalypse. Ruin and reconstruction have both played their part in the Eternal City. Nevertheless, even yet, the mystic hills are heaving to the sight, like the irregular billows of a wide sea, and bear upward into the sombre evening light a mass of crowded architectural details, representing various eras and purposes of building, in the unstudied confusion that has a picturesque beauty and a wild harmony of its own. Over the whole presides one dominant form,

whose impressiveness is not diminished by being viewed from a distance. It is St. Peter's. View it from the bridge that spans the Tiber, and leads to it; or from the point where its ample proportions reveal themselves on the way from Ostia; or see it rise like a knob on the horizon, over the dreamy level of the Campagna. Under every aspect, the cupola of that vast Christian temple seems built to embrace and contain the children of every race or clime, as they converge to it from the four quarters of the earth.

Within those stately walls hang no captured banners, tokens and trophies of strife between sections of mankind: the *genius loci* is too universal to register triumphs, defeats, rivalries of party and race. Things so petty as a national quarrel or national interest are not permitted to narrow, nor to degrade, the world-wide sovereignty in the spiritual order, represented, nay, emphasized, by that house of God. His chosen vicar, the first of the line that will end only with the day of doom, reposes there in the marble vault, once the obscure catacomb whither Constantine came to revere his crucified remains. But the apostolic voice, energetic and far-reaching as never in life, sounds to the ends of the earth, and is obeyed. He, being dead, yet speaketh.

Walter is, after all, a child of the Faith; though not among the distinguished ornaments of the Creed he has never formally renounced. The errand that now takes him back to England is an unhallowed one; he knows it well. He has broken the first table of the law, as a means to enable him to break the second. An invocation of the demon, none the less real because tacit and indirect, opens the way for him to robbery, to sacrilege. And yet, in front of St. Peter's, on this calm and tempered summer evening, better thoughts stir within him; the lingering sparkles and dubious glow of a fire not quenched, though smouldering. In his boyhood he has had impressions of good; he made his First Communion: And to those who have been favoured with the morning dew of holiness and love divine, with the early manna that has melted, alas! under the glare and scorch of after-life—to them is there always a hope lying deep, overlaid and smothered though it be, and nigh to extinction, as the last gift at the bottom of a Pandora's boxful of harms. We may see poor Walter take a good turn yet, if we have patience and interest to watch him.

His musings are interrupted by a light touch on his arm. When he looks round, a priest is at his side. The large, shadowy hat, of Spanish form, the straight-cut cloak, and some minor details of attire, proclaim him a member of the Society of Jesus. A lay-brother accompanies him, according to the rule of his Order.

"Forgive my intrusion," began the father, in very tolerable English, though with a strong foreign accent, "but I thought you certainly did not know the risk you run by remaining here in the evening air."

Walter looked into his face; then, Briton and Bracton though he was, and speaking to a foreigner, he bowed. There was something both conciliatory and *sympatique* in the countenance that looked into his; while at the same time it commanded respect. Prominent features, with lines strongly marked, that indicated thought, together with a degree of suffering, whether from pain or toil, or both. Much firmness and decision about the mouth, yet with a frank and ready smile: no trace of severity, still less of narrowness, sourness, least of all, of pharisaic assumption.

"I am not surprised that yonder sight impresses you," continued the priest, indicating St. Peter's with his hand, after he had allowed the stranger sufficient time to read his countenance, silently and slowly, after our insular fashion. "The first time I saw it I could not take my eyes away. That great building stands as an embodiment of the Church's history and of the Christian faith itself. Yet, as a structure, especially with regard to proportion, your own St. Paul's may be accounted a successful rival."

"Except in point of size," remarked Bracton, by way of saying something, though he could not feel at ease under the calm, considering eye of the other. There is something in guilt that instinctively shrinks away from notice, as the serpent from the presence of man.

"Ah, true," pursued the other; "in size San Pietro is unrivalled among Christian temples; but, then, like its sister church, the Lateran, yonder"—he stretched his arm in the direction of the real Cathedral of Rome, that lay out of sight—"like the 'Mother and Mistress of all churches,' this Vatican basilica is built, not for a national worship, but for the world. From the balcony of the one and the other, in turn, the common Father of all gives his blessing *Urbi et orbi*—to his own city first, as the centre, then to the world, the circumference."

"But come," he added, "she\* must allow me the privilege of an inhabitant, acquainted with our climate, to urge you to descend into Rome without delay. For, strange as it is, while the poorest and most crowded quarters of the city are free from *malaria*, it will certainly attack you if you remain among the mists rising from these trees."

So saying, he courteously motioned Bracton to the way by which he might leave the terrace, and descend the steps from the Pincio to the Piazza di Spagna.

Walter could not but follow the lead, though the presence of his unlooked-for companion was distasteful to him. A priest represents the world unseen, and the claims of conscience, and thus is often an intrusion on a man's worser self. What, then, to one who carried deliberate crime in his purpose?

\* *Lei*, short for *ella*, by which is understood *la vostra signoria*, the courteous mode of address among Romans, without any accurate definition of rank in the person spoken to.

"You are a stranger in Rome?" pursued the priest, in a tone of inquiry that was anything but intrusive: "yet you are here at a season when most of your compatriots avoid our summer heats. They come to us with the *pomifer autumnus*; or even when *bruma recurrit iners*." He lightly scanned Bracton's face, as though to ascertain whether he followed the quotation.

"I am going northward, on urgent business," replied Walter, curtly.

They had reached the flight of marble steps that led down to the city below. He slightly touched his hat to his companion, and prepared to descend.

The Jesuit Father, on his part, raised his large *sombrero*, with a manner to indicate that the Englishman's *brusquerie* should not have power to move him from his habitual courteousness. Then, as Walter was turning from him, he said, with some slight hesitation:

"Eccellenza, we shall probably never meet again, till the day of the great gathering of mankind. Something urges me to say a parting word; I beg you to permit me. When you leave Rome, let me pray you to carry with you a memory, an impression, of this City of the Faith. You go to your own land—once well-named 'the dowry of Mary,' but torn away, for centuries, from the unity of Christian belief, by wicked men, for their own evil purposes. That is not your guilt; but, permit me to say it, your deep misfortune. If anything you have seen here during your brief stay shall tend to convince you——"

"I am a Catholic," muttered Bracton, "and a bad one. Pray for me. I know how much I need it." He stayed no further question, but plunged down the steps. Another moment, and a grand old man, with flowing white hair and beard, who wore his rags, and begged in them, with the air of Belisarius asking for an obolus to be dropped into his battered helmet, was heard asking—it was about his last chance for the evening—

"Signor Capitan, per l'amor d'Iddio, dateci qualche cosa!"

The priest remained gazing down upon the receding figure. Wrapped in his cloak, he seemed absorbed enough to forget the malaria of which he had warned the stranger.

This man was one who had renounced no small share of the present world's advantages for a life of poverty, and obedience, and unrequited labour for souls. A Russian noble by birth, bred in the schism that has taught men to substitute the Tsar for the Holy See—the son of Romelia with his despotisms for the gentle waters of Siloe—he had been brought, in middle life, to light, unity, and peace of soul. Expatriated, of course, from his country—if that can be called a country whose sky is lead, whose soil is "baked with frost," whose subjects are manacled in an iron and relentless tyranny—Count Alexikoff had escaped, rather than journeyed, to Rome. It was little to him, when

the grace of entering the religious state in the Society of Jesus had been embraced, to hear that his estates were confiscated, and that the doom of Siberia hung over his return. And now, Father Alexikoff is known in Rome as one of the most earnest of preachers, the gentlest of confessors. His ministry is sought by penitents of every class and employment. The Pope's Noble Guard and the humblest tradesmen, princes with a pedigree reaching back, it was said, to the old empire, or before it,\* to the denizens of the crowded Suburra, await their turn around the door of his cell. Their wives and daughters, in the spacious church of the Gesù, have the *entrées* into his public confessional, as they come: the first are first served. "For there is no respect of persons with God," therefore none with Father Alexikoff.

"Brother," said he, in Italian, addressing his companion, who, though not a priest, shared in the spiritual privileges of the Society to which they both belonged, "did you remark that poor man's face? God keep us from rash judgments; but the heart seemed to me to be writhing that was indexed there. Let us make a memento for him now at Benediction, for here we are at the *Trinità di Monte*."

They entered the beautiful convent-chapel, lit up with a blaze of wax candles on the altar, for the simple yet soul-stirring devotion he had named. Already the strains of pure, clear voices floated down from the unseen nun's choir.

Meanwhile, in an obscure street, Bracton is trying to drive a hard bargain with his few remaining *scudi* for a place in the diligence that starts that night for Pisa.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE AMBASSADOR'S BAG.

*George Eustace to the Honourable Frederick Townsend, attaché to the British Embassy, Constantinople.*

"DEAR OLD FELLOW,—Ever since we parted that morning at the Piræus—you for your overland ride back to Stamboul, I for Malta, Rome, and finally this great Babylon again—I turn with longing regrets to the happy days we have spent together in those outlandish parts. Ah, what thorough independence of the stiff, conventional life of men who presume to think themselves the civilised ones *par excellence*, did we enjoy in our harum-scarum ride round the Morea, in our armed expedition up to Thessaly, and then in our exploration, under cover of

\* Prince Massimo, for example, is said to reckon Fabius Maximus as the head of his undoubtedly very ancient family.

matchlocks and yattaghans, of the ruins at Ephesus! How did we two smoke our chibouks in our sheepskin tent in Asia Minor, with all the dignity of pashas or Bedouins to the manner born! Would that some artist had been at hand, to limn thee as thou satest, in turban, beard, and gaberdine. Art thou close-shaven again, like any other Giaour, and dog of an unbeliever, since thy return to the Bosphorus? O Townsend Effendi! I declare to thee, as I lounge through life in this most unprofitable of places and ways, while Father Time takes up such idlers, and flies away with us on his strong wings, it seems to me that I had far better have cast in my lot with the whole staff of ye, as the ambassador was good enough to propose, the evening of his diplomatic ball at Therapia. Recall my existence to his Excellency, by the way, and tell him George Eustace has done nought worth the doing since the day when he declined that avenue to usefulness, and started homewards—to be idle.

“Ay, I do honestly feel, Townsend, that while you are working out there, with a good deal of monotony, doubtless, and some amount of official hum-drum, red-tape, and what not, I on the other hand have absolutely nothing to show for my present life. If any man, a degree more thoughtful than the bucks who are polishing our London pavements by the process known as *sauntering*—if, I say, some Diogenes in this Athens of *quid nuncs*—were to seize me by the button-hole, and bid me render an account of myself, of my *raison d'être*, I should be considerably at a loss to explain what object I was accomplishing in creation. That is rather an ugly acknowledgment, do you know, for a man to make to himself, or to his friend. You would be inventive of excuses for me, or else you would not be Fred Townsend the Peacemaker, as you always were at Harrow. You would tell me, if we were now in Oriental garb, with our faithful dragoman, Dimitri, preparing our coffee as of yore, that my life must of necessity lie chiefly in the future: that I am at present a chrysalis, with wings enfolded. If poor Riversdale goes off the scene, in which he is enacting so very mild a part, then, you would say, I should cease to be a mere saunterer, and occupy the sphere that would open before me. Ah, Fred, I take it that the man who does not try his 'prentice hand in a smaller circle is not likely to be master of his craft in a larger one. It is not the opportunity that lacketh without us and around, it is the determination to energise life that is wanting within.

“O Townsend! we receive but what we give;  
And in our life alone does Nature live.”

“Hallo! Saul among the prophets? Eustace quoting poetry? Yes; and bear with me; for they are not verses merely. They give a deep philosophy of life, which I contemplate at a respectful distance. Most true it is: ‘in our life alone doth Nature live’—



“And, would we aught behold, of higher worth  
 Than that inanimate, cold world, allowed  
 To a poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd—  
 Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
 Enveloping the earth;  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.”\*

“Do you remember what the old bishop of Mistra said when you and Trefusis and I invaded him with our sumpter-horses, and our own sorry hacks, with Dimitri, and the rest of the motley suite—*trois milordoi Inglesikoi*, as our letters from Athens described us? I love to recall any portion of that Peloponnesian tour, and would awaken it in your remembrance, too, though the old man’s words tell so against myself. Over our pipes and our coffee we sat, cross-legged, on his divan, with that tall, melancholy-eyed deacon, Nicola (no—*Niklas*—), standing behind as a sort of ecclesiastical flunkey, in a high black cap like a dice-box, and beard of equal length with his cap. After the first compliments, as I dare say you recollect, his ‘unworthiness’\*—(what a splendid title, by the way!)—began catechising us on our various paths in life. When he heard that you were serving your king by watching his interests at the Sublime Porte, and Trefusis carrying his Majesty’s thunder as flag-lieutenant on board the two-decker at the Piræus, the old patriarch stroked his white beard, and simply said: ‘It is well.’ Then he turned to your humble servant; and I remember feeling rather small under the gaze of that dark eye. ‘What was I doing?’ A question, *mehercle*, more easily asked than satisfied. But you came in, as Fred the Peacemaker, and explained to the Right Reverend that my father having left me a fortune sufficient for my present bachelor wants, and my cousin being a peer of the realm, into whose shoes I was one day to step or slide, I was simply living wheresoever and doing whatsoever I might at the moment fancy.

“‘How?’ said the old bishop; ‘and you tell me *that*, *Kyrie*, within half an hour’s riding of the plain where SPARTA stood?’

“He led us to the window, threw it open, and pointed in the direction in which we were to pursue our journey.

“‘See,’ he said, with an earnestness and solemnity I cannot forget; ‘*there* once lay the home of a people, every one of whom was ready, at a moment’s notice, to energise and to die for the *polis*—the State that bred them. You are “a private gentleman,” you tell me? Ah, *Kyrie*, there were no private gentlemen in Sparta; the individual merged

\* Coleridge: “Ode to Dejection.”

† ἡ ἀναξίωρής μας, the title given to themselves by the Greek bishops.

himself willingly in that *polis*—to them a holy name. He lived in its life, identified himself with its interests, drained his life-blood for its preservation and welfare. What would a private gentleman have been in their thought, in their very language? An *idiotes*. Have you forgotten the epitaph on the heroes who offered themselves up at Thermopylæ? You know your Herodotus, I doubt not. How admirably their words portray the national spirit—sacrifice of self for the common weal! Then he recited the thrilling words in his sonorous Greek:—

“‘Stranger, this message to the Spartans bear:  
Their high behest obeying—we lie here.’

“‘Go, private gentleman! (I felt that he meant *idiotes*)—‘Go, and muse on the unfortified cradle of that race of heroic men; the group of cottages—if you can find the vestiges of them, where they stood—to which the devoted hearts of Sparta’s sons were the only walls and ramparts. Muse on that spot, and learn the lesson that our precious life is given us for action, not dreams!’

“It is true, Townsend, most sadly true; I am rebuked at the very remembrance. I took up my pen with no more serious purpose than to have an idle chat with you, and behold! I am become a self-reproachful moraliser, hard hit by the words on the paper before me. Here, in my Club, there is a stir and thrill of public interest, very different from the loungings of fops and dawdlers of an ordinary season, and the nothings usually discussed by us, as though the universe depended on them. The *Times* and the other papers are now eagerly passed from hand to hand; their columns teem with wars and rumours of wars; achievements, successes, reverses, expenditure, and supplies for the Peninsula. Everyone is up and doing; and that for country! Look at Wellington—what calm energy, what devotion to the cause entrusted to him. Look at his brave fellows; some of them our own companions—Mainwaring, Beste, Lechmere—three out of the Harrow Eleven! others, known to you and me—dandies transformed into heroes—Sybarites who grew fretful over a crumpled rose-leaf, now the hardiest of the hardy in the bivouac, on the field. Think of little Dicky Seymour, who winced at the hard bowling on the cricket-ground, and got shinned for it, now mentioned in the despatches as having desperately captured a tricolour, and lost his sword-arm!

“Then, again, Captain Stewart, of the *Dictator*, with three armed brigs, has obtained a success over a Danish squadron on the coast of Norway. Talbot, of the *Victorious*, aided only by a sloop, has taken a seventy-four, and blown up a gun-brig, after a severe action, between Venice and Pola. Rowley and Campbell, both of whom we know, have had brilliant successes on the coast of Genoa. We seem on the brink of another war with that revolted daughter of ours, the United States. And, above all, the battalions of the French army have been

for some time assembling in Germany and Poland, and occupying several Prussian fortresses, with Dantzic. Napoleon (it is a narrow Johnbullism to insist on calling him 'the Corsican') has assembled round himself at Dresden a whole fistful of German kings, princes, 'Transparencies,'\* with his *beau père* and *belle mère*, the Emperor and Empress of Russia. A rumour reaches us, even as I write, that he has led his army across the Niemen, and so actually begun the war with Russia. All these things are discussed around me in a rattling fire, as of musketry: we might be the United Service Club, instead of quiet Boodle's, and I, the while?

"'Private gentleman, go to Sparta—read a lesson there!' Truly didst thou speak, O Lakedaimonos Daniel,† as though thou hadst been a Daniel come to judgment! Alas, thou didst say it to a profitless Gratiano, whose wont is to "speak an infinite deal of nothing—more than any man in all Venice."

"Farewell, dear Townsend, and may all your diplomacies prosper. You see I am all in the downs just now. Happier moments may come to me; if so, it will be because they are moments better and more worthily filled.

"Your affectionate friend,

"GEORGE EUSTACE.

"*Boodle's, July 20, 1812.*"

\* *Durchleuchtete*, the German title for princely families actually reigning, or who have reigned in former days.

† The actual name and title of the (schismatic) Bishop of Mistra, near Sparta, who hospitably entertained *treis milordous Inglesikous* (so-called) at his residence there in the winter of 1845.

## A ROSARY OF SONNETS.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

## THIRD CHAPLET—THE FIVE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

## I.—THE RESURRECTION.

THE seal is set; the Roman guards are come  
 To watch the grave, lest Christ be stolen away  
 And his disciples should lead men astray,  
 Vaunting that He had overcome the tomb.  
 The childless Mother kneels within her room  
 Serene and patient, though she ever sees  
 The dear dead face that lay upon her knees,  
 Now cold and rigid in sepulchral gloom.  
 But lo! a sudden earthquake! Clothed in light  
 A shining angel rolls aside the stone;  
 The guards fall prostrate at the blinding sight;  
 The seraphs tremble round the "great white throne,"  
 And Jesus stands erect upon the sward,  
 While heaven in triumph greets its risen Lord.

## II.—THE ASCENSION.

On sun-flushed Olivet the Saviour stands  
 And looks upon the earth He came to save,  
 That only gave Him for his love a grave—  
 Then lifts to heaven his tender, wounded hands.  
 Enraptured spirits float in shining bands.  
 Slowly He rises to the thrilling skies,  
 Where seraph chants and burning melodies  
 Rush in soft thunder from those far bright lands.  
 Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here?  
 Said angel voices. They withdraw their eyes,  
 For Christ is gone and desolately drear  
 A cold blank universe around them lies,  
 Empty and cruel. Weeping, they depart,  
 With sense of loss in every lonely heart.

## III.—THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Within an upper room the apostles pray  
 In patient expectation, till their Love  
 Should send his Holy Spirit from above,  
 To comfort them upon life's weary way.  
 A wild, sweet tempest rushes through the sky  
 Forth from the realms of everlasting day,  
 And fiery tongues of wondrous brilliancy  
 Rest upon each with soft, supernal ray.

The men stand upright, new-born in a strong  
 And mighty utterance whose lightest tone  
 On time's swift rivers shall be borne along,  
 To echo in the ages yet unknown.  
 "Go preach the Gospel!" said a voice divine,  
 "And I am with you till the end of Time."

#### IV.—THE ASSUMPTION.

The loved disciple kneels beside the bed  
 On which the Virgin Mother calm doth rest,  
 Her pale hands crossed upon her sacred breast.  
 A lambent glory shines above her head.  
 The lips have lost their look of patient pain .  
 That told the inward grief of sad, slow years ;  
 And her sword-pierced heart's continuous strain  
 To reach her Son within celestial spheres.  
 With reverent hands they lay her in the tomb  
 In Josaphat's green vale ; but no decay  
 To that pure, sinless breast must ever come  
 Whereon the Holy One an Infant lay.  
 The shrine that bore their God bright angels bring  
 From out the grave, and alleluias sing.

#### V.—THE CROWNING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The courts of heaven ring with loud acclaim.  
 Seraphs and cherubim with rapturous song  
 Fill Paradise with music and prolong  
 The wondrous melody of Mary's name.  
 The angels tremble with love's sweet excess,  
 And white-robed saints of deathless beauty move  
 In blissful measures through that land of love,  
 Triumphant in the Virgin's happiness.

The Maid of Nazareth, behold her now,  
 Crowned with eternal splendour by her Son—  
 A wreath of stars above that holy brow  
 Which myriad spirits joyful gaze upon.  
 Queen of God's gracious city, pray for us,  
 That we one day may see thee reigning thus.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *The Metaphysics of the School.* By THOMAS HARPER, S.J. (London: MacMillan & Co.)

FATHER HARPER's contributions to English Catholic Literature, theological as well as philosophical, have earned for him a very high place, indeed, among contemporary writers on the sacred sciences. When, therefore, it became known some time since that he was engaged on an exposition and vindication of scholastic metaphysics, no small pleasure was felt among those who have at heart the diffusion of a sound philosophy in these countries. For, in addition to his other acknowledged qualifications for the task, it was clear that in Father Harper the schoolmen would find neither an incompetent interpreter nor a half-hearted champion.

These anticipations have been more than realised in the volume before us. In it we have the first instalment of what would be a great metaphysical work in any language, and will decidedly be the greatest work on metaphysics ever offered to an English reader. Nor could it come more seasonably. Never was there a time in our history when there was such a widespread tendency to speculative science, such eagerness to grapple with the problems which man's daily life and bodily composition give rise to, and to define, if we may, the boundaries between matter and spirit. In the greater universities—the centres of intellectual life—philosophic inquiry has become so general and so engrossing as to threaten the decay of that classical or mathematical pre-eminence which has been their boast for ages. In such a state of things it was a natural consequence that the false and shallow systems of the Scotch, English, or German so-called metaphysicians would fail to satisfy the honest thinker, and to-day's fashion of philosophic thought will be cast aside to-morrow for some more captivating speculator.

When all are found equally hollow, where is the candid inquirer after truth to turn? And who can marvel if from lack of surer guides he takes refuge in scepticism or the philosophy of despair? To such a man—and there are many such outside the Church—Father Harper's work will give just what he wants. Full, to a fault, there is no question in the whole range of metaphysical speculation which it is not likely to treat thoroughly and satisfactorily—if we may take the published volume as an earnest of those to come. Father Harper very judiciously rejects the inducement to make his book short, and, as the phrase is, popular in style, like the manuals that smooth the student's path to science. Philosophy—and especially a quasi-apologetic work on a system of philosophy too often misrepresented—is nothing if it be not full and

satisfactory, leaving no difficulty which it does not honestly face, and carrying its principles fairly to their logical conclusions.

To the general reader, Father Harper's introduction will be the most interesting part of the work. It is a most able and most thorough vindication of the metaphysics of the school from the many charges which ignorance and prejudice have brought against that science. We especially commend to our readers the passages in which the author shows how the oft-repeated accusation of using an unintelligible and barbarous terminology may be retorted with very great force upon the physicists and scientists of the day. Father Harper has carefully collected some examples from recent scientific writers, where the technicalities so abound as to make the whole entirely unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. Let us give one such, not in blame or ridicule, but merely to show that if the metaphysics of the school occasionally use terms not at once apprehended by an outsider, it is not the only science which does so. In a paper on the Green Rhabdocele Planarian, published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, March 27, 1879, we find the following:—"In teased preparations, kept cold, the ciliated cells often become amoeboid, some of the cilia changing into slender finger-like or stout fusiform pseudopodia. These often retain their curvature parallel to the unaltered cilia, and I have even seen the finer pseudopodia contracting gently in time with the cilia of the same cell, thus establishing a complete gradation between the rhythmically contractile cilium and the amoeboid pseudopodium."

Father Harper very justly observes on this and similar passages: "I have been told by those who are experts in these branches of knowledge that the terms, therein coined in such abundance, are of great service to the student; and, indeed, it would be rash to suppose that men of eminence would establish a difficult and elaborate vocabulary for the mere purpose of parading their particular discipline on stilts. Nevertheless, it is at least hazardous to declaim against the *barbarism* of the scholastic terminology in face of such modern specimens as those I have signalized."

The volume now published deals with the definition of Metaphysics and the Nature and Attributes of Being—a branch of philosophy most commonly known among Catholic students under the name of Ontology or General Metaphysics. The questions here discussed are somewhat difficult to master, and not devoid of dryness, especially for those who are not prejudiced in favour of philosophic studies. Father Harper regrets that he has not brought out simultaneously with this volume his second, which will contain questions of interest even for the general and superficial reader. But surely we cannot expect that the first bald principles of any science, worthy of the name, can be of surpassing interest for every reader; and surely, the questions Father Harper

treats are not more dry than those which have to be determined at the outset of mathematical or scientific inquiry of any sort, and the more important the results to be obtained, the more clearly and the less rhetorically should one deal with the first principles from which such momentous conclusions are to be deduced.

II. *The Most Reverend James Mac Devitt, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe.* A Memoir. By the REV. JOHN MAC DEVITT, D.D. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

DR. JOHN MAC DEVITT of All Hallows College, Dublin, has in this handsome volume given as faithful and pleasing a picture of his deceased brother, the Bishop of Raphoe, as that furnished in another sense by the photograph which faces the title-page and which will recall his features and expression, even to those who have never seen him since their Maynooth days, nearly thirty years ago. The present writer knew him then and can so far vouch for the truthfulness of the account given of this holy and amiable prelate. The fraternal piety of the biographer has led him to set forth all his materials on the same thick paper and in the same large type; but it seems to us that a clearer and truer impression might perhaps have been conveyed by a simpler arrangement within a smaller compass, prefixing to a selection from the Bishop's pastorals, public and private letters, meditation-notes, and other spiritual papers a sketch of his useful and edifying but uneventful life, such as the very graceful summary of this book which appears in the March Number of the *Month*.

At page 178 we are told that the young Bishop strongly urged that "every priest should be able to buy, in addition to a small but select library of theology, Sacred Scripture and ascetic works, an occasional book of merit bearing on his professional studies and a review or periodical written from the Catholic stand-point." His practical zeal with regard to the last of these points may be illustrated by the following letter which we venture to print for this reason, and also as a proof of Dr. Mac Devitt's kind disposition and power of being interested in another's work. The letter is dated "Letterkenny, December 24, 1874," and is addressed to the Editor of this Magazine.

"I thank you for your kind note, and wish you from my heart all the happiness of the season and every blessing.

"The *IRISH MONTHLY* has always given me pleasure. I have recommended it over and over again. There are but very few readers among Catholics in this part of the country, and these few are not easily moved to take a Magazine of our choosing. We must have patience, and all I would now ask of you is to persevere, till the *IRISH MONTHLY* has become a well-known institution like *Chambers' Journal*. I like the matter of the Numbers already out very much. That bit from Père Ravignan\* was

\* Probably a mistake for Père Félix, whose discourse, *Sur le Travail*, is abridged and adapted at page 621 of our Second Volume under the title of "Work: a Sermon after the Holidays."



truly beautiful. You have better opportunities of learning the special kind likely to take with the bulk of your public, but my experience has led me to think that you should do your best to conceal the religious source or aim of your periodical."

Such judicious counsel may be even more useful than the prosaic encouragement included in the last words of the Bishop's letter: "I send, with great pleasure, my subscription in advance for two copies."

We may here take the liberty of adding that the good and zealous Bishop's remarks apply with much greater force to the support which priests may be expected to give to such a periodical as the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, which has just appeared under the happiest auspices. The fact that it is edited at Maynooth College, which is in many respects the greatest ecclesiastical seminary in the entire Catholic world, is a guarantee of its stability and efficiency. Being the only magazine in the English language which is addressed exclusively to the clergy, it will be sustained not only by our priests at home, but by the thousands of English-speaking priests in the United States and in other countries.

III. *Irish Pedigrees; or, The Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation.* By JOHN O'HART, Associate in Arts, Q.U.I. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

WE hope it is not yet too late to bring under our reader's notice Mr. O'Hart's handsome volumes on Irish genealogy. Of the historical value attaching to the long lines of family stems we cannot pretend to judge; but the warm recommendations of two such competent authorities as Father O'Hanlon and Sir Bernard Burke render further criticism superfluous. There are a great many other things, however, besides family stems in these two volumes—notes historical, philological, biblical, and scientific, as well as voluminous appendices on a large variety of subjects; and all, both notes and appendices, give evidence of much patient research, and of no small ability in utilising the materials within the author's reach. Hence, even to those who cannot hope to trace their names back to Heremon or Heber, "Irish Pedigrees" will afford a great deal of useful and pleasant reading.

Many readers, however, will regret that the author gives us no means by which to distinguish between what may be considered the genealogy of history and the genealogy if not of fiction, at least of more or less doubtful history. For even Mr. O'Hart himself must admit that the same species of assent cannot fairly be claimed for the statements that Thomas, Lord O'Hagan, is descended from Shane Ban, son of Hugh (d. 1708), and that Her Majesty the Queen is 136th in lineal descent from our common father Adam, through Con of the Hundred Battles, Milesius of Spain, and Fenius Farsa. If it were so, we should know very definitely what to think of Boucher de Perthes' famous fossil jaw-bone, and the theory of Pliocene man. This, however, is a defect which can be easily remedied in a future edition.

A more serious blemish is the assumption of definite knowledge in dealing with the early local history of the East and of Ireland, which is calculated to lead astray the ignorant and unwary. Japhet and the Scythians, the Fomorians and Nemidians, have their several doings as graphically depicted as Strongbow and the Anglo-Saxon invaders. But how can we look for exact accuracy where the guides to be followed are Rollin's "Ancient History," and a certain modern "History of Ireland?" The same remark is, in great part, applicable to many of Mr. O'Hart's philological notes. Following the lead of a good Irishman, but not a great linguist, he seems bent upon connecting intimately the Gaelic and Hebrew tongues; and the *prima facie* resemblances which should rouse his suspicions often only serve to deceive him the more. One instance will explain what we mean. In the Second Series, p. 49, we are invited to note the affinity between the Irish "*isi*," always expressed to signify 'a female,' and the Hebrew *isa*, which means a woman." The analogy looks fair enough in the note; but if the Hebrew word had been correctly written "*ischasha*," or "*ishsha*," and it had been remembered that the uncontracted form is *inscha*, that the masculine is *isch*, and the root *anasch*, there could, of course, have been no reason for the comparison.

It is from a desire of seeing Mr. O'Hart's book what it ought to be—fully trustworthy in all it contains—that we have permitted ourselves these few words of criticism. In a future edition we trust to find it quite up to modern notions of accuracy. But even as things stand, we have much reason to be grateful; and we shall look anxiously for the promised continuation of Mr. O'Hart's labours.

IV. *Three Roses of the Elect.* By MGR. DE SÉGUR. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

WHEN we learn that these "three roses" are love for the Pope, love for the Blessed Virgin, and love for the Holy Eucharist, we understand that it is a case for the application of St. Augustine's "*non nova sed nové*." Monsignor de Ségur, by the simplicity and unction of his style, lends a certain amount of novelty to themes which happily are not novel. This new member of his long series of books composed for the poor and for the young has gone through twelve editions. The translation is thoroughly well done by a "Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel, Whitefriar-street, Dublin."

V. *Sketches of the Lives of Dominican Saints.* By M. K. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS very tasteful volume carries out successfully an excellent idea, grouping together brief, picturesque accounts of all the canonised and many of the beatified children of the glorious patriarch St. Dominic. M. K. warns us at the outset that her book "merely consists of simple

sketches for simple people who, perhaps living near a Dominican Friary, would like to know something about the saints whose feasts they see so joyfully celebrated by the children who are the descendants of the Dominican saints of olden times. Like ancient families in the world (she continues) who generally possess a picture-gallery of their ancestors, so the old Dominican Order also has its series of portraits which we are now going to examine."

These little histories have been compiled with much care and are told in a correct and graceful style. The Bishop of Dromore, in his letter of approval, says they are sure to interest and edify the faithful; and we on our part may add that this will be especially the case with such readers as have come personally under the holy influence of the Irish Dominicans. The man who has most of all in our day increased the power of that name with Catholic hearts has told the story of the Irish Dominicans in lines which we are anxious to preserve in our pages. All know Father Thomas Burke as a preacher; few know him as a poet.

"This land of ours was famous once—no land was ever more—  
For saintliness so pure, so bright, as well as learned lore;  
And strangers from a sunny clime were wafted to our shore,  
In bearing meek and faintest garb, as ne'er was seen before;  
And these were the Dominicans, six hundred years ago.

"They came with vigil and with fast, men versed in prayer, and read  
In all the sacred books, and soon throughout the land they spread;  
The people blessed them as they passed, low bowed each tanned head,  
So meek, 'twas like the saints, as they shall raise them from the dead;  
For holy were the Guzman's sons, five hundred years ago.

"And soon their learned voice was heard in pulpit and in chair,  
Whilst through the glorious Gothic aisles resounds their midnight prayer;  
The orphan found beneath their roof a parent's tender care,  
Whilst boldly in their country's cause they raised their voice, for there  
Was Irish blood in Dominic's sons, four hundred years ago.

"When heresy swept o'er the land, like a destroying flood,  
And tyrants washed their reeking hands in the martyr's sacred blood,  
St. Dominic's children then, like men, embraced the stake, and stood  
Before the burning pile, as 'twere the Saviour's Holy Rood,  
And kissed their habits whilst they bled, three hundred years ago.

"And whilst the altars fed the flame, and Christ was mocked again,  
Their faithful voices still were heard in mountain, cave, and glen,  
And thus was saved our country's faith, and thus the Lamb was slain,  
And ne'er was Ireland's title more, 'The Isle of Saints,' than when  
The Preacher found a martyr's grave, two hundred years ago.

"And thus for full three centuries they fought the holy fight  
In city and on mountain side, from Cashel's sacred height;  
True to their country and their God, each man a burning light,  
They kept a nation's life-blood warm and swayed the crosier's might;  
For mitres shone on Preacher's brows, one hundred years ago.

"Now, men of Ireland, raise your thoughts to that bright realm above,  
Where Christian faith and hope are lost in all-absorbing love,  
And blend the serpent's prudence with the sweetness of the dove,  
And, faithful to your holy creed, in their bright footsteps move,  
Who fought and bled, but conquered, all these centuries ago."

VI. *Lays and Legends of Thomond*. By MICHAEL HOGAN. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

A COMPACT volume of 450 pages, very closely though clearly printed, is devoted to a "new, complete, and select edition" of the poems of Michael Hogan, of Limerick, known to many as "the Bard of Thomond" and to others as "M. H. Thomond." We wish the poet had allowed some judicious friend to write the Introduction to his book, or if he himself had told us some particulars concerning his personal circumstances: for these would add considerably to the interest of this collection. Neither his education nor his surroundings nor the changes of his fortunes have been such as to foster the strong natural inspiration of which there is abundant evidence in this volume. The Bard of Thomond is most certainly a born poet, and a poet in spite of circumstances. Many of his pieces, indeed, are spoiled by an excess of poetic figures, and his diction would often need to be chastened and toned down. But even luxuriant weeds show the richness of the soil. For instance, in the "Evicted Peasant" (page 98) there is a want of dramatic truth in the long retrospect of the poor man who has just found his wife dead; but many of the expressions are individually very touching and beautiful. A much smaller number of poems, pondered over carefully and lovingly by the poet with a view to simplicity and concentration, would do more justice to his genius than all these long battle-pieces; which, however, may be more to the taste of youthful martial bosoms than they are to that of the present peaceful critic. The descriptions with which the poems abound show a keen perception of natural beauty. Another proof of the truth of the poet's inspiration is the healthiness and purity of tone in his songs of the affections. One of the raciest and most cleverly rhymed pieces in the whole book is "Paddy MacCarthy to his Bridget MacSheehy" (page 255), and it is extremely creditable to this untutored but not unpractised muse that in such a wild rattling comic love-song there is not one word or suggestion bordering ever so slightly on indelicacy. And this holds true of all the "Lays and Legends of Thomond."

VII. *Eutopia: or, How to find a way out of Darkness and Doubt into Light and Certainty*. By FATHER PIUS DEVINE, Passionist. (London: Burns & Oates, 1880.)

THE object of this work is quite different from that of such books as Bagshaw's "Threshold of the Catholic Church"—which excellent book

is drawn up for the instruction of those who, fully or half converted, desire to learn the doctrine of the Church as to the points on which chiefly a convert's difficulties turn. This new book of Father Devine, the biographer of Father Ignatius Spencer, is in its purport more remote and more general, and takes the soul, as it were, when at a greater distance from the truth. It treats of the different ways in which the grace of conversion is wont to work, and then of the various forms of unbelief for which converts come into the Church. The mere headings of the chapters show the great extent of ground traversed; and it may be doubted whether such subjects as Pantheism, Deism, Materialism, Universalism, Scepticism, and sundry other *isms* can be profitably treated in a short chapter apiece. The rest of the volume is taken up with such matters as the settling of final doubts and objections, the practical method of reception, and the subsequent treatment of converts.

#### VIII. *Two new Books for May.*

A book for May has a better chance of falling into the hands of many of our readers in time for May by being brought under their notice now. Our May Number might say its good word for such books a little too late. We may, therefore, at once give the benefit of our good word to "The Pilgrim's May Wreath, Interwoven with Sweet Memories of our Forefathers' Devotion to the Mother of Jesus and our Mother" (Burns and Oates). Here Father Thaddeus, O.S.F., gives for each day of May an account of some English shrine of the Blessed Virgin, a little dissertation on one of her virtues, and a history of some favour wrought through her intercession. The Bishop of Salford calls it "England's Month of Mary." Any "children of Mary" who have not yet in their possession Father H. S. Bowden's "Miniature Life of Mary" (Burns & Oates), ought to get it forthwith. It is a beautiful little book.

#### IX. *New Sixpenny Edition of "Emmanuel."* By the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THE opportunities afforded by this Magazine for calling the attention of pious readers to this book of Eucharistic verses at the various stages of its career, have helped not a little to pass it through three large editions at home and one in America, and to secure for it the distinction of being issued in this cheap popular form. For obvious reasons we have not here to criticise, but merely to state that this sixpenny edition is printed in the same open, readable type, though in a smaller and much more economical form, which may allow it to be used more freely as a book of visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The work will still be procurable at all times in the larger and more elegant form, in which also the companion volume "Madonna" (devout verses about the Blessed Virgin and the Saints) will shortly be published.

## PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

THE last words of dying men have often been noted down. Goethe's "More light!"—Felix Mendelsohn's "Tired, very tired!"—Lord Chesterfield's "Give Dayrolles a chair!"—are not so edifying as the following, which are said to have been the last words of the famous astronomer, Copernicus, perhaps thrown afterwards by some one into this sapphic and adonic verse:—

"Non parem Paulo gratiam requiro,  
Veniam Petri neque posco; sed quam  
In crucis ligno dederas latroni  
Sedulus oro."

Of these lines the learned author of "The Flight of the Earls" has furnished us with the following version, which keeps closer to the spirit than to the letter of the original:—

"Not the grace thou gavest Paul  
Who saw thy Stephen stoned—  
Not the grace that Peter won  
When blinding tears his crime atoned.  
But, ah! dear Saviour, give to me  
The grace which Thou on Calvary  
Didst give the thief who at thy side  
Repenting hung, repenting died."

\* \*

In a little tale called "Through the Bars," which appeared in this Magazine in December, 1879, the hero says to the heroine, "Dost thou love me, Elsie?" And then the author takes up this question as text for the following commentary: "'Dost thou love me?' Words often asked pleadingly, joyfully, but as often gravely, with a hidden meaning—the shadow of a pain' to be inflicted, a charge to be delivered, a burden to be borne, as when once uttered by lips divine: 'Peter, lovest thou me?' Dost thou love me?—how much canst thou bear from me?—what wilt thou do for me? In proportion to thy love will be thy strength."

\* \*

Let us place side by side with the foregoing the following note taken during the Long Retreat of his noviceship by Father Alexis Clerc, of whose life and death some account will soon be given in these pages:—

"*Lovest thou Me?* I owe Thee my life, my preservation, the light of my mind, my faith, my baptism, my pardon after ten thousand mortal offences, my vocation, and still more that love of Thee which consumes me entirely. Oh! yes, Lord, I love Thee; I take Thee to

witness that I love Thee. Thou knowest that I love Thee, Thou who knowest everything. And to atone for so many crimes, dost Thou require only this testimony of my love? Alas, my God, why cannot I love Thee more? But if it is true that to wish to love is really to love, then indeed I love Thee, for I wish to love Thee with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my heart. I wish that there should not be one thought, one intention, one power, one affection in all my being, that may not be thine and for Thee. Is it possible that Thou canst be so good as to hold so much to the love of so miserable a creature and that Thou hast done so much to gain his love? What good dost Thou draw therefrom? Only thy love. But this is the last mark of thy love, O Lord, to wish nothing more than my love. And yet even this is not all. As the price of my love, Thou biddest me feed thy lambs, Thou wilt clothe me with the priesthood; that is to say, Thou wishest me to be raised up to the sublime dignity of performing acts that are all divine, such as consecrating and absolving; and, if I love Thee, Thou wilt come to me, and by me and with me Thou wilt continue thy mediation, thy redemption, and thy almighty and glorious holocaust. Burn, then, and consume my heart with thy love."

\* \*

I have heard from a friend who heard it from a friend who said that a man once told him that he had, when a boy, been the playfellow of a little boy called Dominic, the son of a Mr. Corrigan of 91 Thomas-street, Dublin, in the early years of this century, whose last years are growing fewer and fewer, though it will last long enough for some of us. Well, young Dominic was a wild little lad and fond of getting into scrapes. One of his punishments was solitary confinement in a certain garret, wherein he beguiled the weariness of his captivity in the following fashion. He kept himself supplied for such emergencies with any amount of twine which he let down from the window of the garret, and to the end of the string his comrade tied a dead rat, which was then hoisted up to the prisoner. The future Sir Dominic Corrigan, whose success was attributed partly to his profound study of morbid anatomy, would then amuse himself dissecting the rat till the hour of his deliverance came. This is a rather ugly parallel for the story of Linnæus getting his taste for botany from being given flowers to play with in his cradle.

\* \*

William Cullen Bryant, the poet who wrote "*Thanatopsis*" and "*The Green River*," was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. He hung up in his office the following list of words, which his leader-writers and subordinates were forbidden to use—some as being slang, others as being French, and others as having good, sensible words of the same meaning which ought to be preferred to them:—

|                           |                                         |                                                                                    |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Aspirant.                 | Jubilant, for "rejoicing."              | Reliable, for "trustworthy."                                                       |
| Authoress.                | Lady, for "wife."                       | Repudiate, for "reject" or "disown."                                               |
| "Being" done, built, &c.  | Lengthy.                                | Retire, for "withdraw."                                                            |
| Bogus.                    | Loafer.                                 | Role, for "part."                                                                  |
| Bagging, for "capturing." | Loan or loaned, for "lend" or "lent."   | Rowdies.                                                                           |
| Balance, for "remainder." | Located.                                | Roughs.                                                                            |
| Collided.                 | Measurable, for "in a measure."         | Secesh.                                                                            |
| Commenced, for "begun."   | Ovation.                                | States, for "says."                                                                |
| Couple, for "two."        | Obituary, for "death."                  | Taboo.                                                                             |
| Debut.                    | Parties, for "persons."                 | Transpire, for "occur."                                                            |
| Donate and donation.      | Posted, for "informed."                 | To progress.                                                                       |
| Employee.                 | Poetess.                                | Tapis.                                                                             |
| "Eqq."                    | Portion, for "part."                    | Talented.                                                                          |
| Indorse, for approve.     | Predicate.                              | The deceased.                                                                      |
| Gents for gentlemen.      | Progressing.                            | Vicinity, for "neighborhood."                                                      |
| "Hon."                    | Pants, for "pantaloons."                | Wall-street slang generally: "Bulls, bears, long, short, flat, corner, tight," &c. |
| Inaugurated, for "begun." | Quite, prefixed to "good," "large," &c. |                                                                                    |
| Initiated, for "begun."   | Realised, for "obtained."               |                                                                                    |
| In our midst.             |                                         |                                                                                    |
| Ignore.                   |                                         |                                                                                    |
| Jeopardise.               |                                         |                                                                                    |
| Juvenile, for "boy."      |                                         |                                                                                    |

\* \*

Our readers are familiar with a certain prayer-book for young children called "Holy Childhood." When a good nun in San Francisco had read some of it to her class, one of the little people cried out: "O Sister, you would not think that *that* was a book at all—you would think it was written with a pen!" Admirable criticism! The little critic must have been an Irish girl born out of her native country. God bless her.

\* \*

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you.

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

Have you something to do which you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first, and get it over. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first, and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

\* \*

Who is the author of the following "short cut to sanctity?"

"Guard well your tongue, restrain your feet,  
Keep down your eyes—laugh, sleep, and eat.  
Be kind to all, be never late;  
Do all things well, both small and great.



*Pigeon-hole Paragraphs.*

Fulfil God's will, give up your own ;  
 Leave others and their faults alone.  
 Forget there is a letter I :  
 You'll happy live, and peaceful die.

\* \*

A holy invalid, who several years ago ceased to be an invalid by ending altogether this *prolixitas mortis*, which we call life, enumerated in a letter to me all the dainties that kind friends kept sending to her in order to tempt the poor creature to eat something ; and then she added : " I mention all this to show the goodness of the people in what is called this wicked world. Somehow we are better to everyone than we are to God ; and still He is not jealous, but seems to inspire an increase of charitable acts to each other, passing over Himself, being satisfied that what we do to the least of his brethren we do unto Him. But I am tired and tiresome."

\* \*

Martial says to some poetaster called Pontilianus :—

"Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?  
 Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos."

Whereof I venture to offer this rendering :

"You ask, Pontilian, why I ne'er  
 To you my poems send?  
 Lest you (the truth I must declare)  
 Should send me yours, dear friend."

\* \*

Our next pigeonhole reverses the process pursued in the preceding one. There we turned a Latin squib into English ; here a friend turns for us some English lines (Pope's) into skilful Latin hexameters.

"As man, perchance, the instant of his breath  
 Receives the lurking principle of death,  
 The young disease that must subdue at length  
 Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength.

"Qualis homo nascens, momento forsitan ipso  
 Spirandi, recipit latitantia semina mortis,  
 Morbus adhuc juvenis sed tandem vincere pergens  
 Crescit eo crescente, et vires viribus æquat."

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERNEVIL," ETC

## BOOK SECOND.

## CHAPTER XIV.

SAN ZENO.

BESIDES the sensations produced by the mere presence of vastness enriched with beauty felt by the wanderer in foreign churches, he will often, if at all peacefully minded, be conscious of an influence which grows on him as he proceeds, and springs from the continual association with the large and gracious company of the saints, whose images people the walls. Gathered from all ends of the earth the faithful servants stand in God's house, their sculptured faces shining with the smile of the glorified spirit that is far away, sunned in the light of paradise. Enshrined high above our heads, clothed with strength, their feet lifted for ever out of thorny ways, they would seem at first to be not of our kind, till presently the sword, the palm, the wheel remind us of the toils and wounds with which they fought the battle of life and scaled the heights of eternity. Cecilia with sword and lyre, Vincent de Paul and his clinging babes, Dorothea blooming among roses, the great Christopher stemming the torrent—who shall call the roll of the beautiful army? Far over our heads, our thoughts, they are gazing, wrapped in the contemplation of their ineffable secret, or they look down pityingly on pilgrims still faring below. Weary, poverty-stricken, heart-broken, *they* dragged themselves to God's gate, too feeble even to knock: what they knew when it opened to them is not told. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" aught of the mystery whose sweetness lies locked behind the silence of their marble lips; but whither they have penetrated we too may come. The bliss they taste we also may share. Passing from church to church the Christian will find himself eagerly looking for certain angelic countenances, as the links of a living litany followed by his heart. Beauty, Fortitude, Meekness, Fervour, each embodied virtue has a face that he has learned to greet as the face of a friend. Stately Barbara, with her tower of strength; delicate Elizabeth among her cripples; Francis surrounded by his lepers and birds; the meek and mighty Paul—every one stands serene in his own place. Happy are the feet that linger reverently

before their sculptured semblance, blessed the hearts that muse on the lovely lessons of the imperishable lives they recall.

Even a mind little given to religious thought will find a soothing influence from the presence of this white company. Gradually and almost unconsciously the hearts of Honeywood and Ida were swayed by the silent meanings of holy faces whose smile when living had given help and hope to humanity, of folded hands whose toil had been the charity of Christ. Great must be the Master whose servants are such, is the thought such meanings lead up to, and eyes of those whose work may still be waiting for them, whose pilgrimage is far from its close, will turn, laden with it, to the face of the Redeemer, whose behests these strong ones have fulfilled.

Day after day our three travelling friends, each with a care at heart, explored the strange old churches of Verona. Leaving the noisy, deep-coloured streets and piazzi where the strong sun burned fiercely down on haughty palace, ancient dwelling, and tower frowning with all the arrogance of bygone, warlike days, the strangers raised the heavy curtain meant to shut out a world of passion, and stepped from glow and glare into dimness and mystery. As strange, in their own way, as its colossal fortresses and fantastic tombs, are the churches of Verona, with a solemn, half-barbaric splendour all their own. One afternoon Honeywood, Ida, and Kevin stood before the portal of San Zeno, that curious portal, with its columns supported by leonine, sphynx-like creatures that seem to guard jealously the hoarded treasure of nine centuries accumulated within. Rich, bizarre, unique, are the outer forms and expressions of this old church. A sort of magnificent grimness in the design of the building, lightened and softened by the delicate quaintness of the ornamentation encrusted upon the entrance and front, takes a curious hold upon the imagination. Weird sculptures enrich the portal, including a version of the story of the wild jäger, Theodoric, at a staghunt, surrounded by hounds; the demon, to whom he has sold his soul for pleasure, grinning at him from a corner; scripture subjects surmounting and emphasising this uncanny legend; while a strange benediction surmounts all, the hand of the Almighty raised in blessing and warning, carved out of the stone above the door. Higher still the wheel window, with beauty to attract the eye, startles the fancy with its almost mocking meaning, showing fortune at her pranks, a king at top of the wheel, a beggar at bottom. The whole seems the work of a Christianity powerful and gigantic, but only half-tamed, with a soul vividly awake to God, but an imagination still darkened by influences of paganism, and crossed by an innocent and child-like freakishness; a Christianity still of the sword and club, needing and receiving angelic visions to soothe its savage fervour into peace, a titan with one foot in hell and the other in heaven, but both arms grasping the cross.

"Do not torture yourself with this wild huntsman, Ida," said Honeywood, seeing her peering into Theodoric's carven story. "Let us hope the hunter's arrow mistook him for a wild boar, or the trusty hounds drove him back whence he came."

Ida smiled with a smile, unknown to the castle of Lichtenberg, which was becoming familiar to her face. "I am not afraid of his fiendship," she said. "Whatever I have done with myself I never bartered my soul for pleasure."

"No; only pain has had the power to charm you."

"It charms me no more," she said, tremulously, and turned to study the scriptural carvings with eager interest.

"It was a tender conceit of the old carver, whoever he was," said Kevin, "to finish all his elfish work by crowning the doorway with yonder upraised Hand. You cannot enter here, Baroness, without passing under the benediction of the Almighty."

He raised the curtain for her as he spoke and they passed in. Honeywood looked after them with an aching heart, then drew back and did not follow them immediately, pacing up and down in the sun and musing bitterly on the result of his endeavours for Ida's peace of mind.

"I have loved her for years," he thought, "and have never been able to bring a happy smile to her face. He has quickly raised the veil that separated her from a beautiful and natural life. I ought to be satisfied since she will be content; only I wish these difficult days were over—that the time were come when I could leave them to themselves."

During the last few weeks a deeper passion had been roused in Honeywood's nature than he had thought himself capable of feeling. Early disappointed in his love for Ida, he had yielded to the inevitable, and, feeling little interest in other women, he had told himself that there were plenty of materials for contentment in the world to make life sufficiently pleasurable to the man who cannot attain his chief desire. His tastes for literature, art, travel, his natural good-humour, his habits of half-cynical observation and sympathetic interest in his fellow-creatures helped him to get contentedly over certain years of his life, which might else have been embittered; and the love he bore Kevin had come sweetly into a heart all too thoroughly emptied, giving new zest to his occupations, and new point to his wanderings. In seeking Ida in her new state of freedom, he had thought to meet her with an affection cooled down to the temperature of mere kindness—an expectation which, however, was not to be fulfilled. The first sight of her in her loneliness, the first pathetic glance of her blue eyes that could see nothing but sorrow, and yet found sorrow so burdensome, made him long more ardently than ever to make her happiness the great object of his life.

After her cold and sad rejection of his renewed suit on the evening of his arrival at her house, he had reflected that, as he had borne much pain on her account before, he must be able to bear it again, and had tried to put himself out of the question of her welfare. If another could make her happiness, why, let that other come forth into the light and take her by the hand. Thinking it most probable that she might learn to love Kevin, he had himself pointed out to the young man the way to win her, and now a storm of jealousy had arisen in his own heart which he found himself powerless to quell.

When these fateful days of travel should have come to an end, and the two he loved have left him at certain cross-roads of life, proceeding together upon their journey of life, would he be able to set out again solitarily on his wayward rambles over the world, to console himself with his philosophy and his dilettante tastes? He thought not. He could not see his way. His feet had got into a dark and stifling *cul de sac* from which he could see no outlet.

Had he possessed a mind of a naturally melancholy tinge, been used to the forebodings and regrets that accompany many people through every stage of our shifting existence, the trial could not have come on him as such a terrible surprise. Accustomed to look at the pleasant side of everything and to put trust in his own power of self-contentment, he was the more confounded at the victory that misery had gained over his heart. In her early wilful days he had never loved Ida so well as now, when the delicacy of her cheek and the sensitive quiver of her lip told him silently how much she had suffered, while at the same time the light of grace and warmth of love were kindling the coldness of her nature into an exquisite glow. With the stronger love had come the deeper capacity for pain, and the hitherto placid, easy-tempered man groaned under a weight of suffering which was more than he could bear.

Pacing up and down in the sun with a contracted brow he suddenly broke the thread of his bitter reflections by turning on his heel and entering the church.

How dark it was in here, how still, how mysteriously peaceful. A peculiar monastic solemnity filled the place, seeming to drop from the lofty roof of wood and creep up the quaint, gradual ascent to the choir. The brown dusk of antiquity hung thick upon everything, scarcely allowing the rare treasures stored in silence to glow out of the shadows like jewels in a cave. One by one the eye detected them, curious relics of a bygone age, magnificent expressions of a burning faith that has passed with the workers in metals and gems, colours and precious woods, into the more vivid glories of eternity.

When Honeywood's eyes grew accustomed to the rich obscurity of this strange interior, one of the first sights that attracted them was a rude, brown figure of San Zeno, sitting awkwardly in a chair, with ex-

tended hand. How did the saint, an African, leave his scorching land to become bishop and patron of Verona? Few care to know; but the swarthy, rugged man has a whole history in his lean and earnest face. Something of a legend attaching to him Honeywood had heard, and yonder stood the famous "coppa," a large, antique porphyry vase, carried by the fiend from the desert by order of the saint. The flesh-and-blood man who now stood with his pained heart before the eager-faced, dusky effigy was not one of those who scoff at such tales. He believed that each one had a living meaning, a powerful significance, more or less pointed and intense according to the measure and quality of the intelligence it reached. Had this uncouth, dark son of the desert, with his upraised hand, any message treasured here through the shadows of the ages for the fair-skinned Saxon who now looked him in the eyes?

A slight sound made Honeywood turn his head, and he saw, with a slant ray of light falling from a jewelled window on them, Ida and Kevin standing before an altar at some distance, their faces leaned towards one another, contemplating a picture above their heads. The picture was a Madonna enthroned with angels, the Child standing on her knee; a vision of blissful peace, a sweet, serene woman, and confiding Babe, set in the radiance of heaven, with the bright glory of the Divinity so softened in their eyes as to suffer the tenderness of their humanity to take hold of the hardest heart.

The tender, absorbed look on Ida's face struck Honeywood forcibly. He had observed her increasing interest for pictures of this subject, and noted it as a sign of the growth of her woman's heart, as well as of a change in the attitude of her mind towards spiritual and sacred things. Fear and distrust of the supernatural were giving way before confidence and love; her heart was awakening both to God and to man.

As the two heads bent towards the altar, Honeywood thought what a noble pair they looked, and his jealous imagination joined their hands and destinies where they stood; then he turned away with a bitter quiver of the heart to hide himself and his pain in the shadows. Turning, his eye fell again on the dark San Zeno, and he was startled by the earnest expression of the brown man's face. Something in the meaning of the life and legend of this son of the desert won upon Honeywood in his sad hour as he studied the swarthy lineaments before him, and realised the strong soul that had lived in the form of which this rude image was the copy. In the spare, dusky face dwelt the power that had compelled the fiend. The face and soul of a warrior were there, whose weapons had been charity and abnegation of self. Life had been no easy journey to this African. A lie was in his face, or else he had struggled in bitter waters and walked upon burning ploughshares. But he had triumphed over evil; he had compelled the fiend. Pacing up and down before the silent figure,

Honeywood took the face with its legend to heart. To those who have the power most to enjoy and to suffer in this world, life can scarcely be all a summer's day. There are deserts to be crossed and fiends to be compelled. And as for himself, would he not wrestle with the dark angel, and learn to cross the desert alone?

He did not see the anxious looks which Ida cast towards him from time to time. What had she done to displease him, she asked herself, that he scarcely ever talked to her or walked by her side?

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A MOONLIGHT CONVERSATION.

THAT night Kevin and Ida sat together on the summit of the amphitheatre in the moonlight, while Honeywood, according to his now usual custom, walked apart, leaving them to hold their conversation uninterrupted. Their talk was of the great poet and exile whose foot-prints are all over Verona. Honeywood, seemingly lost in his own thoughts, perceived that they spoke earnestly, and his feet kept a little further aloof, though not so far but that he could breathe the perfume exhaled from the flowers that Ida wore in her bosom.

Said Kevin, "If following the example of some friends of yours we could call the spirit of Dante to our presence, there would be no more fitting place than this. Imagine the glorified vision rising from the circular, almost fathomless, pit of shadow into these upper rings of light, with a gleam from paradise on the strange, strong brow—all harsh lines of pain and bitterness smoothed away for ever."

"You feel sure it would be a glorified vision," said Ida.

"I do. I feel sure that he has long since passed through that fire he describes, which pains and purifies, yet consumes nothing but sin; and that he is safe in the fields of bliss."

"In all that I have read of him lately," said Ida, "nothing struck me so forcibly as his description of the shock of inward revelation, by which the soul in the Purgatorio became suddenly aware that it was thoroughly pure and fit for the presence of God. Enough had been suffered, the trial was ended, and the last soil of sin having vanished, had left the spirit free to perceive its own perfection and the immediate happiness awaiting it—without voice from above or below to convey the blessed news."

"A mighty testimony to the divine instinct of conscience," said Kevin.

"I felt, reading it, as if my heart would break for joy," said Ida.

"I was eager to rush in among those sighing shades of Purgatory that I might come the nearer to so rapturous a moment."

"Yet why?—when we have so many sorrows in life for our purgation. Dante's great heart had, I trust, already burned away much

of its own faultiness by suffering before death; ere that angel, whose white wings winnow the air and propel his mysterious boat, landed him on the melancholy though hopeful purgatorial shore."

"Ah, if one could thus make holy one's petty pains," said Ida, "it would be storing up treasure for the future."

"The flame of cleansing fire is ever burning in our own hearts," said Kevin, dreamily; and then both were silent, each busy with the thoughts such a reflection called forth.

"It is believed," said Kevin, rousing himself presently, "that the spectacle of this amphitheatre, seen as we see it now in the moonlight, suggested to Dante the plan of the *Inferno*, with its ever-narrowing and descending rings: light circling round the top, getting gradually lost in an all but bottomless pit. It is easy to imagine the sad exile with his proud, sore heart and burning imagination wandering about here by night when the great nobles, his patrons, were either feasting noisily or sleeping off the effects of their dissipation. We are told that Can Grande said to him one day with a savage rudeness that seems to belong to his rough name, 'How is it that you who are so inspired and so learned amuse the Court of Verona less than the buffoon who is just now delighting us?' And Dante answered in his own lofty, scathing way, 'People are usually pleased with those who resemble themselves.' After such a little passage of bitterness as this between him and the rude man whom he loved and whose bounties he accepted, he may have turned on his heel and, scaling these solemn heights, have plunged into the depths of his *Inferno*, there forgetting the pains of this world in the more intolerable woes of another."

"Then you think Can Grande was not a real friend," said Ida.

"Truly his friend, but the Mastinos were a savage race; and when the Great Dog barked, doubtless, Dante writhed in his dependence. I am glad to find, however, that there is one writer of modern days (Ampère) who refuses to believe in the cruel play upon the word 'scala' in the sad lines:

"Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare  
Is bread of others; and the way how hard  
That leadeth up and down another's stair."

Doubtless, Dante, in his weary wanderings, hurled down from his high place, separated from 'each beloved thing,' banished under pain of a fiery death from his adored Florence, found the bread he ate bitter, and the road he travelled hard. The way ever up and down another's stair must be at times a sad pilgrimage even to the meekest feet, and Dante was not meek; but I for one am glad to agree with the thoughtful and eloquent writer who denies that a great soul could revenge itself on a benefactor by means of the stiletto, and plant a covert sting in the hand that had shielded him."



As Kevin spoke his glance involuntarily followed the movements of Honeywood's figure, which paced moodily at a distance, dark on the verge of the amphitheatre wall against the deep blue sky, treading upon the moonlight that rimmed the uneven causeway. Ida caught the look, and a tear welled to her eye as she read her companion's thought. He, too, had known the fostering care of a benefactor, and his grateful heart had been pained at times by the fear that he had in some way displeased so beloved a friend. Ida had noticed Honeywood less kind than of old in his manner to Kevin, without guessing the pain that had caused this change of manner. She, too, had suffered under Thistleton's displeasure, having earned it by her folly and infatuated hardness of heart. But in what had Kevin sinned?

Eager to free them both from such thoughts, she hurriedly continued the conversation interrupted by a spell of silence.

"How these two cities, Florence and Verona, are bound to the name of Dante? Florence was the one beloved by him, and yet it seems to me that the mark of his presence is more impressed upon Verona."

"I feel with you. Florence had him in his youth, in the days of his love-dream; the mystical atmosphere of the *Vita Nuova* surrounds him there. She also possessed him in the days of his political life, in the hours of his triumph and power. But the Dante we best know, the sad, strong face, seamed with suffering and crowned with laurel, haunts Verona, and is more visible here than anywhere else in the world. This is the spot that knew him in the zenith of his great fame, when Florence cruelly rejected him. Had he remained in his high place in Florence, who can say whether the *Divina Comedia* would ever have been written?"

"Was it not begun before his exile?"

"Begun, but tossed aside in the storm of active political life. Five years of turmoil in banishment had passed when his nephew found in an old family receptacle a scroll of some few cantos, the beginning of the *Divine Comedy*, and sent it to the exile. Receiving it, all the poet awoke in his passionate, disappointed heart, so torn by worldly strife, and, as if called by heaven, he threw himself into the task and accomplished the real work of his life."

"Are we not told that he wrote the *Inferno* among the hills of Lunigiana, at the castle of the Baron Malaspina?"

"He may have written part of it, have finished it there; but I believe that the plan of it was conceived in Verona. The hills had their share in supplying the scenery, I dare say. Take this moon-gilded amphitheatre and lose it in some strange, lone, hollow wilderness of nature,

"— Within a forest dark,  
For the straightforward pathway had been lost,"

and you can gain some idea of the first suggestion of that 'desert slope at a mountain foot' where the firm foot ever was the lower."

"I have been surprised to learn lately," said Ida, "how much material Dante found at hand for his wonderful work. I used to think he was the first, almost the only one, who startled mankind with visions of the other world."

"Many had gone before him, preparing his way. Long before I ever heard of Dante, when I was an almost unlettered boy on an Irish mountain side, I knew by heart the strange tale of the voyage of St. Brendan, a saint of my land, 'a holy man of Yrlande,' who sailed in search of an island peopled by the souls of the blessed, and who met with strange adventures upon islands of Purgatory and islands of the damned. Many a time I lay in the heather, looking earnestly along the sea-line for a glimpse of Hy-Brasil, the Island of the Blessed, which our people believe is sometimes visible for a moment in the evening light. I was also familiar with the stories from St. Patrick's Purgatory, having learned them of course in the Irish language. All those Irish visions, beautiful, poetic, and sublime as they are, as well as those of other countries on the same supernatural theme were, doubtless, well known to Dante from his childhood. What his genius had to do was to build up a perfect and splendid arch, which should span all time, out of the exquisite rainbow fragments that were floating round his head."

"What is St. Patrick's Purgatory?"

"If you come to Ireland some day I will show you the place, a romantic spot, an island in the middle of Lough Derg."

"An island within an island!"

"There was in ancient times a dark cave by which St. Patrick entered into the bowels of the earth, and beheld terrible and blessed Dantesque visions. However, our Irish saints were of a merciful temper, and were always fonder of purgatory than of hell. St. Brendan gives even Judas a little respite from his torture, and suggests that the pity of Christ is even for him. When the fiends reproach the saint for protecting him, Brendan charges them by the Passion of the Lord to depart. And they go howling."

"Have you ever seen St. Patrick's Purgatory?"

"When a child, I travelled a long way with my father to perform devotions at the spot. If you ever visit it, you will see many simple people of the present day who never heard Dante's name, going through exercises of prayer and penance on this lonely rock. The mystical atmosphere of the legend hangs round the place, and the island is the island of prayer."

"You said there *was* an ancient cave. Is it not there still?"

"It was filled up and all trace of it destroyed by order of the government in 1632. Illustrious pilgrims had long visited it from all

parts of the world, and it had become too famous. Edward III. granted to Hungarian and Italian nobles safe conduct through England on their way to St. Patrick's Purgatory, and there is record of the same from Richard II. to Raymond, Viscount of Perilleux, a knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses.\* The history of the Knight Owen's visit, related by Henry of Saltrey, had attracted numbers to the place. Froissart tells of Sir W. Lysle's expedition to the Purgatory. In the "Four Masters" mention is made of a French knight, a pilgrim, who repaid the hospitality of O'Donnell of Donegal by sending him a ship with guns. With all this passing to-and-fro of glittering foreigners coming to do penance, more or less sincere, for their crimes, it is easy to conceive how the halo of simple religious fervour that surrounded the spot may have become obscured. The poets and troubadours took up the theme, and many romantic tales were told of St. Patrick's Purgatory. It was stated that all who descended to do penance in the cave were promised the same visions as had been given to St. Patrick; which was not the case, however. It is true that those who, after going through certain prayers and mortifications for fifteen days, persisted in their desire to spend twenty-four hours alone in the recesses of the cave, were conducted there with much solemnity, and many warnings, and prayers for their safe return. No wonder it was looked on as an awful ordeal, to pass so long a time in the bowels of the earth, in a spot with so many terrible associations. However that may be, the Calvinists, who would not hear of purgatory on any terms (preferring hell), set their strength against the lonely rock with its church and cave, scattered the penitents, demolished the church and monastery, and choked up the cave, so that trace of it no more may be found."

"What is the Knight Owen's story?"

"Being filled by enthusiasm from hearing the legend of St. Patrick, he desired to be let down into the cave. The monks warned him that he should suffer terror, and if his heart was not right towards God, and his penitence sincere, he might never return; and a requiem Mass was sung over him in the church before his departure. His first adventure was meeting fifteen venerable men in white, who received him kindly and told him to act manfully or he must perish, body and soul. He will be assaulted by demons who will by torments strive to thrust him back:—

"'But if they will thee beat or bind,  
Look thou, have these words in thy mind:  
Jesus, as Thou art full of might,  
Have mercy on a sinful knight.'

In the moment of need the mention of the Lord's name saves him.

\* Rhymer's "Fodera."

He had among other wonderful trials to cross a 'high, narrow, and slippery' bridge called the bridge of the three impossibilities; but strengthened by faith and prayer, he crossed it safely. He came to a bright, crystal wall, having a door adorned with gold and jewels, admitting him to the terrestrial paradise, where the 'unwise' Adam and Eve dwelt when on earth, and where many people still remain free from sensible pain. Note here the likeness to Dante's vision. If you care to know all his experiences, you will find them, as written by Henry of Saltrey about the year 1152. But you who can read Spanish ought to get Calderon's '*Purgatorio de San Patritio*.'

"What strikes me as very remarkable," said Ida, "is the difference in matters relating to the spiritual world between you Irish and all other nations. No one thought of believing that Dante had really seen the visions he relates so precisely, but your people made a reality of the legend of St. Patrick, and staked their faith and devotion on its circumstantial truth. Nay, they do so still, as you tell me you yourself, when a child, performed devotions at this spot."

"It is true that with us Irish faith in the unseen is a passion which is as strong as it is indescribable. Neither sin, pleasure, sorrow, nor affliction can root it out of us. We have been called 'a poetic nation, to whom credulity is easy,' and long may religion hold its sway over our souls. But remember that St. Patrick was a saint of God. Dante, a mighty poet, was no saint. The legend of what St. Patrick saw was of an earlier age and had been accepted as truth by simple and unquestioning Christians. At this present day God alone could tell us how much foundation of truth was at the bottom of the tale, or from what mysterious source came the first of those poetic rumours which later went to build up our Dante's fame."

"But what of the Knight Owen's vision?"

"I cannot give you any explanation of that, or tell you how far he thought he spoke truth, or whether he meant his recital to be taken for truth any more than Dante meant his tale of the '*Inferno*' to be literally believed in. It was an age of romance, of chivalrous and religious exploits. Henry of Saltrey made a thrilling poem of that which Owen related to him, and all we care to know more of the knight who had so strange a history to tell is that he led a good life after, and seemed to profit by all he had seen or dreamed:

"He died and went the bright way,  
To the bliss that lasts for aye;  
To that bliss may he us bring  
That of all is Lord and King."

"And you yourself have been on this curious spot," said Ida, musingly. "I suppose the people returned to the sanctuary as soon as the storm that had burst upon it blew over."

"They did. At present a few bare white-washed buildings stand on the island, one of which is a humble church, the rest are lodgings, the most barren species of lodgings, for visitors. The pilgrims 'bring their fast with them,' as the poor say, and a very scanty measure of bread and water is all they taste while they stay. Their sleeping place is the bare rock, but some keep vigil all the time. A very few pence will defray the expenses of the pilgrimage. No one lives on the island, except during the period of the pilgrimage, which is performed once a year."

"This island in its lonely lake, is it surrounded with beautiful scenery?" asked Ida.

"The lake is set in the midst of a wilderness of heather, locked among dreary, moorland hills. The rugged forlorn landscape, such as it is, seems to me to suit the strange history that hangs around it."

"And the people go, you yourself have gone, a child, to fast and pray in this desert region, painfully, because your saint may have seen visions on the spot."

"Because they feel themselves there in the track of holy feet, and think they breathe an atmosphere that draws them nearer to God."

Ida sat silent; her thoughts hovered over the picture just sketched for her, the bare, lone rock, with its pilgrims rapt in prayer, and its strange weird mediæval background, and then glanced at the scene of the spiritual *séance* in her drawingroom at Lichtenberg.

"It is very late," she said, suddenly rising.

Kevin sprang up, and Honeywood, seeing them move, turned on his heel and preceded them down the steps of the amphitheatre, and along the homeward way.

## IN MEMORIAM C. W. R.

(Feb. 26, 1880.)

OUR tongues are loosed, for thou art dead!  
 Our hearts may utter what they feel.  
 We dared not, till thy spirit fled,  
 Our worship and our love reveal.

But God has ended thy long pain,  
 Thy term of forced repose is run.  
 Kind friends to keep thee strove in vain—  
 God's will be done, God's will be done!

His gracious will had struck thee down  
While fruitfullest thy labours seemed :  
For God would finish *thus* thy crown,  
And not as proud affection dreamed.

We dreamed thy ripened wisdom still  
Might train the *soggarths* of our race ;  
And that thy reverend form might fill  
For many a year its lofty place ;

That thou wouldst spend thyself still more  
In serving all, thy aid who sought,  
And using well the treasured lore  
By many a studious vigil bought.

But suddenly thy course is checked,  
Thy hand its toils reluctant stays ;  
And many a hope and plan are wrecked  
'Mid sleepless nights and workless days.

Three patient years of painful rest  
Ere yet the generous heart grew still.  
We wanted thee—but God knows best,  
And welcome be his holy will !

He would thy meek endurance prove,  
And so He willed thee long to be  
The grateful object of that love  
Two kindred hearts poured out on thee :

Two faithful wedded hearts as pure,  
As rich, as noble as thy own—  
(He will remember you, be sure,  
Dear friends, before the great white Throne).

Farewell ! Thy strong and tender heart,  
Thy earnest will, thy spacious mind,  
Had well and fully played their part,  
Though more, we thought, remained behind.

Much do we know, yet little know  
Of all the worth that filled thy days ;  
For thy fine nature hated show,  
Did good by stealth, and shrank from praise.

*Up and round Mont Blanc.*

In spheres of duty wide apart,  
 Thy calm, unresting zeal found scope;  
 Of many a home and many a heart  
 The comfort thou and stay and hope.

Yet none of those who prized thee best  
 To pain thee with their praise might dare;  
 And hearts with gratitude oppressed  
 Could only whisper it in prayer.

But thou art gone! And *now* we may,  
 Unchidden, all our love proclaim,  
 And vow, whilst we behind thee stay,  
 To honour and to bless thy name.

Farewell! Whate'er the future brings  
 To us—no longer by thy side—  
 'Twill urge us on to higher things  
 To think that thou hast lived and died.

M. R.

## UP AND ROUND MONT BLANC.

BY NATHANAEL COLGAN.

## IV.—COURMAYEUR TO MARTIGNY.

COURMAYEUR, though it makes excellent headquarters for mountaineers exploring the south-east face of the Mont Blanc range, can never compete with Chamouni in the affections of the ordinary Swiss tourist. Turn where you will at Chamouni, the sublime vista of Mont Blanc is before your eyes; but at Courmayeur you must walk some miles from your hotel or climb some thousands of feet up the neighbouring mountains to get a view of equal breadth and grandeur, as the town lies well up in the rather confined lateral valley of Aosta. I only stopped the night at Courmayeur, and at 6 o'clock next morning (August 14th) set out for the Hospice of the Great Saint Bernard by way of the Col Ferret and Col de Fenêtre. In good weather, a guide is not absolutely necessary on this track, though it is a rather unfrequented one, and the Col de Fenêtre, its highest point, is little under 9,000 feet. But after the three days' march with the knapsack from Chamouni round to Courmayeur I thought I might, with a clear conscience, indulge in

the luxury of a guide to carry my baggage across the mountains to the Great Saint Bernard; and so I struck a bargain with Albert Charlet, a strapping jovial young Chamouni guide, who had come over the Col du Géant the day before and was very glad to pick up a job on his way back to his native valley.

It was a cloudless morning, the mountain-tops standing out clearly-cut against the blue sky, when we left the Hôtel de Mont Blanc and passing by La Saxe on the right struck up the Val d'Aosta at a swinging pace. Less than half an hour from Courmayeur brought us to the sharp bend, where the Val Ferret turns north-east almost at right angles from the Val d'Aosta. The red-tiled roofs and slender campaniles of Entrèves lay before us; behind them rose the grassy ridge of Mont Fréty, crowned with its solid stone pavilion; behind that again towered up the snowy mass of the Géant, and turning slightly backward the eyes rested on the great glacier of the Brenva, streaming down to the Val Veni in a broad sea-green band. Our route lay up the Val Ferret. Crossing a meadow, where the bright green aftermath fresh from the dew was sprinkled over with violet crocuses, as thickly sown as cowslips in an English pasture, we began to mount gently through thin woods of pine and mélèze with an undergrowth of juniper spreading its flat sheets of metallic green over the granite boulders. The woods soon fell back from the path to the edge of the great moraines of gray weather-stained rock heaped up by the Mont Blanc glaciers on the left, and we came out on a level track through whose centre ran the torrent of the Doire. Along the stream lay poor pastures and meadows where the buxom Piedmontese peasant-girls in wide-brimmed straw hats paused a moment from their hay-making to parry Charlet's gibes on the luxuriant growth of weeds. The scenery grew more and more desolate as we went up the valley. Here and there was seen a dreary hamlet of dingy chalets; the pines had disappeared altogether; and the Doire in its overflowings had turned a wide surface into sandy or shingly wastes, dotted over with clumps of stunted willow and alder, and furrowed by dry water channels where the snow still lay in thick masses. When we had passed the imposing peaks of the Grandes Jorasses the path began to mount rapidly on the right-hand side of the valley through stony pasture sprinkled over with a few forlorn pines, whose half-naked roots went writhing far and wide through the arid soil in search of food and moisture. But the rhododendrons thrived here, and their bright bloom brought out more strongly by contrast the hideous chaos of rubbish on the opposite side of the valley, where the Glacier de Triolet had shot down its great moraine of rocks and shingle.

Here our path turns sharply to the right, and as we mount slowly across steep pasture the grand outline of the Mont Blanc chain gradually



unfolds itself below. The peaks of the Grand Jorasses, the Géant and Mont Blanc itself make resting-points for the eyes as they sweep along the colossal wall of naked rock, and glacier, and snow-field stretching away south-west for some eighteen miles to the Col de la Seigne, with jagged battlements whose deepest notches lie more than two miles above sea-level. How deeply peaceful these soft domes of snow appear far up in the uncontaminated blue; and yet while we look at them now they are being swept, no doubt, by such a strong, keen blast as whistled over them the Friday morning before when I toiled up the arête to the calotte or final hump of Mont Blanc.

Slowly zig-zagging upward under the full blaze of the sun, the pleasant tinkle of cow-bells strikes on our ears, calling up visions of a *châlet des vaches* and deep draughts of cool new milk; and in a few minutes more we pass over the crest of a ridge and plump into a large herd of cattle in charge of a ragged native, who is just now engaged in executing an impromptu staccato passage with his stick on the flanks of a vagabond cow. We make for a long stone-built *châlet des vaches* which stretches along the mountain side at the upper end of the pasture; Charlet dives in through its low doorway, and coming out again in a few seconds carrying two frothing bowls of new milk, we seat ourselves on a log outside and lunch with the appetite of mountaineers. Leaving Charlet stretched full length with his nose to the sky calmly puffing the fourth cigar he has lit since leaving Courmayeur, I turn into the *châlet* after lunch to take notes. The interior I found was very beautiful from a Rembrandtesque point of view, that is to say, it was a haunt of rich lights and shadows. Looked at from other points of view, however, and notably from the sanitary point, there was not much to be said for the *châlet*. The dwelling-room, hazy and eye-smarting with the smoke from a brisk pine-wood fire, opened without any compromise into the long cow-shed, through which a dim illumination was spread from the golden shafts of sunlight that streamed in through the narrow air slits in the wall. If you would have a distinct picture of this cow-châlet, a fairly representative one for the district, by a bold flight of fancy, suppose it to be a basilica: then the living room takes the place of the apse or choir, the long vista of cow-shed becomes the nave, and the roughly-paved avenue down the centre with the range of stalls at each side, dwindling away in not unpleasing perspective, represents the aisle with its double row of pews.

Cheese-making was in full swing when I went in. Over the fire hung a large copper cauldron where the milk was boiling, and over this cauldron, armed with a long wooden spoon or stirrer and coifed with a blue worsted night-cap, brooded the cheese-maker. He was an elderly man, as wooden as the spoon he was wielding, and so thoroughly immersed, mentally that is to say, in his cauldron of potential curds, that he could only spare me a curt nod of his night-cap in return for

my greeting. But there are secret springs in the hearts of even the most wooden of men which have only to be touched to set flowing unsuspected streams of feeling. The word "cheese" was the talisman here. I had but to simulate a burning curiosity with regard to things cheesy in general, and the cheese-maker's face crumpled into a stiff grin of pleasure. Leaving the stirrer lying idle in the cauldron, he feelingly traced the milk for me in very trying patois through all its vicissitudes, from the milking pail through the cauldron and the mould up to the rude stone-weighted cheese-press. Then walking over to a wide shelf in a corner of the chalet, he whisked a lot of cloths from off a huge Gruyère, nearly three feet in diameter, and requested me to "look at that," with an air of calm pride, as if he were content to have his worth as a man and an artist gauged by the merits of his latest masterpiece. He showed me his rough plank-bed, too, whereon—shudder as ye read this, oh sanitarians—milk-pails, pans, cheese-moulds and other dairy utensils found a temporary resting-place; and to crown his hospitality, he broke bread with me: in plain language, he chipped me off with his wood-hatchet a splinter from one of his cakes of *pain de seigle*, which with milk and cheese makes up the staple food of the hard-worked abstemious herdsman. This rye-bread of the herdsmen differs from linseed cake only in this respect, that it is infinitely harder, so hard, that it must be steeped in water for some time before it can be eaten.

It was just ten o'clock when we left the chalet, and after an hour of steep up-hill work over ground destitute of the smallest shrub, we reached the top of the Col Ferret, at a height of 8,500 feet, where we found a flock of about a hundred sheep luxuriously stretched full length on the snow in the blaze of the sun and scarcely lifting their heads to look at us as we pass. The snowy Col de Fenêtre lies nearly in front of us now and only a few hundred feet higher than the spot we stand on; but to reach it we must first plunge down into the deep valley separating the two mountain ridges, and thus, in half an hour, undo the five hours' climbing from Courmayeur. The first part of the descent lies over broad patches of snow filling up all the hollows and bridging over the small torrents which are heard gurgling along their stony beds with a smothered sound as if some subterranean monster were being strangled in the earth beneath our feet. Then over scant stone-sprinkled pasture the track leads to a grassy plateau where a large herd of cattle is grazing. Here was another long cow-chalet where we found three herdsmen seated at dinner with hunks of *pain de seigle* in their hands and bowls of milk on their knees. Uncouth-looking mortals they were. As they sat there unwashed and unshaven, with their clumsy wooden shoes and ragged blouses and chattered in barbarous patois while they scooped up the milk, it was impossible to avoid contrasting them unfavourably, as animals, with the silky, clean-limbed cattle

grazing outside. They were honest fellows, however, and trotted about very zealously on their stiff wooden shoes doing the honours of the house. They set before us large bowls of milk, "fat" and "lean," and lumps of india-rubbery Gruyère, in return for which they seemed really loath to take any payment beyond the sips of brandy and slices of cold beef and fowl which they accepted after a coy resistance, and then bolted with indecent haste. One of them cutting off a large triangle of the nasty-looking rye-bread pressed me to eat with embarrassing friendliness. It was no use waiving back the offering with the remark that I had just eaten some *pain de seigle* in the *châlet* at the back of the Col Ferret, and had found it, in point of fact, stony. This was quite a different bake and I must try it. "*Mangez seulement,*" he insisted. "*Za n'est pas comme le pain d' là-haut. Vous avez raison. L'autre, s'est dur comme de la pierre ; mais zézi, voyez-vous, s'est tout tendre.*" So I had to do violence to my teeth once more and confess, to my host's gratification, the superior tenderness of this bread to that baked by the ignorant wretches on the Col Ferret. To tell the plain truth, however, this bread bore about the same relation in point of toothsome-ness to the bread of "there above" as gutta-percha bears to brick.

We took leave of these masters in the art of bread-making at mid-day and continued our downward track under a burning sun. The bottom of the grassy valley was musical with feeding herds whose bells at intervals struck random harmonies that followed us with the wild songs of the herd-boys far up the opposite slope to the Col de Fenêtre through the solemn quiet of the mountains. It was about two o'clock when after the most trying ascent of the day we clambered over a rounded snowy bluff and stepped suddenly into a secluded little valley or basin lying hidden in a fold of the mountains at a height of about 8,500 feet. At the bottom of the basin was a motionless lake of clear water, half covered with floating ice in thick sheets of delicate sea-green and with a fringe of crystallized ice running round its margin, where the breeze, now at rest, had sent the water rippling on the snow-beach. Steep slopes of the purest snow shut in this basin, only leaving a depression on the right where the drainage of the lake flowed out. As we sat down by the water's edge we could see the tops of far away snow peaks just peeping over the crest of the ridge in front of us and standing out clearly yet with a velvety softness of outline against a cloudless blue sky. There was not a vestige of life anywhere around us, not so much as a tuft of moss or a vagabond butterfly. The rhythmic tinkling of the rill that stole out from the end of the lake only helped the ear to measure the depth of the silence it broke in on, for every note of its low music was plainly heard at a distance of fifty yards. And yet there was nothing saddening about this forlorn valley and loch in the mountains, for nothing could look sad under this immaculate blue sky and flood of golden sunlight.

We stopped a few minutes to enjoy the perfect calm of this ideal solitude, and then rounding the lake began to mount diagonally the snow slope above, so steep just here that we might have made a glissade of fifty feet or so and shot ourselves far out into the lake. Snow slope succeeded snow slope for nearly an hour, until at last we zig-zagged up the last and steepest, and at 3 o'clock stood on the Col de Fenêtre, the highest point in our day's work, 8,850 feet above sea-level. We sat down at the edge of the snow on some loose, slaty debris, warmed by the sun and set off by bright patches of alpine flowers; Charlet threw off his packs, spread out the cold beef and chicken on the flat stones, drew the cork of the wine bottle with a loud pop that sounded profane in the sacred quiet of the mountains, and we soon made good the 600,000 odd foot-pounds of energy expended by each of us in climbing up from the last chalet.

The Col de Fenêtre is well named. It is a gap in the mountain ridge flanked by high peaks which shut in the view on each side, while in front, as through a window, one looks out over a spacious sea of mountains. Right in face of us, as we sat at the top of the col, and seeming quite close, though distant at least ten miles, rose up the striking peaks of the Grand Combin and the Dent d'Herens, the sight of whose steep snow-slopes made one burn to scale them with rope and ice-axe. To the Philistine who has never done a snow-peak of average difficulty the itch for climbing may seem a downright mental infirmity. A week before crossing the Col de Fenêtre I had passed through Geneva, where a grand International Congress of Alpine clubs was then assembled, and I recollect having laughed heartily over the *Journal de Genève's* report of a panegyric on mountaineering delivered by a member of the Swiss Club. The speaker dwelt on the moral influences of climbing with a sort of quasi-religious fervour which could only be compared to the special pleading of old Gaston de Foix in his quaint "Book of the Chase," where he triumphantly demonstrates that the art of venerie, followed with single-minded devotion, is an unailing safeguard against the seven deadly sins. With the Alpine Club orator the track from the valley to the snow-peak was the high-road to manly virtue. The germs of perseverance, fortitude, and resolution were to sprout and grow lustily in the climber's breast as he strove with the dangers and difficulties of his upward path; as he toiled heavenward all the pollutions and sordid cares of the world below were to pass from his mind and leave it pure and unruffled as the virgin snows around him; his bosom was to expand to drink in the generous streams of purer air; his whole being was to be permeated with a vivid consciousness of the sublime and the eternal; and generally speaking, in short, he was to become for the time being absorbed in the infinite. This, in bald English, was the substance of the Alpine Club orator's discourse, as fully reported in the columns of the *Journal*

de Genève with such a liberal sprinkling of bracketed *tres bien's* and *applaudissement's* as showed the lively sympathy of the reporter and the Congress. "Never had the religion of the mountain (*culte de la montagne*) found a more eloquent high-priest," were the apt words of the French member who moved a vote of thanks to the speaker; and laughable as this fustian seemed to me on the first reading, now that I sat on the Col Ferret with Charlet after tasting for a short time the pleasures and pains of mountaineering I was prepared to join seriously with the Congress in applauding the poetic Switzer. With all its trials for a novice, there is no purer, keener, healthier pleasure in life than tramping and climbing among the snow-peaks.

We had scarcely left the Col de Fenêtre on our way down to the mule-track leading from Aosta to the Hospice when we fell in with a snow-slope pitched at exactly the proper angle for glissading. How gladly we took up our positions on the crest of the slope, and throwing our bodies slightly backward, Charlet supported on the staff of his ice-axe, I on my ash alpenstock, went gliding smoothly downward through an ever-quickenening current of the freshest mountain air. Faster and faster grew the pace as we neared the foot of the slope; a wreath of snow-foam went curling up in our wake, the current of our blood kept quickening with the pace, and, at length, the smooth rushing motion and the rapid flow of air through the lungs raised our spirits to such a high state of tension, that we broke out involuntarily into a wild exultant whoop that made the silent valley ring.

It was just four o'clock when we rounded the last bend in the mule-track, and for the first time my eyes rested on the Hospice of the Great Saint Bernard. There were the two gloomy solid piles of building, with the frozen lake in front, the snow mountains all round, and the gaunt wooden crosses marking the track—a scene so familiar to me from childhood through pictures in books of travels, that had I been dropped from the clouds on to the shore of the silent lake I would have recognized it at once.

Exactly ten hours from Courmayeur we reach the Hospice. Charlet turns into the long shed haunted by guides and mule-drivers, while I enter the lofty hall of the monastery where the porter receives me with a loud stroke on the large bell, which solemnly knells in each fresh arrival. In answer to this summons the *clavandier*, or bursar, a courteous young monk in black robes, steps out from the dining-room, and after a hearty welcome to Saint Bernard, drops at once into an apologetic tone as he tells me that to-morrow being fête-day, all the good rooms in the house are already occupied or engaged beforehand, so that monsieur must put up with a share in a treble-bedded room. I am thankful to get even so much; and follow the still apologetic brother up the solid stone stairs and along the dim, flagged corridors to the treble-bedded room, where I find two Italian tourists from Aosta in

part occupation, and busy unpacking from their knapsacks a very complete assortment of traveller's medicines. Three awe-inspiring beds with sombre crimson draperies are ranged along one side of the great room, dimly lit up by a single window, and on the opposite side are heavy antique wardrobes in dark wood. On the snow just beneath the window, which looks out on the frozen lake and its girdle of snowy mountains, one of the famous Saint Bernard dogs lies stretched on his flank, his powerful limbs and massive head clearly outlined against the background of white, as he lazily surveys nature through one half-opened eye. But there is no rest for the dogs that day or the next. They are doomed to be tortured with kindness. A knot of fiends in the shape of peasant-boys come up to pat his head and run their fingers through his soft coat; and heaving a deep, half-human sigh the placid brute gathers himself up and, more in sorrow than in anger, shambles heavily away round an angle of the monastery. The passages in the basement story of the building are the favourite haunts of the dogs. They show a sneaking regard, too, for the kitchen and its precincts, where they prowl about ponderously through the gloom like bears in a bear-pit.

At six o'clock the bell calls us to dinner, and we all troop down hungry to the dining-hall, a handsome square room, pannelled and wainscotted, with tables ranged round two sides, a noble fire-place always on duty on the third, and a piano and harmonium on the fourth. About twenty of us sat down to dinner, and a motley company we were. There was a Cuban planter, English speaking, with his son and three daughters, half a dozen Englishmen, two Belgian newspaper editors, about seven Italians, and myself distinguished as sole representative of the Island of Saints. Blank disappointment overshadowed the faces of the strangers at that table, as they slowly made the discovery that, Thursday though it was, the day was a strict fast. It was rather trying to be baffled with rice-soup, macaroni, salt ling, potatoes, toasted bread floating in sauce, and boiled rice with stewed prunes—this last item tantalisingly suggestive to some of us of Slender and hot meat; for general experience shows that within certain limits, say between sea-level and 10,000 feet above it, appetite varies directly as the altitude, and the Hospice of Saint Bernard, according to General Dufour, has an elevation of 8,120 feet. So conversation rather flagged at dinner. At my end of the table the dishes were criticised in murmurings, not loud but deep, the Cuban planter contributing the brief remark "slops!" and it was evident that not even the presence of three bishops at table—one from Mexico, another from Spain, and a third bearing the honoured name of Borromeo, was sufficient with some of the guests to atone for the meagre fare. Personally, I was quite satisfied with the dinner: it was plentiful, and excellently cooked and served, and, looked on as a vegetarian meal, was a complete success. If the

brethren at the Hospice treat their guests thus on fast days, their entertainment on other days can leave little to find fault with.

There is no doubt that a large proportion of well-to-do visitors to Saint Bernard treat themselves to the free board and lodging which of right belongs only to the poor traveller. But in many cases, I believe this arises rather from ignorance than deliberate meanness; for in strolling round the lake after dinner with the two Italians who shared the treble-bedded room with me, I found them firmly possessed with the idea that the government subsidies to the Hospice were amply sufficient to pay all its expenses. A few statistics from Bædeker showed them their error; and they cheerfully agreed to drop into the poor-box with me, before starting in the morning, a sum equal to the ordinary hotel charges for a day. By the brethren at the Hospice themselves, not the faintest hint is dropped from which the ignorant traveller could infer the true state of their finances, and even the grave serving man recoils with horror from the most delicate suggestion of a gratuity.

At eight o'clock we all gathered again in the dining-room, and drawing our chairs in a wide circle round the blazing fire, pleasant at this height, though it was now the middle of August, we had excellent tea handed round to us—the first tea worthy of the name I had tasted since leaving London Bridge. Then one of the Cuban ladies sits down to the piano, and discourses some solemn music for us; the Morgue and its ghastly mummies (when will the brethren give them decent burial?) are discussed in undertones for a quarter of an hour, and at nine o'clock our candles are handed to us by the incorruptible servitor, as a gentle hint, and with a hearty good-night from the brother bursar, who treats us all through more as personal friends than chance sojourners, we disperse and flit silently up the stone stairs to our bed-rooms.

All is bustle at Saint Bernard next morning, the *fête* of the Assumption. Knots of peasants in holiday finery are sitting on the rocks around the Hospice, the handsome chapel is tightly packed with worshippers, groups of boys dog the dogs round the building and through its dim corridors, and the track northwards is dotted over with mountaineers toiling up from the villages in the Dranse valley. Charlet is in luck again to-day, for I have persuaded my Italian friends to engage him as guide and porter, across the Col Fenêtre back to Courmayeur. They set out at ten o'clock, Charlet leading gaily with his employers' knapsacks on his back, weighing together fully forty pounds. An hour later I shoulder my own pack once more, and taking leave of the brother clavandier, who smilingly presses me to wait for twelve o'clock dinner, with a promise of better treatment than he had given me the day before, I turn my back regretfully on the stern pile of the Hospice, and strike into the downward track for Martigny. The kindly hospi-

talities of the monks of Saint Bernard, their never-failing courtesy, and their devotion to a life of humble servitude and patient continuance in well-doing, have won golden opinions from travellers of all creeds and nations, and the few hours I had spent in the Hospice gave me no reason to suspect, that the praises of the brethren have been in any way exaggerated.

An hour and a half from the Hospice brought me to the Cantine de Proz, a mountain inn where the Saint Bernard carriage-road ends; and here I secured a seat in a mule carriage to Martigny, with two Italians bound for the Bernese Oberland. Our mule is a good goer, and in little more than four hours, inclusive of a long halt at Liddes, takes us over the twenty-five miles from the cantine to Martigny. Bourg St. Pierre is reached at half past one, a mellow old place with narrow crooked streets, and a quaint church mouldering into dust for very age. Another half-hour, and we rattle over the rugged pavements of Liddes, and draw up at the Union, to bait ourselves and the mule. There is no work doing anywhere to-day. The men of Liddes sit smoking on their door-steps, trying to find happiness in idleness and Sunday clothes, and seeming for the most part inclined to give it up. The women, too, are all *endimanchées*; and wonderful to look at are the matrons here in Liddes to-day, and through the other bourgs in the Dranse valley, with their black silk ribbon head-dresses, shaped like crownless pot-hats cut down and bound round the top with gold lace. Orsières, with another mouldering old church, is reached about three o'clock, the valley growing richer and deeper and more finely wooded as we pass downward, the great cone of Mount Catogne grandly closing up the vista in front. Next comes Sembrancher, a charming old place, where apple-trees and pear-trees laden with fruit, break in through the groups of rich brown chalets in all directions. Sembrancher boasts of a few solid old stone houses, and on the lintels of some of them, pious latin texts are carved in Gothic characters. "INITIUM SAPIENTIÆ" . . . "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord," catches the eye, over the portal of one venerable mansion, the old schoolhouse, perhaps, where generations of Sembranchers, long since dead and gone, have trod the thorny paths of learning. Rattling out of Sembrancher, we run along the raging Dranse by splendid cliff and wood scenery, and plunge into the Gallerie de la Monnaie, where the road bores through the living rock for seventy yards. The Dranse is a rousing sight as it meets the eye here at the exit of the tunnel. Great boulders fallen from the cliffs overhanging the river block up the narrow channel, and lash the water into fury. Here a wave recoils from the sunken rocks, and makes a desperate leap up stream against the headlong current, there a large jet bounds clean out of the frothing chaos, and breaks into a shower of spray. The river seems to have gone mad for a space; but there is method in its madness,



for if you watch this seeming chaos of water you will soon discover a rhythmic succession in every jet and eddy and foaming breaker.

From this point on to Martigny the Dranse flows side by side with us, through a lovely valley rich in wood and vines and maize fields. When the ruined keep of La Batie comes in sight perched on its commanding height above Martigny, the sky gets overcast, and the thunder growls grandly far behind us. A storm is chasing us down the valley; but we may escape yet. Our driver lashes on the mule; we reach Martigny le Bourg before the storm; and, heedless of the local government decree, which prohibits trotting within the burg under severe penalties, we tear over the rough pavements at full speed on to the high-road for Martigny. Ten minutes more and we shall be safe: but it may not be. The thundercloud outruns the mule and breaks over us in a deluge of warm rain, and when I get down at the Hôtel de Mont Blanc in Martigny, at five o'clock, with the tour of Mont Blanc an accomplished fact, I am as thoroughly drenched as when I reached the "Crown" at Argentière nine days before.

It is just possible that some long-suffering reader, having tramped round Mont Blanc with me on paper from Martigny back again to Martigny, might be tempted some day to follow my footsteps in the flesh, when he pays his first visit to the "playground of Europe." To him I would address this parting word of warning: Don't follow my example unless you are prepared to sympathise largely with Nature in her sternest moods; for this route, taken as a whole, is marked rather by naked grandeur than by beauty, as that word is commonly understood.

THE END.

## THE MAGISTER SENTENTIARUM AND HIS MOTHER.

HIGH peers and ladies stand beside  
The simple rustic dame,  
And bid her don full rich attire  
To grace a nobler name.

"Your son," quoth they, "so long unseen,  
Is prelate chief in Gaul,  
Yet yearns to see his mother's face  
Within the palace hall."

"Ah! pray me not," she said with tears:

"I ne'er was bravely drest."

In vain she weeps, the lords are wroth,  
She hearkens to their 'hest.

With precious robe of silk and gold  
Adorned, she rides in state,  
'Mid throng of great ones, noble, fair,  
Unto the palace gate.

They mount the stair, they reach the hall,  
She hies her son to greet.  
"My lords," the bishop frowning spake,  
"Such jesting is not meet!

"I never knew that gorgeous dame,  
For I was poorly bred;  
Would thou wert here, O mother mine,  
But haply thou art dead."

"Alas!" she sighs, "I knew 'twould be,"  
Th' encircling court admire—  
"I said he would not know me thus—  
I'll doff this vain attire."

With tottering steps she left the hall  
And doffed her silk and gold.  
Returned, the son his mother clasped  
As in the years of old;

And, pressing both her hands in his,  
Acknowledged her his own,  
And set her proudly by his side  
Upon the prelate's throne.\*

W. P.

\* When Peter Lombard, the Master of the Sentences, had become Bishop of Paris, some gentlemen from his native place came to that city to pay him their respects, taking the Bishop's mother with them; and, as she was poor, they dressed her in the manner which they considered suitable for the mother of so great a prelate. The good woman let them do so, but said: "I know my son; this dress won't please him." Having reached Paris, they presented to the bishop his aged mother; but he, having looked at her, said: "That is not my mother, for I am the son of a poor woman;" and he turned his eyes away from her. "Alas!" said she to those who were with her, "I told you so, I told you I knew my son and his way of thinking. Give me back my own clothes, and he will know me!" Having put on again her peasant dress, she came back to her son, who cried out when he saw her: "Ah! *there* is my mother." And, rising from his seat, he embraced her tenderly and made her sit beside him.—"Rohrbacher's History of the Church," vol. xvi., p. 8.

## BRACON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER XII.

MRS. BRACON TO HELEN.

"You will sympathise with me, I feel sure, my dear Helen, in my anxieties; and it is not only an impulse, under a sense of need, that makes me pour them out to you, but a feeling of duty beside. For you *ought* to know, in order to communicate it to your father, that Walter has left me for England. I cannot tell you the reason, nor can I make out his plans, or where he has gone to, exactly. Something has been on his mind for a considerable time; I have not failed to note it. But you know, or can well imagine, that he has never been very communicative to me. He has lived in a world of his own, almost since our marriage, and left me to mine. This has had the melancholy advantage of obliging me to create a world of interest around me and within. Since he, the lord and master of my destiny, refuses to occupy his rightful place in the concerns of my heart, I have been forced to an alternative; I must vegetate, and simply let life slip by, or I must find a something that shall be more to me than the happy marriage that has been denied to me, while it seems to form for others an earthly paradise, however fleeting. Helen, I have found this, and found it in an increased concern about religion. Do not suppose I am ready to join *yours*, or have any very distinct drawing towards it. What might come hereafter, when more opportunities for thought, inquiry, and observation have been mine, I do not know, and hardly guess. I say observation, because it would weigh greatly with me to find the sublime truths delivered from the pulpits here (we have had a Lent preached to us eloquently), and which I find in books of devotion—to find all this carried out practically in the lives of those who profess to believe them. There is much in this frivolous, pleasure-seeking Naples that discourages such an expectation; much to shock me, and to revolt that sense of religious decorum in which I have been brought up. You would answer, I know—in short, what a lady with whom I have become acquainted has answered, by pointing out the differences of national temperament between these people and myself. I must tell you a little about my new friend, by the way. She is German by birth. How I wish you knew her, Helen! Married when very young, and more by her parent's wish than her own, to a man old enough to be her father—the Marchese di Castronuovo—whom they met on a tour from her native

Bavaria through Italy, she was left widowed and childless before she reached middle life. Her ample means she now employs in doing good in various spheres of public charity, as well as maintaining at her sole expense a large house in one of the poorer quarters of Naples, which is both orphanage and hospital for incurables. To this place she goes every day, and works there, like a true Sister of Charity. She once asked me and Edie to accompany her. Helen, I could not have imagined any one, delicately nurtured, and fastidious by nature—as I can see she is—going through such menial, distasteful offices of mercy on behalf of the repulsive old people whom she has collected in that place. Oh, I can hardly describe to you what the work of those few hours was: and yet her sweetness, diligence, *courage*—yes, that is the word! as if she had been trained among nurses in a hospital. No wonder the people seemed to worship her very shadow, as she went in and out amongst them. I felt ashamed at my own disgust—for I was on the point of fainting, and had to run out, and sit on the cold doorstep: nor could I help asking her afterwards how she could go through it. For all answer, she raised her eyes, and directed mine by a gentle reverence (her hands were busy compounding a medicine) towards a crucifix that hung on the wall of her pharmacy. I then began to understand, and have thought much of it since, I assure you. Well, we have seen a good deal of this charming person. Either the great interest she has taken in my little Edie, or her desire to do me good, or both combined, have made her give us as large a share of her time as she can spare from her devotions, and from the poor afflicted people who daily depend upon her charity.

“Having given you an outline of my new friend, I must go on to tell you what she says in answer to my difficulties.

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“At this point, dear Helen, I was interrupted by the necessity of looking after my poor little Edie, whose health is giving me much anxiety. Whether she has outgrown her strength, or that this exciting air, and the new scenes amid which we live, are too much for her northern constitution, ‘her lamp of life,’ as the Neapolitan doctor expresses it, ‘is burning very brightly, but too fast!’ I am really alarmed about her. Sometimes she seems to show an eager restlessness about almost nothing, or nothing that I can make out at the moment. At other times, that ‘nothing’ appears to be the ‘one thing necessary’—religion. I have found her stealing away by herself to pray in a church which is close to us here, and she seems much to prefer it to her own room, though it is nearly empty, and there is no service going on. It is not an attractive place, either: small and dark, no good pictures over the altars, and very much the reverse of clean—for these blessed Neapolitans have a way of spitting over the pavement of their churches, which is simply abominable. Then, the fleas! and the heat! and the beggars at the church door, with their *Signora! Signora! date*

*ci qualche cosa!* and the dreadful sores they show you, to elicit your charity! I am obliged to buy off the spectacle by a few *paoli*, and to think of the rich man and Lazarus, to enable me to endure a tithe of it. But Edie, who is generally so particular, does not seem to mind all this. Whenever she can slip away, she is to be found kneeling at the marble rails of some altar, now one, now another; and I declare to you, Helen, that when I have caught sight of her little face, gazing at what, to me, is vacancy, I have been reminded of some holy picture in one of the galleries of paintings we have lately visited.

"All this, you will say, seems to show that both my child and myself are travelling your way. But do not think it for a moment. For myself, I never could forsake the religion I was brought up in—no, not even if my dear child were to show me the path—unless my understanding was convinced it was the right one, in spite of the unfavourable symptoms I have mentioned. I would rather lose the sweet communion of heart with my own Edie, which is now, next to prayer, the one solace of my life. Could it ever be a question between my child and my God? So says the marchesa also, and says it earnestly; but then, she adds— Now, I am called away, again: so, what can I do better than enclose to you her own last letter? She is absent, on some business regarding her late husband's estates in Sicily—they go to his nephew after her own death, and she is a faithful stewardess of them on his behalf, though, by all accounts, he is neither saint nor sage. She has written me several letters, but the one I send touches more closely on my objections to the whole tone of things around us here. Keep it safely for me; I would not lose it for the world. You will be amused at the little foreign turns in most of her phrases; though I must say, she writes English much better than she speaks it. Adieu, and pray for me. *That*, at least, there can be no harm in; though I have a shrinking fear of anyone (whose prayers are worth having) praying specially for any change in my faith. Cowardice, you would say, or a half-acknowledged sense that yours may be the right one. I hardly know; we are all mysteries to ourselves, and to each other. Here comes my little Edie, who sends you her love, and a kiss. All my fears revive at the sight of her; but no more. Pray for us both; yet why should I trust so much as I do to your prayers, if your faith is wrong? That is another puzzle to me. Good-night.

"Your affectionate

"*Naples (Poste Restante),*

"*July 11, 1812.*"

"*LUCY.*

[ENCLOSED.]

"DEAR FREUNDINN,—Our last *Entretien* was in so great haste, as I was effectively on my way to the Paquet-boat to bring me here, and you recollect yourself how my Suisse he hastened us on, on, for not to be too late, so I found no time for more as a few words to answer what you said, my dear, against our holy Catholique Religion. No,

again, I call that back, it was that you exposed a Difficulty in your Thought, how the Faith can be true, since in Naples and other Places of Italy you have visited, the people are so lively on Sundays, and all Days: and you think (that says, you doubt), they must not have in their Hearts the Fear or the Love of our good God:—is it not? But, my dear Freundinn, you must think this beside, that like some one who make the Bricks for Houses, should make them in differing shapes, so one this Kind, so another this Kind, that the House may be more complete and beautifuller, because that Variousness makes it more excellent, thus the Architect of the Whole has done to us and our Characters so various—ach, Heaven! what Monotonie should it be, if all we were as some many Bricks shaped in only one Making and Size. When I laugh, you are at some times earnest; when I earnest am, the Naplish Woman she laugh; that Naplish Woman, fears she our good God less, and loves Him less, because she laugh and I not laugh? She laugh at *Polcinello*; I think he is stupid—there, see! I get up Sunday Mornings, before the Sun himself he get up in Winter; I take my Prayersbook, I go to the Holy Mass early, so early! when you and yours little Edie have not your Curtains yet put aside. I am there in Body and my Spirit, I assist at the Sacrifice adorable of the Christ present at the Word of the Priest as He has commanded that Priest to say the great Words to call Him down on the Altar; I go forward, with Tremblement, but with so great Hope and heavenly Desire, I receive Him, the poor I! the divine Giver give me Himself into my deep Soul: I am in Heaven before I am there, I think no more Earth and World, I thank Him, long, long, on my Knees, my Book it is wettened with my thank-tears; then I go *Home*—(your English Word)—I take my little Chocolat or the Glass of Water, I sit to my *Clavecin*, I play the Beethoven. You come in—ach! so quit schoking! the Beethoven on the Sunday! He is my Language, he lifts up my soul in thanks again. My little Orphans they come in to say me the Good Day; they jump round of me, like the keys in the *Clavecin*; I play them a quick Air—they dance—ach, how they dance! They did assist at Holy Mass before, that Morning, and each Morning, those little Arrow-bows, so elastique, easily bent; do you wish to keep them strung up tight?—then they shall crack, yes, they shall crack! You take your Edie to your Temple upon one Sunday, when you are to the Home. You sit there, with a Face of Pain—I have seen your Sunday Faces, I: is it for a Funeral? one expects the *Cadavre* to come—no, it is only your *Culte*; Heaven! that is a *Cadavre* truly. You sit, with Hands before, and you listen the Preacher. Well, I am in hope it is the Chapter in that *Evangelium* where our Divine Saviour do rebuke the Phariseans that hushed down those little Childern with frown to not to cry *Hosianna* in the Temple. Now, well, Beethoven he is my Hosianna, my Orphan's Dances they are my Hosianna, they dance in front the

Ark; David, that holy King, he dance in front the ark—have you not read it? and did the good God frown on his dancing? did He strike David? Will He frown on my Orphan Children, when they dance, those light innocent hearts? If I see David dance, I see none the less a Window open in his House; it is a Woman's Face, she what looks out—what for a Face! it should sour all the Dairy. She love not the Dancing, that Woman, David's Wife in the Window, she has dressed her in her Sunday Gown—is she going to a Protestant temple?—it is a Sunday Face like what I have seen, but not here in Naples, not like yours, dear Freundinn, ach, no! nor Edie's—you have two not Protestantish Faces, dear Ones—I can read the Eyes of the Neighbour, I can read yours Eyes, there is, may be, Baptism in yours Eyes—who knows? but one Time, at Munich, I see an English Face, even the Sister Face to David's Wife her Face at the Window, while she walked on one Sunday to your Ambassador's Chapel, with her Prayersbook and her Husband—but he did not dance, no—nor smile as he walked along—to hear—how you call it?—'Dearly Beloved Brethren'—but, ach, mine Pen, how it runs on too fast! I must tell my other Word. You think again, is it not? that in our *Culte* we have not enough of the *Fear*? Yes, yes, but there are separate Kinds of the Fear. My Cousin, Olga Georgievskia (you remember yourself of her with me?) she has the Fear, ach, so great Fear, of the Russians Police, and fear of Siberia, of the Mines, where she should be taken in a Drosky if she returned to St. Petersburg. She has Fear of the terrible Knout. But will you that we would have that Fear to our Father in the Heaven? *Timor non est in charitate, sed perfecta charitas foras mittit timorem*: I think that you can find that in your Bible? or did they cut it out, as they cut out—ach, well. But what Fear, dear Freundinn, would we owe to have for Him who loves us so much so much that He bled for ours Sins on the Calvarien-hill? O, I have one great Fear to misplease Him, and I pray He give me more of that Fear each Day, He my heavenly Father, not the fear like Olga to the Knout, but to fear I misplease Him my Father, and make me not worthy of His Love. If you shall find Naples Catholiques, or others where they are, here or either there, who live and have no Fear to offense their Father and good God, it is not for they are Catholiques, but bad, and will go to deeper Hell at the End, if they return not out of Sin and bad Self;—and so I pray God make you and Edie, and the poor me, love Him ever the more, and never leave Him, nor either lose Him, ach, no!

“‘I belong to you with all my Heart, after God.

“‘AGLÆ, MARCHESA DI CASTRONUOVO,  
geborne von Stolzenfels.

“‘*Taormina, Juin 28, 1812.*

“‘We are all in Fast for To-morrow's coming Feast, but we sour not our Dairy, here under the great terrible *Ætna*. We have no Breakfast, and we play the Beethoven.’”

## CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER MORTON TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE BISHOP OF CLONFERT.

"MY DEAR LORD,—You could hardly have asked a priest in England to give you some idea of the state of religion among us, with greater confidence of his possessing at least one facility in doing so—the enjoyment of ample leisure. So far, I may claim to be able to satisfy your Lordship's inquiry; but this, I am sorry to say, is nearly my one qualification. The circumstances that render my life comparatively unclaimed by active duties, sequester me from London and other centres of interest, political and intellectual, where I might observe on a larger scale the workings of that gradual though uncertain change in public opinion, which now seems to give some slight hopes for the Catholic cause in this country. However, you have laid me, my Lord, under too many obligations by your kindness in Rome, to allow me to hesitate in doing my best.

"'Hope for the Catholic cause' must be taken in a modified sense. There is at least a dawn of hope, of which our forefathers knew not. So long as the penal laws pressed like a millstone about their necks, not—as even yet—a dead letter on the Statute Book, but in active operation, there was, of course, no hope for anything but simply the preservation of the Faith among those families who already possessed it. This formed, almost exclusively, the work of the few and scattered priests to be found in England. Most of them were, like myself, domestic chaplains in such families, up and down the country, and chiefly in the North, as have retained the faith through the storm of persecution, and the still more perilous sunshine of proffered Court and popular favour. Their missionary labours were of the most harassing and exhausting kind, and with little external result to show for it. An atrocious statute of persecution was still hanging over them, and another George Gordon might any day arise, on some imprudent act of theirs, to insist on its being enforced. The distances they had to traverse, to attend the sick and hear the confessions of their scattered flocks, were such as you, my Lord, in faithful Ireland, have never experienced. You have your own trials, no doubt, but you live surrounded by your flock; you are in a Catholic land—a land intensely devoted to the faith. The difficulty of your priests must be, to satisfy the spiritual needs of those who come crowding, and ask of them the exercise of their sacred functions. *Our* difficulty has been, to seek out, in holes and corners, disheartened children of the Church, whom the stress of the late disastrous times had almost compelled to abandon their religion.

"Indeed, the temptations offered to our poor people to renounce the faith are great and constant. We live here on a Catholic estate,



where at least there is no discouragement to any one to profess his religion, and practise it: But such cases are exceptional. For the most part, throughout England, every influence that surrounds a Catholic is dead against him. He is practically *tabooed*, as Captain Cook describes the natives of the Friendly Islands to be, on occasion, by their own countrymen. There is upon him the taint of a foreign (as is supposed), an alien religion. Because its chief solemnities are conducted in a language no longer vernacular, their meaning is assumed, by mere outsiders, to be unintelligible to its disciples, and the Mass is decreed to be a mummary. Because the successor of St. Peter, in distant Rome, claims their spiritual allegiance, they are supposed to be necessarily disloyal in temporal things to the sovereign of their country. It is in vain that we point to the intelligent devotion of our poorest at the altar; in vain that we number up the Catholic soldiers (and very chiefly from your own oppressed Ireland) who have fought and bled side by side with their Scottish and English comrades, under the *union jack*, and for a common cause.\*

"We are met by the *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas* of an hereditary prejudice of three centuries' standing. And, though it is a fearful thing to say—considering that Diabolus takes his name from the fact that he is ever *accusing* the disciples of the Truth—it must be supposed that Englishmen in general had rather believe of us evil than good. They would often be disappointed to find us innocent. We are arraigned at the bar of public opinion; the indictment is full, and distinct, though multiform; it began with the Homilies put forth by the apostate Cranmer, and has been continued down to the latest pennyworth of falsehood exposed in a bookseller's window. We are held up to derision or hatred, now one, now the other, alternately; we are fools or knaves according to the humour of the moment, and only acquitted under one count, to be at once recharged under the other. And then, the aforesaid Diabolus poisoning the minds of the court, when we open our lips in our own defence—the jury leaves the box, and the judge adjourns to his mutton-chop and glass of Madeira.

"Catholics would be superhuman, if this cruel condition of things did not tell upon them unfavourably. They are tempted—and not always proof against the temptation—to purchase the good-will and fair opinion of their non-Catholic neighbours, by tampering with the definite lines of their creed. They adopt an apologetic tone; they make concessions for the sake of being thought 'liberal,' and excuses for what they should manfully defend. A most mistaken policy—as

\* This was said full seventeen years before the splendid tribute paid by R. Lalor Shiel in the House of Commons to the devotion, even unto death, of the Catholic soldiers who fought at Waterloo. Few perorations, among the masterpieces of ancient or modern eloquence, can compare with this magnificent summary in the force of its appeal.

mistaken as it is disloyal, for so I have had opportunity to know by experience. The one thing that would make an Englishman respect, at least, if not be drawn towards, the Faith of which he was robbed in the person of his forefathers, is to find it unflinchingly maintained by its actual possessors. He has nothing but contempt—a contempt richly merited—for his Catholic neighbour, whose unworthy concessions show how he has degenerated from the spirit and fervour of his martyred ancestors.

“To give your Lordship an instance of the tone on which I have been commenting; one that might appear incredible, were it not, unhappily, true. The name of my bishop, Dr. Milner, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland district, need only be mentioned to suggest the virtues that should adorn a prelate in troublous and difficult times. He cannot be unknown to your Lordship; for, besides the consideration in which his name is deservedly held in Rome, he has made two expeditions into Ireland, five and again four years ago. You have probably seen the result of his researches there; his ‘Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholic inhabitants and the antiquities of Ireland.’ Such a candid exposition of the faith and practice of the Church cannot fail to do good among those (a minority, alas!) who will allow themselves to observe and to reason. I confess myself singularly pleased with the epithet ‘vulgar,’ which he has bestowed, though rather in a classical than a popular sense, on the ordinary run of Protestant misconceptions of us. Charity beareth all things; but really, on listening to the false, unreasoning, yet self-satisfied dicta of talkers and writers, ‘blaspheming what they are ignorant of,’ I become rather Horatian in my feelings towards them—*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*.

“Well, this good prelate’s steadfast maintenance of the principle of unreserved obedience to the Holy See, accompanied as it is with charity and Christian courtesy towards those who differ with him, might well entitle him to the character of a confessor for the truth. He has, therefore, as hardly requires to be said, undergone much obloquy as a bigot and ‘ultramontane.’ The miserable thing is, that Bishop Milner has been assailed, not only nor chiefly by ‘those who are without,’ but, like St. Paul, he has had his contradictions and trials ‘from false brethren.’ One of these, a leading Catholic barrister, whom I forbear to name, has gone so far as to propose that in order to conciliate the Government and popular opinion in this country, English Catholics should style themselves ‘Protesting Catholic dissenters!’ ‘Leave us in peace,’ is his virtual language; ‘leave us unmolested; you will not much longer have to keep penal enactments over our heads. We are dying out as a body—a few years more and we shall have vanished from the face of this Protestant land. Be tolerant enough not to disturb our last moments, nor shake

the remaining grains of sand in the hour-glass that tells our dissolution is near.'

"Such cowardly and faithless language from a man of some literary ability, has, of course, not wholly failed of effect; its results are too visible within a certain circle. I trust, however, that the evil will be a passing one. Let others say: 'Let us eat and drink at the tables of our Protestant neighbours, for to-morrow we die.' I believe that, after some decades of years, perhaps, a better motto will be surely realised: 'Thy dead men shall live; My slain shall rise again; awake and give praise, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is the dew of the light.'\*

"Meanwhile, I have filled my paper, and am conscious that my sketch remains miserably imperfect. Accept the will for the deed, and let me have the satisfaction of supplementing it on any point which I may notably have left untouched.

"Begging your blessing, I remain, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient and grateful servant,

"BASIL MORTON.

"*Ernham Hall,*

"*July 23, 1812.*

"P.S.—I go to London in a few days, on business connected with a neighbouring mission; the priest being too ill to undertake so long a journey. Can I be the bearer of any message to the Vicar-Apostolic of that District? I remember that your Lordship knew him in Rome."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE LADY OF ERNHAM.

OUR very early and cherished acquaintance, the princess in the fairy tale, was visited in her cradle by all her godmothers, the fairies; and each of them brought her a special gift. This one contributed beauty, that one a casket of most fairy-like jewels, a third the sweetest imaginable temper; then came the wishing ring, and the invisible cloak, and the magic mirror, and the glass slippers for perennial dancing. She was favoured more than any princess of whom history has ever told, outside a fairy tale. But all the while—did we not learn the sad event in our nurseries?—there was one malevolent old fairy, a spiteful creature in a peaked hat like a Welshwoman, and a large ruff like Queen Elizabeth, with a crutch—and no doubt, a tooth-pick†—and a

\*Is. xxvi., 19.

†The class of *petit-maitres*, known as the "Crutch and Tooth-pick School," is happily dying the death, and therefore this passing fling might have been spared.—*Note by Printer's Assistant.*

nose and chin meeting like a pair of nut-crackers, and goggle eyes, and a heart brimful of envy and malice. She had not been invited to the christening, or chose not to come—hated the holy water, in all probability; and before the party broke up, she made her appearance, the ugly, spiteful old thing, and flung in her gift like a witch's prayer that is said backwards—and thus spoilt all the good sport.

Here is a little similitude from fairy-land, intended to illustrate the fact, that in most characters, however generally noble or estimable, there is still to be found a something to dash the excellence with a flaw—some capricious, unexpected remainder of the old Adam, not wholly expunged, or expurgated. These are, perhaps, allowed to mar the symmetry, even as architects of the Middle Ages are said to have left their cathedrals purposely incomplete; and, while they carried one spire to the topmost delicate crocketing that looks like a bit of lace pointed against the sky, allowed the rudiments of the other spire to be still the merest stump. A standing parable in stone, whether so designed or not, to show the children of men, that dwarfish yet conceited race, that there is a weak point about the strongest of them, and a blemish on the fairest. For even the sun has his spots, and in revenge for our knowing it, and magnifying them in our lenses, he in turn misrepresents the sons and daughters of earth, vilely, as we have experienced, when they are so misguided as to sit to him for their portraits. What wonder, then, to find a flaw here or there, a dark vein, in the best block from Carrara, which is but earth's finer clay? What wonder if a crack shall mar the surface of a choice bit of human porcelain, a lady like our heroine?

With every inclination, then, to present Helen Bracton to our readers as exceptionally good, we are unable conscientiously to make her out as being altogether faultless. Two classes of defects may attach to a character. "Turn neither to the right hand nor to the left," is the direction for keeping altogether in a straight line. But the unhappy thing is, that when people have avoided taking a turn down to the left, by mastering such tendencies as are the obvious bent of weak, fallen nature, they are liable, all the more, to turn up to the right, and arrive at one of the many stages of self-esteem.

Helen's misfortune was that of having been, from the first, the only lady at Ernham. Returning from her convent-school, with all the accomplishments which a careful training could give a young lady at the date of our story, she found awaiting her a life whose solitude might have daunted a less resolute heart. The early death of her mother deprived her of that influence, and constant gentle admonition, the want of which is hardly to be supplied by any other. Nor had Lady Bracton been quite the person to form her daughter's mind. Herself the child of non-Catholic parents, whose moderate income had made them expatriate themselves, and thereby live in a style that

was princely, by comparison, at Florence, Matilda Draycott grew up amid the disadvantages of such a mixed uncertain life and surroundings. Beautiful, and not averse to the display of such natural advantages, or of the ready wit that made her shine in conversation, she was open to the flattery of the little crowd of idlers, artists, and *dilettanti* of various kinds, whom the picture galleries of the Fair City had brought to Florence, and who soon grouped themselves round her. Some of these were mere triflers, a few were earnest suitors for her hand. But when Edward Bracton, the eldest son of an ancient house in England, appeared on the scene, fresh from distinctions won at college, and known as the heir to a noble property, the Marquis di Vico D'Ossola, and Count Streletzki, and that talented young German sculptor, Hammerstein, to mention no more, were forced to resign their several pretensions. They gracefully retired in favour of the young English *barone*, as Florentine society, with very hazy notions of the gradation of English rank, chose to denominate young Mr. Bracton. This lady, however, after a brief married life, was gone; and certainly not to the disadvantage of her daughter's education; for Helen had thereupon been sent to the convent in an eastern county, of which we have heard her discourse to her school-friend, Emily Vaux.

And now she is the *châtelaine* and the Lady Bountiful of Ernham. The first of these vocations is almost a sinecure, for her father hardly ever "receives" the neighbourhood. One dominant passion in him, like the large pike in Ernham Pool, devours all minor specimens of its kind; and time is lost, in his reckoning, that is not given to the gaming-tables in London. He has none to throw away upon visits and country neighbours; so that Helen, as she has already said of herself, is leading "a life both dull and dignified."

With one exception, however; for the isolation from society to which her father's mood no less than her faith has destined her, sends her out upon active ministries of good among the tenantry and the poor. A life such as Helen's, crossed by circumstances to some extent, has to develop in one of two directions. Many young ladies in a like position have sunk into habitual sloth and ease, and vegetated in a self-pleasing world of their inner creation. They have passed through the phase of novel-reading and perpetrating "fugitive pieces" of their own nerveless verse, into that of a final marriage with some one, considered to be an eligible *parti*, more or less congenial—how much oftener less than more!—or through the dreary waste of single blessedness, enlivened by parrots, lap-dogs, and a tendency to sour criticism, and the privilege of a real though unacknowledged despotism over nephews, nieces, and other collateral relations. The second alternative—that which Miss Bracton happily adopted—was to review calmly the whole position, and determine upon her course. She has laid down for herself a rule of life, and persistently adheres to it. How few of

us have the wisdom to do so, at the outset of a career, and how great the entanglements that come of neglecting it! Ah, to see the precious years that are spent, like one of the four-and-twenty hours of Penelope's life amid her persecuting suitors—the latter half employed in toilsomly unravelling the web that the former half had woven!

If we pay a visit to the gardens at the Hall, we shall find our heroine walking there, in earnest conversation with Father Morton. It is a graceful thing to see, that perfect good understanding between two characters naturally unlike, under the bond of a religion dear to them both. There is Helen, young (and we have said it), rather self-reliant, with a tendency to subtle pride—who, indeed, is absolutely free from that enemy, under some of its many forms? She has, moreover, a power of criticism which, in a less gentle nature, would speedily degenerate into satire. And there is Morton, calm and staid, and rather prosaic—as our reader will acknowledge who remembers the lines he sent to Captain Evelyn. A mediæval man, in his character as in his studies; a priest whose daily functions and general experience of life have at once matured and subdued him: mellowing his charity, without diminishing it, and keeping his unimpulsive heart alive to the needs and interests of others, whenever he can do them real service. Nothing that is either headlong or headstrong survives in him; it has been replaced by the steadfast motive of doing all things in the light of eternity. Yet these two persons, walking side by side through the parterres, looking out over the terrace by the “Ernham Clump,” with little in common but the fact that both are children of the Church, and both of them earnestly engaged in saving their souls, are placed in a relation to each other that has no parallel on this side of the world to come.

Confessor and penitent are often supposed, by an ignorant or a malign misrepresentation, to be towards each other very much as the sea-monster to Andromeda chained to the rock, or the ogre to the little children he devours. It is not so at Ernham. Father Morton is the revered and trusted guide of all there, from the stable-boy upwards. No one is afraid of him, nor does anyone dream of going against an injunction of his; for he is possessed of the wisdom which teaches that the superior who would be obeyed, must lay few commands. It is only in clear cases of right and wrong that he shows the authority of a priest. Otherwise, as with a skilful rider, the bit is not felt; every one among the “priest-ridden” knows that the quiet and thoroughly accessible man has a true paternal interest in each member of his small flock. Ernham, with sundry unavoidable imperfections, has become a sort of miniature Paraguay. Sir Edward may be the nominal monarch, but it is really a theocracy all the while; and Sir Edward stands rather as an independent power—a Knight of the Thistle, with his *Noli me tangere*—than in overt opposition to the spiritual rule. He

dwells within his own territory of thought and action; self-exiled from Sacraments, and very much away from home. When there, his look—as James the footman once expressed it of his master in the servant's hall—seems to say: "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

But, while we are in the midst of this prosy description of character, a bright little girl of some eleven years old comes bounding out at the hall-door, and runs up to Helen, waving a flower in her hand. Her intelligent face looks up into that of her benefactress, as she laughs the discordant laugh that so startles us when we hear it suddenly in the deaf and dumb.

Helen puts her finger to her lips, and the laugh ceases, while the radiant smile still lights up all the child's beautiful countenance. Her eloquent eyes are lips, and tongue, and ears, altogether. She holds up the flower, pointing at it, then at the face of the *châtelaine*.

"She is always finding likenesses to people, in everything she sees," explains Helen; "in crumpled leaves, in a handkerchief thrown on a table. The other day, she timidly wrote on her slate, that papa was very like the cut-glass water caraffe at dessert. I suppose, the 'wisdom at one entrance quite shut out' leaves room for greater play of imagination through the eyes. She is wonderful at comparisons. You see, she now pays me the compliment of thinking this anemone is remarkably like myself, with its wrinkles and contortions, perhaps all the more. She will find a portrait of your Reverence somewhere in the garden, if we give her the least encouragement." So saying, she pointed to Morton, then to the flower-beds, and the child sprang away with delight upon the errand, which she quite understood.

"Poor child," said Morton, looking after her—"and yet, who shall say that we, who are so apt to misuse both ears and tongue, are not comparatively at a disadvantage? To this child, those inlets of misery, not seldom of danger—those gates of the soul's fortress, that can admit the enemy—are sealed hermetically, and she is so far safe."

"I have often thought of taking her over to Stourchester, to see Dr. Downes. They say he has made a special study of such cases."

"I hardly know," answered the priest, musingly; "I should be disposed to let well enough alone."

"But is it well enough, father?" persisted Helen. "Think how much happiness she will be deprived of throughout that life which is only now opening to her."

"Think also how much she will escape receiving through the ear, and how faultless her account will be on the score of that unruly member, the tongue. However——"

But his limitations were interrupted by the child, who came racing towards him, her eyes like diamonds, her face all aglow, with a blossom of holly-oak, in which she had found, to her fancy, a very sufficient likeness to himself. Morton laughed good-humouredly, as she held it

up before him, pointing to several parts of the flower, then to his eyes, nose, and chin.

"You are a little scaramouch," he said, speaking to the child with one hand—an art recently imported from Italy. "Do you think that is so like me?"

"Oh, the very image!" rapidly answered the child, forming the letters with her active little hand; "and so is the other to St. Helen." For poor Monica Stubbs had already canonised the kind-hearted young lady who had taken her from her wretched surroundings, and stood to her in the place of a mother.

Morton picked the flower to pieces, and threw the blossoms in a shower over the small satirist. Then, taking out his breviary, he pointed to it, and was understood. The child kissed his hand, spelling out, rapidly, "Pray for poor Monica."

There was a dimness in Morton's eye which told that Monica's appeal had touched him.

"And for me, too, please," said Helen, as he turned away towards the Priory ruins, his familiar out-door chapel; "for I can guess what she said, though I am no adept in your hieroglyphics.—What is this, Thomas?" to a footman, who came with a letter on a salver.

"Just arrived by the post, Miss Bracton. Mr. Semmes opened the bag, and sent me with it, as it was put *Immediate*."

It was in the handwriting of Emily Vaux—a missive of no slight import to Helen, and not to her alone.

## ALEXIS CLERC, S.J.

BY THE EDITOR.

**E**NNIUS, I think, congratulated himself on having two souls because he knew two languages, Latin and Oscan. Those of us who know French ought to nourish our souls on a food which the language that we speak does not furnish in sufficient variety and abundance. We ought to read as many as we can of the holy and invigorating biographies to be found in contemporary French literature. Of these one of the latest specimens is Father Charles Daniel's "Alexis Clerc, Marin, Jésuite, et Otage de la Commune, fusillé à la Roquette, le 24 Mai 1871." Its charm lies chiefly in the minuteness of its details and in the many extracts from Père Clerc's correspondence and private papers. It must not be judged, therefore, from the following summary of a few of its pages here and there.



Alexis Clerc was born at Paris on the 12th of December, 1819, and was baptised on the following day. His father had been carried away by the evil principles which have done so much harm to the middle class of Paris especially; and this made still sadder the loss which he suffered when thirteen years old in the death of his pious mother. The years of his education in state schools and at the university led him farther and farther from the practice of religion. One of his old school-fellows says he was distinguished for his gaiety of character and "sa facile intelligence de l'*x*"—that is to say, his devotion to unknown quantities, his success in mathematical studies. When the time came for choosing a calling in life, he selected the navy, and began by taking his place as a midshipman on board the *Triomphante*, which sailed from Brest, for the Southern Ocean, on the 22nd of October, 1841. At this time his thoughts were far away from Mary, Star of the Sea, and from her Divine Son; but the first strong impulse of grace came upon him during his first voyage when he was struck with the effects wrought by Christianity among the natives of the Gambier Isles. A good young comrade, Claude Joubert, with whom he became intimate on board the *Charte*, and who afterwards died during his preparation for the priesthood, was another instrument used by God for his conversion; but the process was slow and was to stretch still over many years.

The frigate *La Charte*, which we have just named, brought Clerc home to France after four years' service, during which he had seen Brazil, Chili, Peru, the Marquisas, the New Hebrides, and many other "foreign parts," and had reached his twenty-sixth year. He spent in France, partly in Paris, and partly at Toulon, the months between October, 1845, and May, 1846, without resuming or rather beginning the practice of religion, yet drawing nearer to the decisive step. The book which had the largest share at this crisis in convincing his intellect was the *Démonstration Évangélique* of Duvoisin.

In May, 1846, he sailed for the African station in the war steamer *Caiman*, of which the chief duty was to hinder the slave trade; and it was on the African coast that he himself made good his escape from the slavery of sin and unbelief. He made his general confession to one of the missionaries to the kingdom of Dahomey and received Holy Communion for the first or almost the first time. Writing to his brother, who was a year or two older and who became a practical Catholic about the same time, he thinks of the mother they had lost when he was a boy of thirteen years. "Il nous faut aller tous vers une pauvre sainte femme qui nous tend les bras là-haut. Elle nous appelle, pour sûr, de tous ses efforts." This great event took place on his 27th birthday. He takes note of this in telling the good news to Claude Joubert: "J'ai reçu l'absolution, presque moment pour moment vingt-sept ans après ma naissance."

In the letter from which we take this phrase an illustration is given of the accelerated force and speed of the passions when once yielded to, which we may try to turn into English. "Man's soul is like a stone planted firmly on the side of a mountain. Shake it little by little, make it at last with great difficulty give but one turn, it will continue to roll down of its own accord, slowly at first, and perhaps you could still stop it; but soon its course becomes impetuous, no obstacles can any longer stay its progress, it clears them all with huge leaps which increase still more its rapidity; it crushes, it drags down everything that it meets, and at last flings itself as if with ever-increasing fury into the depths of the abyss."

After his return from the African coast M. Clerc was stationed at L'Orient. His confessor when at Paris was Monseigneur de la Bouillèrie, then Vicar-General of Paris, since Bishop of Carcassonne and Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Bourdeaux. We name him, not only out of gratitude for his patient kindness towards this returned prodigal, but also out of gratitude to the author of a most devout and engaging little book which has gone through nearly fifty editions—"Méditations sur l'Eucharistie." From this date, while devoted more steadily than ever to his profession and while keeping up his jovial character with his comrades, Alexis Clerc declared himself frankly and firmly, but modestly, a practical and uncompromising Catholic. Of all books in the world the one that he chose as his constant companion henceforth was the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. The late Encyclical of Leo XIII., *Æterni Patris*, would have been a joy to his heart; for he never faltered in his allegiance to the Angelic Doctor; and from the prison which his native Paris has in store for him, we shall see him begging for two books as solaces for his captivity—the Bible and the *Summa*.

I do not recollect who wrote the lines, or of whom they were first written, but they are applicable to the uneventful lives of many who are known to posterity only through their writings:—

"That he was born, it cannot be denied;  
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless works—and died."

Substituting for the "deathless works" good works of another kind, which in their effects and in their rewards are more surely immortal, this couplet holds true of many saintly and many holy and useful lives, such as the one now before us, to which another couplet of about the same date may also be applied with a special meaning:—

"He taught us how to live, and—oh! too high  
The price of knowledge!—taught us how to die."

For indeed Father Clerc's Life would hardly have been written, even in France, but for the strange death which was to bring it to a close. To the chain of graces, of which this heroic death was the last link,

God went on adding link after link during the years which Alexis Clerc continued to spend in the difficult circumstances in which the grace of the conversion had found him out. In spite of certain leanings towards the religious state, Father de Ravignan advised him, after a retreat made at the Rue de Sévres, to persevere still in the naval profession. A voyage to China and Japan in the *Cassini*, chiefly undertaken for the advantage of the Chinese missions, occupied several years. The history of these years includes several most touching accounts of the conversions which the brave young lieutenant wrought by word and example, furnished by the midshipmen themselves amongst whom he exercised this novel apostleship. Here, as all through this book, the vivid interest of Père Daniel's pages is due to the very minute and simple details which he ventures to divulge, but always with good taste and discretion. A mere naming of persons and places would not serve our purpose; so we pass over this very meritorious part of our friend's life, as also the humble, prudent, and persevering zeal with which he devoted himself to every sort of good work, especially as a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, while on the home stations at Brest and at the mouth of the Loire.

We have called him our friend, for we spent two years in close intimacy with him at Laval, about five years before his death. We are able to confirm the testimony given in the book on which this sketch is founded, to the simplicity, kindness, cheerfulness, and quiet power of his amiable and manly character, as well as to guarantee the fidelity of the description of his personal appearance which might remind one a little of that Celestial Empire which had occupied so much of his working years. "Petit de taille, Clerc n'était pas beau, du moins dans le sens grec du mot, et son visage aux contours anguleux aurait offert un modèle assez ingrat à la statuaire. L'extrême mobilité de ses traits trahissait sur l'heure toutes ses impressions; son oeil de feu et sa voix vibrante annonçaient une âme aussi enthousiaste qu' énergique."

But Père Clerc was already *Père* Clerc and had been in the Society of Jesus before that sojourn at Laval to which we have just referred. After his last long "campagne"—which refuses to be translated into *campaign* and which extended over three years and a half—he threw up his naval commission and entered the Jesuit noviceship at St. Acheul near Amiens, there carrying out with literal fidelity the resolution he had written down on paper after a little retreat made the year before at Zi-Ka-wei in China: "After a very few days at Paris I will go to the novitiate which shall be assigned to me." But it will edify the reader to give the reasons that led up to this very practical conclusion. Lieutenant Clerc, in his retreat near Shanghai, put three questions to himself and set down the pros and cons in parallel columns, the cons being placed on the left. However, as the left column after the first

two or three lines is a complete blank, and as our printer—like nature in the old philosophy—"abhors a vacuum," we weld the answers together and abandon the tabular form. The first question is, "Must I aim at religious perfection?" "It is not necessary to salvation, but it is much safer. It is perhaps above my power to persevere; but nothing is impossible to God, and the days slip past, one by one. If my courage should fail in an enterprise which is not necessary, it will be rendered more feeble for what is absolutely necessary; but not to undertake it at all after taking it into consideration, is to be beaten without a battle. To strive after perfection is nobler and more agreeable to our Lord. The interior voice of conscience which reproaches us for relaxations which are not sins, is the voice of our Lord jealous for my perfection. Our Lord loathes lukewarm souls. He to whom more has been pardoned ought to feel more gratitude. Therefore I must and will strive after religious perfection." He next proposes to himself the question, whether in order to devote himself to the pursuit of perfection he ought to enter the religious state; and he decides in the affirmative by fourteen reasons against one. And finally he determines to try and entitle himself to the two initials affixed to his name in the heading of this sketch, for six reasons which in other circumstances might well have justified another choice, one of them being that "*la Compagnie a pour le salut et la perfection de ses enfants les plus admirables et minutieuses sollicitudes.*"

The first of these admirable means provided in the most minute details by the new spiritual Mother, into whose arms Alexis Clerc had thrown himself, was to bury him for two years in the happy hidden life of the novitiate. The fervour and thoroughness with which he began he maintained to the end. When he was just forty years of age he was ordained priest, though his study of dogmatic theology, instead of being hastened on, had to be postponed in order that his practical experience and mathematical knowledge might be turned to account in the famous school of St. Genevieve in the Rue Lhomond which some will recognise better by its old name of the Rue des Postes. And yet, this ex-officer of the French navy, now a priest of 44 years of age, spends four full years in theological studies, going through the routine of class-work with all the docility, punctuality and earnestness which might edify us in a student under age for subdeaconship.

Both before and after this period of theological training Father Clerc had many opportunities of satisfying the yearnings of his priestly zeal by working for the direct sanctification of souls. Yet not only before but also after these four years at Laval, his chief work was the preparing of classes for the governmental examinations, especially in connection with his old department, *la marine*. In protesting against the Ferry Law, the ex-pupils of the Ecole-Saint-Genevieve told the Deputies lately that their beloved school had in the twenty-five years

of its existence passed in these and similar public examinations 2,283 candidates. Modestly and solidly Alexis Clerc did his share of this hard, wasting work, exercising on many souls, meanwhile, a holy influence, to which most beautiful and affecting testimonies are given in Père Daniel's book, generally in the words of the young men who were the objects of his untiring and affectionate zeal.

Father Clerc was fifty years old when he was sent, in October, 1869, to Laon, to go through the Third Year of Probation, which, coming after studies and priesthood, is intended to finish the spiritual training begun in the two years' noviceship. He was often heard to congratulate himself that *un vieux comme lui*, "an old fellow like him," should enjoy so great a privilege. In one of his notes of meditation at this time he imagines our Lord giving to him as his motto, device, and watchword: *Pro corde meo, per ipsum cor meum, et cum ipso et in ipso*. "For my Heart, through my very Heart and with it and in it." He made a special consecration of himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, saying: "Je crois que cette dévotion donne droit à une effusion immédiate du Sacré Cœur de Notre-Seigneur dans le nôtre."

When the terrible reverses of the French army at Wissemburg and Reichshoffen and the rest were leading up to the catastrophe of Sedan, the Jesuit Fathers established a military hospital at their college of Vangirard, on the outskirts of Paris. Father Clerc was placed over it, and this gave him opportunities of the truest charity, humility, and mortification. He was afterwards desired to resume his mathematical classes; for even at that terrible time the young boys cannot be abandoned, and our Parisian schools are transferred to safer places as near as possible to the old quarters. But the dark hour of the Commune came on. Part of that awful story has been hinted at in our sketch of Father Olivaint,\* another of the martyrs of the Commune. We hope that our readers have read or will read it in full in Father de Ponlevoy's "Acts of the Captivity and Death of the Fathers Olivaint, Ducoudray, Caubert, Clerc, and De Bengy."

Father Faber—who since the beatification of his namesake, Blessed Peter Faber, is not so easily confounded with that first companion of the founder of the Society of Jesus—the brilliant Oratorian has said that St. Ignatius, setting out bodily from Paris in search of spiritual adventures, seems tame to him compared with St. Ignatius preparing the points for his meditation, years after he had received an infused gift of prayer. And somewhat in the same way Father Alexis Clerc, calmly opening the front of his soutane to receive the bullets of his public and official assassins, seems to me less heroic than when studying, during his imprisonment as a "hostage," for his class of mathematics to which, without knowing it, he had bidden a final adieu. Certainly,

\* THE IRISH MONTHLY, vol. vii., page 260 (May, 1879).

among the edifying circumstances recorded of his sojourn at Mazas and La Roquette not the least striking is the persistence with which he asks from his friends outside, not only a Bible, breviary, and a *Summa* of St. Thomas, but also works on analytical geometry in order to prepare more perfectly—he whose mind was saturated with such studies since his boyhood—his mathematical course for his pupils after his release.

But his release came through death; and surely the “three fast friends of the great good man” were his—

“Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.”

The angel Death delivered his message seemingly in rude fashion, but in reality gently, happily, and joyfully. After a month or so of weary waiting and uncertainty, the ruffians of the Commune, seeing their last hour come, determined to massacre these innocent victims. How they did so, we have partly told already in these pages in our brief account of Father Olivaint.\* We are unwilling to enter again into the horrible and glorious details. The Fathers died like Christian heroes—as they were. Ah! Monsieur Paul Bert, Monsieur Jules Ferry, and you, Monsieur Spuller, you would not—if you have any sense of virtue and honour—you could not feel as you pretend to feel towards the French Jesuits if you but knew intimately such souls as Alexis Clerc.

## ON MOTHERS.

BY THE PRESENT WRITER.

**D**URING a delicious holiday fortnight on the banks of the Loir (*Le Loir*, not *la Loire*), in the sunny summer of 1865, one of the books that the snug and hospitable farmhouse of Langlotière put into my hands was a volume of Monsieur Pontmartin's *Nouveaux Samedis*. In the essay devoted to the poet, Victor de Laprade, these lines were quoted:—

“Quand je pouvais encor vous voir et vous entendre,  
Quand, parmi vos travaux, ma mère, et vos douleurs,  
Mon cœur de fils pouvait à vos pieds se répandre,  
Et faire éclore en vous de la joie ou des pleurs;

\* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. vii., page 260 (May, 1879).

" Avant l'heure où, brisant le bonheur domestique,  
 Dieu vous plaça plus haut que vos amours humains,  
 Lorsque ma lèvre encor s'appuyait sur vos mains,  
 Lorsque vous étiez là sur ce fauteuil antique :

" Trop souvent de mon cœur j'ai retenu la voix ;  
 Je vous ai trop peu dit, c'est là ma peine amère,  
 Ces choses qu'un bon fils doit dire mille fois  
 Pour payer, s'il se peut, les peines d'une mère."

M. Pontmartin went on to remark that "all sons who are not poets but whose hearts have bled with the same wound, whose eyes have shed the same tears, must here salute and thank Victor de Laprade as a brother—a brother endowed with the faculty of expressing what they feel and of giving to their sobs a voice melodious and immortal." At that time *my* heart had not yet "saigné de la même blessure," my eyes had not yet shed those tears of remorse at the thought of lost opportunities of showing filial devotion towards a mother removed by death from the possibility of receiving such tribute any longer. I said therefore to myself, "I must get the whole of this poem and translate it for my mother while it is still happily inapplicable." But before I found a full copy of these verses at the end of the "*Poèmes Evangéliques*," ten years and more had passed and I could adopt as my own Pontmartin's prose and Laprade's verse. I will not now add the seventeen stanzas which follow in this "Consécration," but merely give the three first stanzas in the almost literal version which I jotted down on that bygone August morning on the banks of the Loir:—

" While I could still behold thee, still could hear—  
 While 'mid thy toils, my mother, and thy grief,  
 My heart, thy son's heart, still could nestle near  
 And make thee seek in smiles or tears relief;

" Before that hour when, breaking our home-bliss,  
 God placed thee high o'er human love and care,—  
 While yet my lips thy gentle hand could kiss,  
 While thou wast yonder in that quaint old chair:

" Too often have I checked my heart's fond play,  
 Too seldom said (keen now the pang I prove!)  
 What each true son a thousand times should say  
 To pay (what can?) the pains of mother's love."

Most of all towards mothers, but not of mothers only, is this regret felt, that, while the loved ones were with us, we did not show enough how we loved them. This is the pathos of the ending of "the Child's First Grief" by Mrs. Hemans:—

" Ah! when my brother with me played,  
 Would I had loved him more."

Perhaps some husband, wife, son, brother, or other kinsman, reading this page, will apply the lesson it contains to some one whom death has not yet made dearer. This letter of Charles Lamb's may help towards this blessed result:—

"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? not those merrier days, not the pleasant days of hope, which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days of a mother's fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain! And the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be time enough for kind offices of love, if Heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh! my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. Send me an account of your health; indeed I am solicitous about you. God love you and yours."

"Twenty golden years ago" the present writer strolled to the old church of Stoke Pogis, not far from Windsor, and he noted down on the spot the epitaph placed by the poet Gray, author of the famous "Elegy," on the tomb of his mother whom he called "the careful and tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." It is, I think, in one of his letters that he writes:—"We may have many friends but only one mother—a truth I did not discover till too late." Macaulay says the same thing in the third sentence of the following:

"Make the most of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomed love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends; fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

Most writers, and perhaps most readers, like a composition to flow on smoothly, as if from an inexhaustible spring. I have even known



an intelligent editor to reject a paper—by the present writer, too, which is an aggravating circumstance in the case—on the plea that it abounded too much in quotations. Yet, what a writer has thought worth preserving and bringing forward thus is likely to have as much pith in it as the writer himself can produce from his inner consciousness. I pass on, then, to another branch of the subject—namely, the sacred obligation that weighs on mothers of deserving individually the traditional halo of motherhood: and, according to the policy just enunciated about quotations, I give these very true remarks from an American newspaper paragraph:—

“It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her youthful nature, to realise the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in a drawing-room and an entirely different person in every-day life, but who is a true mother and always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manner repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy, busy boys will always tone down their voices, and step lightly, and try to be more mannerly, when she stops to give them a kind word or a pleasant smile; for a true mother will never fail to say or do all the pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow. Think of it, dear sisters, and guard well your home treasures.”

It is so long ago that I forget what mother it was that sent me the next passage with the entreaty written in the margin: “Do put this in the next *IRISH MONTHLY*.” Some twenty or thirty *IRISH MONTHLY*'s have enlightened an ungrateful world since then; but now at last “*Fun at Home*” comes forth from the pigeonhole where it has lurked meanwhile:—

“There is nothing like it to be found—no, not if you search the world through. I want every possible amusement to keep the boys at home in the evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff fire-sides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence, yet awhile. The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your hearts shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy

cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly dirty carpets—ay, live without carpets at all! but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveller, or a foreign minister. Become interested in their pets, be they rabbits, pigeons, or dogs. Let them help you in home decorations; send them to gather mosses, grasses, and bright autumn leaves to decorate their room when the snow is all over the earth. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them."

To the rigidly reasonable reader it may not seem quite relevant to this subject of mothers amusing their boys—that is, letting their boys amuse themselves—at home; but it hath pleased the present writer to attach this hidden meaning to the last of these deliciously nonsensical stanzas which the learned Porson has turned into the purest Greek.

"Three children sliding on the ice,  
All on a summer's day,  
As it fell out, they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.

"Now had these children been at school,  
Or slid upon dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,  
They had not all been drowned.

"You parents that have children dear,  
And eke you that have none,  
If you will have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them safe at home."

Aye, "Keep them safe at home." Make home a real home for them. Teach them to look to home for comfort, and sympathy, and amusement, and all the elements of their happiness. How powerfully can the mothers and sisters of a happy home influence sons and brothers for time and for eternity!

"Heureux l'homme à qui Dieu donne une sainte mère,  
En vain la vie est dure, et la mort est amère—  
Qui peut douter sur son tombeau?"

Yes, the presence, and, after she is gone, the memory of a holy and devoted mother is a strengthener of faith and of many other virtues. Mention has been made somewhere of a little girl who said: "I must

now go with my father on Sundays to the Protestant church; but, when I grow up, I shall become a Catholic, for I want to belong to that Church which makes me honour the Blessed Virgin and pray for the soul of my own mother who is dead." I have lately met a parallel passage in some writing of or about Señor Castellar, the Spanish Gambetta as he is called by admirers of both. He says: "If I could return to the theological world, I should not embrace Protestantism whose harshness dries up the soul, the heart, and the conscience. But if I could, I would return and throw myself on my knees before the Holy Virgin, and after my death I would implore a resting-place at the foot of the cross which covers with its sacred arms the spot which I love and venerate the most—my mother's grave."

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## ECHOES.

BY JANET ELLIS.

DEAR gifts, that come to us at Christmas-tide,  
 What are ye but the echoes, soft and sweet,  
 Of one great gift from out God's heart, replete  
 With love—his well-beloved Son who died?

Most wondrous gift! whose echoes down the years  
 Have touched so many hearts with hush and thrill;  
 Echoes still heard above the sounds that fill  
 This earth—the sounds of ecstasy, and tears,

And toil, and haste, and triumph, and defeat,  
 And tyranny, and hope, and deep despair,  
 And all confused sounds that fill the air,  
 And hurt sad hearts, that, wounded, still must beat.

O Love! the gentlest sound, yet sound so high  
 It overtops the wildest shriek of woe,  
 And yet can melt away and drop so low  
 It reaches hearts that unto death were nigh.

On the thrice-happy blessed Christmas-day  
 The rippled, echoing air is eloquent  
 With love, divine and human, twined and blent  
 In wreathing notes, first sprung from angel's lay.

We thank Thee, Giver of each perfect gift!  
For that first Christmas-day which Thou didst send,  
When Love's own hand the veiling cloud did rend,  
And made love visible through that wide rift.

And lesser love is plain to gladdened eyes  
To-day, in letter, picture, trinket, book—  
That speak out to us with a loving look,  
While love, in softened accents, quick replies.

The work is here of childhood's half-taught hand,  
And hand mature, in flowing, cultured lines,  
And hand of age, in trembling, loving signs :  
And love says—"All are perfect as they stand."

Dear gifts, that come to us at Christmas-tide,  
What are ye but the echoes, soft and sweet,  
Of one great gift from out God's heart, replete  
With love—His well-beloved Son who died?

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#### THOUGHTS ON THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.\*

HOW happily has Lacordaire described in one pithy sentence the "Lives of the Saints!" They are, said he, "the Thousand and One Nights of truth." Never was there a more correct definition, never an illustration more complete. With all that marvellous effect of colouring, incident, and character that renders the "Arabian Nights" the most charming book of fiction in the world, the "Lives of the Saints" possesses the immeasurable advantage of being true. If, as it has been said in the well-known adage of a popular poet, that "truth"—meaning thereby the simple, actual statement of the ordinary events of human life—"is stranger than fiction," what must be the interest, what must be the unequalled charm of narratives that deal with the highest verities of existence, and the actors in which are in

\* We venture to reproduce in this form portions of a review of Miss Cusack's "Life of St. Patrick" which appeared in the *Nation*, October 30, 1889. We omit a curiously learned account of the Irish legends which furnished Dante with materials for his great poem. Internal evidence alone would show that the writer is one who has given the world far too little of his exquisite prose—Denis Florence MacCarthy.—  
Ed. I. M.

fact the only beings that in the highest sense may be called true, namely, God, the Devil, and the Human Soul? No wonder was it then, to take a single instance, that the brave Ignatius of Loyola, lying on his sick bed in the Castle of Pamplona, "wounded by God" (*herido de Dios*), as his biographer describes him to have been, was seized as it were by a holy madness whilst reading the wonderful legends of the *Flos Sanctorum*, and rose up to lay his earthly sword on the shrine of Our Lady of Monserrate, there to take up the Sword of the Spirit, and to be himself the hero of a new chapter in that golden book of Christian chivalry, more surprising and more interesting than any that had preceded it. The wonderful fascination even as stories of the "Lives of the Saints" is evidenced by the remarkable fact that previous to the discovery of the art of printing, no work, with the exception of the Bible, was so frequently copied and transcribed than that collection of those legends which received the distinctive epithet of "golden." As might be expected when the mechanism of the printing press superseded the laborious hand-craft of the scribe—the same book held the same position towards the Book of Books that it held before. In England one of the earliest works that issued from the printing-press of Wynkin de Worde was "the Golden Legende" of Caxton—a translation with additions of the famous "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine. How quaintly yet how beautifully has the pious old printer explained the meaning of the title—"The legende named in latyn Legenda Aurea, that is to say in englyshe, the golden legende. For lyke as golde passeth all other metalles, so this boke exceedeth all other bokes." Jacobus de Voragine, the original author of this famous book, died Archbishop of Genoa in the year 1298 and lies buried at the left side of the high altar of the Church of St. Dominic in that city. He derived his name from Voragine, or Varaggio, a small town situated on the shore of the Gulf of Genoa, not far from Savona. It was with no small interest that the writer of this paper in a recent journey along the most romantic of all roads—the Cornice Pass into Italy by the shores of the Mediterranean—descended through groves of oranges and palm-trees the tower of the church in which this prince of hagiographers was probably baptised, and in which for many years of his early life he must have prayed. It was gratifying to learn subsequently at Rome from the lips of Longfellow himself, that he, too, had shared in the same enthusiasm, and that a special pilgrimage had been made by him to the birthplace of Jacobus de Voragine, the name of whose celebrated work he had previously given to one of his own most celebrated poems. These legends have been to the religious poets of Europe what the novels of Boccaccio and Bandello have been to the profane—the mine from which they took their most effective plots and their most brilliant illustrations. Had English poetry in its most luxuriant flowering-time been pervaded by a religious spirit,

what exquisite dramas would have been derived from the inexhaustible sources of "The Golden Legend?" As it is, we have one glorious specimen in "The Virgin Martyr" of Massinger—a play that in the spotless purity of the principal figure and of her angel page, though surrounded by baser matter, is almost an atonement for the otherwise universal corruption and depravity of the later so-called Elizabethan Drama. "The Virgin Martyr" is simply the legend of St. Dorothea, which is to be found in the "Legenda Aurea," cap. cex., "De Sancta Dorothea." A brief outline of the story may be given. The young virgin, on going to her place of martyrdom, spoke with confidence of her being soon in the garden of her Lord and of her Spouse, from which already she had gathered in spirit the fruits and roses of his love. A young man, Theophilus, the secretary of the Roman Governor, asked her mockingly to send him some of the roses when she would have reached the garden, which she promised to do. At the moment of her death a beautiful boy appeared beside her, dressed in a robe of purple dotted with golden stars, and bearing in his hand a basket in which were placed three roses and three apples of the most delicious odour and beauty. These roses Theophilus actually received; he was converted to the faith of Christ, and received shortly after the crown of martyrdom.\*

In the Spanish Drama, as might be expected, almost every chapter of the "Legenda Aurea" supplies the materials of a play or an *auto*. The most famous of Calderon's secular dramas, "The Wonder-working Magician," is entirely founded on the legend of St. Justina, as told in the "Legenda Aurea," cap. cxlii. "The Two Lovers of Heaven," also by Calderon, which Archbishop Trench considers to possess higher merit than "The Wonder-working Magician," is the legend of SS. Chrysanthus and Daria," cap. clvii.

The general remarks we have made on the great importance of the "Lives of the Saints," whether we regard the development and awaking to its true life of a single human soul, as in the case of St. Ignatius, or of influencing the nascent literature of a great nation, as it did with Dante, gain additional strength when applied to the life of so remarkable and still so potential a saint, as the Apostle of Ireland. If Ireland stands, as one of her own poets has said of her—

"Faith's foremost Pharos to the benighted West"—

if, while holding up this guiding lamp to the wandering philosophism of Europe, the crimson light flashes across the Atlantic wave with the rapidity of the electric current, there to be carried on spiritual wires made sympathetic by love and faith, away over the Rocky Mountains, from the exhausted shores of New England to a newer and a broader

\* The story of St. Dorothy has been told by Father Anderdon, S.J., in our February Number (IRISH MONTHLY, vol. viii., page 81.)

Ireland by the Pacific, then we say that no life can be more important, no story so full of interest and of instruction, as that of him whose spirit lives and works in the heart of its people—of a people “wounded by God” (to use again the language applied to St. Ignatius), “*exiled* by God” from the narrow limits of their own little island, perhaps to win the Old World back to repentance, but certainly to evangelise the New.

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### NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, in the Summer of 1871.* By the REV. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D. Fourth Edition. (London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THOSE who have determined not to go to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau next summer would do well not to read this fourth edition of Dr. Molloy's account of his visit to that Bavarian village on the occasion of the last representation. If such persons neglect this warning and read the book, we tremble for their fixity of purpose. On the other hand every one who purposes to make Ammergau the goal of his continental holiday ought forthwith to make the acquaintance of, or to renew acquaintance with, these graphic and pleasant pages. The descriptions, even more than the excellent photographs, set every thing and every person before our eyes very clearly. The history of this curious custom is extremely interesting. In the preface to this new edition Dr. Molloy brings down to date the practical hints given in the volume, giving his readers the benefit of information recently received from the Parish Priest of the village as to the preparations made for the coming event. He mentions also that Ober-Ammergau may be reached from Munich by a pleasant journey of six or seven hours: three hours' railway from Munich to Murnau, and about four hours' drive through a beautiful country from Murnau to Ober-Ammergau.

As we have said, they who peruse this slender and elegant quarto are likely, if their circumstances admit of it, to form a resolution which might find expression in the very felicitous motto on the title-page taken from the “*Midsummer Night's Dream*”:—

“I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.”

- II. *The Charity of Jesus Christ.* By FRANCIS ARIAS, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THIS is a well-executed and beautifully-printed translation of part of a great spiritual treatise by a Jesuit theologian of three hundred years

ago. Father Coleridge in his preface speaks of the immense treasures of spirituality hidden in the glorious folios and quartos of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and says that brilliant writers of an age like ours must needs lack the solid theological learning, the deep thought and concentration, and even the vigorous industry, of the men of the age of St. Ignatius and St. Teresa. These qualities are found in the noble treatise, of which this volume of more than two hundred ample pages is but a small portion. According to a custom much followed by French publishers, it is issued with only a paper cover. Many books appear in Dublin and London on which it is a pity to waste the tasteful solid binding that they receive as their dower. The present is not of this class.

III. *The Legend of Allandale and Other Poems.* By FELIX MORTERRA.  
(London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.)

A good deal of taste and cultivation is shown in this large volume of original verse; yet, at its best, is it anything better than a feeble echo of Scott at his worst? We do not pretend to have read it through, but we have exposed ourselves several times to the proximate occasion of doing so and have escaped easily from the temptation. No glaring faults and no absurdities, but nothing catching, nothing thrilling, no inspiration, and, we are afraid, no poetry. The nearest approach to it is, perhaps, in the sonnets. Is the third, "To A. C. T.," addressed to the Author of "Preludes?" If so, we trust the summons will be heeded:—

"The lyre resume! whose subtlest mystery  
Is thine; with fearless faith obey the call,  
Till the leaf's rustle, the ripe apple's fall,  
The wind's soft moan, and murmur of the bee  
Live in thy song's perfected melody."

IV. *Five Minute Sermons for Low Masses on all Sundays of the Year.* By  
Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. (New York: Catholic  
Publication Society.)

THIS volume, for which Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son are the agents in Ireland, has already begun to have the success which it deserves. It consists of several very brief sermonettes, two or three for each Sunday all the year round. They have been published week by week in *Catholic Review* (New York) and an advanced sheet of the printed copy pasted on a tablet has been read at each of the Sunday Masses in the Paulist Church of that city. We are told in the preface to this first collection that the plan was devised by the late Father Algernon Brown, a young Englishman who was born at Cobham, in 1848, was converted to the Catholic faith in his eighteenth year, was ordained priest in America in 1872, and died in the Congregation of Paulists in 1878,



aged 29 years. His contributions to this volume are marked by the initial of his name, and they seem to be the best and the most striking.

V. *The Last Monarch of Tara: A Tale of Ireland in the Sixth Century.* By EBLANA. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THE above title and all the titles of chapters in this volume are repeated in Irish, and the three hundred pages are thickly studded with words and phrases correctly spelled in the same language. The accuracy of all such details is guaranteed by the statement that the work has been revised by Canon Ulick Bourke. Praiseworthy diligence has been exercised in the compilation of much antiquarian lore; but it would need a miracle of genius to make these dry bones live, and we fear that this miracle has not been wrought by "Eblana."

VI. *The Catechism of Perseverance.* By MONSIGNOR GAUME. Translated from the Tenth French Edition. (M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

It is enough to announce the publication of this second of the four volumes which will form the English edition of this well-known work, received with such general favour as "an historical, dogmatical, moral, liturgical, apologetical, philosophical and social exposition of religion." Not only priests and nuns and others engaged in the instruction of the young, but the laity for their own instruction, can use it with profit as a sort of practical dictionary of theology.

VII. *Little Books of the Holy Ghost.* Nos. 1 and 3. (London: Burns & Oates.)

DR. RAWES is bringing out this series as a companion to his "Library of the Holy Ghost." These two are translations of the *Opuscula* of St. Thomas Aquinas on the Lord's Prayer and on the Ten Commandments. It is needless to say that they are full of beauty and depth, though hardly suited for popular use in this form. The "Little Books" are brought out very neatly.

VIII. *Other Books and Pamphlets.*

IN the current number of the *Dublin Review* a graceful and ingenious writer, wishing to discuss the very trite question of the Authorship of the "Imitation"—which he holds is by Thomas à Kempis after all—thinks it wiser to disguise his article under the title of "New Light on an Old Subject." Some such device might judiciously have been resorted to by Father J. D. Breen, O.S.B., author of "Anglican Orders: Are they Valid?" He has published on this often-discussed question another "Letter to a Friend," entitled: "Anglican Jurisdiction: Is it Valid?" (London: Burns & Oates). It is solidly argued, learned and original in a high degree for so small and unpretending a

tract. Many valuable extracts are not given at second hand, but taken from the Bodleian Library.

A new publishing firm (Cecil Brooks & Co., London) have issued a reprint of an article contributed by Cardinal Manning to the *North American Review*. It is only necessary to mention the name of the writer and then the subject which he treats—"The Catholic Church and Modern Society."

If there is none of Rabelais' wit in P. F. M.'s "Sketches, Humorous and Satirical" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), there is none of Rabelais' grossness; but one is disposed to move the previous question—were they worth reprinting, or printing?

Many readers will be glad to have the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception expounded so clearly and attractively as it has been by the Rev. William Hayden, S.J., in a Sermon preached on the last Feast in the Franciscan Church, Dublin, and since published by Messrs. Gill & Son.

An excellent series of copy-books published by Burns & Oates of London has the merit of teaching geography, and history, and other useful things. The marginal additions to the head-lines are useful for this purpose.

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### WINGED WORDS.

1. Work is at once a luxury and a necessity: no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. On the one hand it may be charitable to provide for some people lighter dinner and more work; for others it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work and more dinner.—*John Ruskin*.

2. Weak natures are distracted and broken by the conflicting claims of duty and inclination. They neglect their business, and yet neglect it in vain, going languidly and remorsefully to their self-chosen labours, because they are haunted by a shadow of the duties that for their sake they have put aside.—*Sir Francis H. Doyle*.

3. Nothing is so difficult as to be only one.—*De Maistre*.

4. Great works are the daughters of solitude.—*Goethe*.

5. The things that are bad are accepted because the things that are good do not come easily in our way. How many a miserable father reviles with bitterness of spirit the low tastes of his son, who has done nothing to provide that son with higher pleasures!—*Anthony Trollope*.

6. Evil thoughts are put to flight when the eye falls on the portrait of one in whose living presence one would have blushed to own them.—*Frederick Perthes*.

7. Pain is the deepest thing that we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.—*Arthur Henry Hallan (the subject of In Memoriam.)*

8. A mere "practical" manner of viewing life and dealing with it, always becomes cruel.—*Anon.*

9. There are no words or acts so eminently practical as those which tend to keep alive ideals.—*Anon.*

10. Let us always go beyond the duties marked out for us, and let us always stop short of the pleasures permitted.

11. No two persons have ever read the same book or gazed at the same picture.

12. If I were asked my idea of human happiness, I should answer: Heaven is to love in peace.

13. Forgive me, my God, and do what you will.

14. The inventory of my faith in this lower world is soon made: I believe in Him who created it.

15. What I value immediately after Eternity is Time.

16. It is piety that guards faith.

17. We must labour untiringly to make our piety reasonable and our reason pious.

18. Between late and too late there is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance.

19. God has not been pleased to flatter our curiosity by any of his revelations. What He reveals to man is the end which He assigns to him and the means to attain that end.

20. My God, make me do something which you may be able to reward.

21. If one looks at it carefully, on this earth where God seems so much forgotten, it is yet for Him, after all, that the truest and most faithful love is felt.

22. Pantheism which confounds the divine and the human has no more formidable adversary than the dogma of the Incarnation which unites them: for union excludes identity.

23. To write with a pencil is like speaking under one's breath.

24. We do not always lose our time in doing nothing; but in doing carelessly what we do we most certainly lose our time. It is labour without profit.

25. Nowadays people read everything, except books.

[*The last fifteen thoughts are from Madame Swetchine.*]

## BRACON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER XV.

EMILY TO HELEN.

"I HAD intended, dearest Helen, to answer your affectionate letter in the same style, and send you a gossiping account of myself, my proceedings, and my belongings; 'be the same more or less,' as my husband says. And why not? you will ask. Because, meanwhile, I have something of greater moment to impart to you. But now, do not look so grave, as I imagine you to do on reading the words. It is momentous, but certainly not 'lugubrious,' as Mr. Vaux would say. Nothing has gone wrong, nor is likely to do, I hope. It has no reference to the sadder portions of your own letter. Dear me, it is only what most young ladies would jump at, and few would be found to decline. Plainly, then, it is an offer of marriage, which I am commissioned to lay at your feet. There!

"Is my own dear Helen one of the uncloistered vestals, who have determined to walk through life, in maiden meditation, fancy-free? That was the first question I asked myself, on being made (as I have been) ambassadress plenipotentiary in this high negotiation. I know you, I think, intimately, Helen, and love you—you well know how dearly. And yet, strange to say, I cannot remember any one time, in all our girlish confidences, when *the* subject has come up between us, on which most girls—many, at least—are ready to pour a volume of anticipations, hopes, and fears into the sympathising ear of a friend. At our convent school (oh! how New Hall rose up before me at your slight sketch in half a dozen words) we discussed a thousand other things, grave and gay; but our talk had as little of this kind of sentiment in it, as Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*—the only novel, you remember, we were allowed to read. Novel! to call that collection of ponderous epigrams and solemnly balanced antitheses a novel! But now to the point.

"Enter my hero. We will reverse the scene at Belmont, and give Portia her choice, at least her guess. Who shall he be? Emperor of Morocco, Prince of Arragon, or the poor gentleman Bassanio? Will she open the right casket? Shall it be 'gold, silver, or base lead?' I am trifling; for, to say the honest truth, I am so deeply interested in my commission, that it flutters and confuses me, and I am forced to write

nonsense to escape having a good cry, and blotting the paper, from sheer anxiety as to the result.

"But prepare yourself to wonder. If there was ever one who, with all engaging qualities in a high degree, could hardly be associated with the faintest idea of marriage—a man too fastidious to be pleased with anyone, almost, however refined or gifted, up to the high and permanent degree of liking, without which marriage (to him) would be a fated and pledged disappointment—a man too penetrating, with too extensive knowledge of life and character, not to unmask by a glance the little hypocrisies in which we poor women are said to be so adroit—too severely critical of himself, moreover, to be a likely victim of delusion as to his own inexorable standard—it is precisely the gentleman who now, through my intervention, goes down on one knee, places his hand on his heart, and gracefully solicits the honour of possessing *yours*.

"George Eustace! Guilty, upon my honour! This hyperdifficult, extra-fastidious man of talent and of high society—he is as unmistakably the one as he is recognised to be the other—has descended from his lofty pedestal, and is now a suitor—yes, *suitor* for the hand of Helen Bracton.

"After that one astonishing fact, details seem unimportant by comparison; besides, you may probably know them sufficiently. He is heir presumptive to the earldom of Riversdale, with nobody between but a paralytic cousin—a fortune to match, and everything about his future estates (so says Mr. Vaux) in high order. Rental, I don't know how much, but something very large. Riversdale Park in Huntingdonshire, ivy-grown castle with broad acres in Ireland, charming villa somewhere near London, fine old family mansion in Berkeley-square—you will think I have turned auctioneer and appraiser, if I go on in this way. But I have, of course, studiously learned all details from my husband.

"Such things are the makeweight in the balance; they will not weigh much with you, my Helen, though to so many they are all important. 'They would make scores of fine ladies set their caps at the future Earl of Riversdale, even if he were a barber's block in a shop window.' This is Mr. Vaux's dictum, who adds that George Eustace would be a superb fortune in himself, if by a freak of imagination he could be supposed to be the barber's apprentice, or an ironmonger's journeyman, instead of what he is. Observe, Miss, that I have spoken to my husband upon these latter points without betraying Mr. Eustace's confidence; I have merely *talked him over*, generally, with Mr. Vaux; for he—Eustace—has put me under strict obligation, as if I were a father confessor. He is much too proud a man—no one could at all know him, and doubt it—to wear the willow contentedly; he, who must have faced with a good deal of effort the notion of marrying at all. I

have also engaged, on your part, that his proposal shall be in the absolute keeping of your honour, as well as mine.

"And now, I will urge nothing, my Lud, on my client's behalf, but allow his cause simply to fall into the scale with its own weight. That you would be the envied of half the young ladies in London society by becoming Mrs. Eustace, and then Lady Riversdale, is a thing acknowledged as soon as said. But I have seen too much of the misery of interference, however well meant, between the two people chiefly concerned in such a decision, to do more than merely execute my commission by stating it. You must judge, dear, for yourself. If I were writing to many girls whom I know, I should at once congratulate them on having secured the regard, or even notice, of one so unapproachable, and so more than 'eligible,' as the world says. But there is something about your character that makes me feel it to be very possible that you may say 'No.' Well, dear Helen, be it Yes or No, as you may feel it best and happiest. Happiest, therefore best, is the way that most young ladies would put it. Not so my own Helen, whom I see, in my mind's eye, entering forthwith into a sort of retreat in the oratory at Ernham, to make up her mind (if the process is indeed to be gone through) in the Divine Presence. She will hardly need Father Morton to remind her that all such engagements are to be simply viewed as means to the end—will they further us to God?

"There is, of course, the terrible—how far insurmountable?—barrier of difference in religion. A mixed marriage! a thing so little favoured by the Church, that a dispensation is almost as difficult to procure as for one within forbidden degrees: how will confessor and penitent arrange their thoughts upon that point? Can *that* further you to God? But I must not add the quality of preacher to that of ambassadress, but remain simply and only my Helen's most affectionate, and now not a little anxious friend,

"EMILY VAUX.

"*Bedford Place, July 7, 1812.*

"P.S.—How gladly I would welcome you to this modest dwelling, within the legal quarter of Babylon, this home of a plodding lawyer's wife! Tiny Helen sends her godmother a kiss within this round O. She is really learning to say something that may be easily translated into 'Dear Mamma.' This is no fond mother's fiction, though Mr. Vaux smiles a little derisively when I tell him, and says something about Lord Eldon's—[the rest was unintelligible under the seal—*sub sigillo.*]"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## VAIN LIFE, REAL DEATH.

HAD there been one, in the circle of brilliant frivolity that surrounded Eustace, capable of reading him truly, that observer would have derived a different impression from what Norris had, or even Orpington. None ever knew of the moments of self-reproach when this spoilt child of fashion, with all life before him, retired into himself. We are now to follow our hero into that hidden realm of reflection, or our acquaintance with him will remain as superficial as he vouchsafed to London society at large.

Who would not wish to know more of such a man, so accomplished, so exclusive, so idolized and yet receiving the incense so coolly, so impassively? For Helen's sake, moreover, as well as for his own, we have now to study him more closely.

It is in the height of the season, and now late at night; for he has been sauntering into several reunions of what an after-time will designate as the Upper Ten Thousand. He has looked in at Almack's, and at the Duchess of Ponteland's, with many other men of high life, more splendidly attired, indeed, than himself, and with a style more sparkling. Stars were there, and grand crosses and orders, garters, broad ribbons, blue, dark-blue, red, set off by those elaborate under-waistcoats of various showy tints, which the present age can only know by rummaging the faded wardrobes of their grandfathers. Every decoration, in a word, blazed around Eustace, as he moved from place to place. Yet the motley crowd—to use the word in no derogatory sense—the crush of rank, title, station, the quintessence of England's greatest and proudest in those saloons, looked off from themselves and their ordinary compeers, to watch that rather plainly dressed young man, whose every movement was a kind of careless and selfless grace. He was distinguished, like Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, by the absence of any distinction derived from without. The young bucks and beaux who studiously made him their glass of fashion, were compelled with a sigh to acknowledge themselves distanced at an easy canter. Their paragon had the "something, I know not what," that made him unapproachable. No detail of dress—for here he was absolutely colourless—as to mere toilette, he might pass anywhere in the throng—no mere accidental, of whatever sort, could be said to constitute or explain the magic that surrounded Eustace.

From the splendid drawingrooms already named, and others that might be added to the list—circles yet more exclusive—but what door in London is not flung aside for *him*?—he returns to his small bachelor's house in May Fair. His cabriolet is dismissed at the door, his valet shortly afterwards, and Eustace is alone.

There are few signs of luxury about the room. One beautiful picture, indeed, hangs over the mantelpiece in a frame of foreign workmanship. It is the portrait of a lady, in early middle life, represented in unmistakably French costume; the attire of France, under that Bourbon *regime* which terminated, for a while, in the tremendous convulsion that closed the last century. Rich, and betokening that the wearer belonged to the highest class of society, the dress of the portrait was yet scrupulously decorous, thus affording a contrast to that of the said "ancient regime," as well as of the upstart military empire that had supplanted it. On the lower edge of the frame ran the inscription :

"Antoinette Jeanne, Baronne de Montivilliers d'Andely, exilée en 1793, decedée a Dresde, le 5 Mars, 1805 *Si fractus illabatur orbis impavidam ferient ruinae.*"

A sentiment of calm endurance amid troubles, quite in harmony with the expression of the features, in which gentleness was blended with firmness and feminine dignity. A small ebony crucifix held daintily in the delicate fingers, indicated the faith of the lady portrayed on the canvas, and was probably an interpretation of her having died out of her native country, from which the Catholic religion had also been exiled.

With exception of this portrait, the apartment of Eustace is scantily adorned, considering the gay and luxurious circle in which he moves. It has almost an austere look, that might be taken for military simplicity and hardness of living, as though he bore a commission in the service. But the Army List would be searched for him in vain; and we have already listened to his self-reproachful reflections on the fact. Even during the exciting campaign which is going on in the Peninsula, George Eustace is lounging away in London his aimless life. An early success or two at Cambridge, won with the ease with which he did everything he thought worth doing at all, had shown what he was capable of, without leading to any achievements really accomplished. And it is this galling consciousness of life in process of being wasted, that makes the secret sting of his every day. He carries it with him, as hidden ascetics might carry under their festive garments the hair-cloth or the torturing chain, into assemblies in which, outwardly, they were the gayest of the gay. He has carried that feeling home with him to-night.

He throws open the window of his little drawing-room, and flings himself into a settee, breathing the balmy air of the summer night. Balmy it is, even in London; though the only trees near, the whispering planes of Berkeley-square on one side, the elms of St. James' Park on the other, are too distant for their breath to reach him. All is as still as if he were lying in his tent on the Great Sahara. Only at rare intervals, the distant rumbling of a carriage on its return from some very late revel, breaks the silence, like the boom of the sea heard "inland, within some hollow vale."



Who has not felt the vast solitude with which London impresses the heart, even in daylight, and with its moving crowds?—a feeling that grows more intense when night draws on, and those various multitudes of stranger faces melt away from view. It is the co-existence, yet contrast, of myriads of busy hearts and brains, with their conscious, active lives, each a centre to himself, yet all, save some few, without knowledge of us, as we of them. Absolute mutual strangers are huddled up, by hundreds of thousands, within the space of a few miles square. The great Babylon, with its outlying, suburban cities, like so many lines of fortification girdling some huge keep, breathes a concentrated human life, while its component atoms remain unknown to each other, even by name. When night and silence descend upon all, and that mass of immortal beings, if not resting, yet make no sign, then two distinct elements of sublimity, the presence of responsible life in our fellow-men, mingled with the calming, humbling sense of solitude, make themselves felt in the breast of the most thoughtless.

The poet, emphatically, of rural impressions and rural solitude, was alive to this not unpleasing dread. "Dear God!" he exclaims, as he surveys from one of the bridges that span the Thames, the ever-flowing river, and on either bank the tide of man's life arrested and laid to repose, "the very houses seem asleep, and all that mighty heart is lying still!"\*

Eustace was no conscious poet. In his great fastidiousness, he simply overlooked the poetry of most other men, and would heartily have despised any efforts of his own in a like direction. But, from that same quality, combined with conscientiousness and a lofty ideal, his heart was keenly alive to self-reproach. It is full upon him now. Of the things of imagination, and those of real life and personal responsibility, he has too high an interior standard to be satisfied with men around him, or with the man he is now surveying from within. Superficial and unreal natures had often shrunk away from the keen eye of his criticism, not the less to be dreaded because instantaneous as the lightning flash, irrepressible, and not consciously ill-natured. But no criticism spent on others around him is so severe or inexorable as that which he now turns inward upon himself.

The night air fans his cheek, as Eustace's hand seeks mechanically a richly mounted dish of rare china, filled with cards, notes of invitation, reminders, reproaches for forgotten engagements addressed to him from those many houses, lying around in this favoured district, this May Fair of Vanity, where the *réunion* would have been incomplete without George Eustace. He raises up a handful of them, as he lies on the sofa, lets them glide through his fingers, listlessly watching them as they fall back, some into the porcelain dish, some, caught by

\* Wordsworth—*Sonnets*.

the stir of night air through the open window, wavering down to the carpet.

"Grains of sand through the hour-glass!" he says, with a slight laugh, that conveys a meaning of less levity. "Ay, the hour-glass," he repeats, and pauses. "An hour—and then?"

"And then—what then?" were words, once spoken by a saint,\* and with power to turn a young heart, full of ambition and the world, to live thenceforward to God. They are not powerless with Eustace: but he does not see his way to fit on to his life the standard they imply.

He rises, walks slowly through the room, treading, without heed, on those pale-blue or rose-tinted notelets, signed by many a fair hand and titled name. They are as the rose-leaves of last autumn, to his present thoughts.

On an upper shelf of his book-case is a plain deal box, which he reaches down.

"Come forth, thou grim monitor," says Eustace, "and let us discourse together awhile. Many is the butterfly of my acquaintance, whose light wings thou wouldst have cramped with dread, had I let thee grin openly upon that shelf." So saying, he draws forth a human skull, and holds it up before him, looking steadfastly into those eyeless holes.

A skull that Eustace had seen at Ernham, on one of his visits there: found by a gamekeeper within the precincts of the old priory. Eustace had been so taken with it—he who seldom showed very much interest in anything—that Sir Edward, more than half in jest, had proposed to him to take it away with him; and Eustace, much to the astonishment of his valet, had given directions for its being carefully packed. He showed himself much more solicitous about the preservation of that old bit of mortality than for the faultless coats from Stulz's, which were the valet's chief care and concern.

We have thus incidentally mentioned his visits to Ernham; indeed, as he is now proclaimed to the candid reader as a suitor for the hand of Helen, they ought to have some prominence. Those visits, they had been (for him) astonishingly frequent; that is, they actually amounted to three. One took place during the shooting-season. The Ernham preserves, it ought to be known, down among the underwood slopes that skirted the priory, were celebrated in the county. But George seldom troubled himself so far as to carry a gun. Once during that visit he went out, as he said, to reinstate himself in public opinion, and did more than his share of execution—his cool *nonchalance* made him a dead shot, to the surprise of those who had never seen him shoot. But, the day's campaign once over, he seemed very little

\* St. Philip Neri.

concerned about the returns of the killed and wounded; and, going away next morning, he actually made a present of his splendid double-barrel—one of Joe Manton's best—to young Charteris, of the 95th, who had been loud in its praises when he saw the execution it did in the Ernham coppices. Charteris was thenceforward Eustace's sworn friend (the vows being all on one side), and stood up for him sturdily at the clubs, and dinner-parties, pigeon-shootings, cock-fightings, and where-soever rational men do most congregate. He would never endure that his hero should be called exclusive, and that sort of thing. 'Pon Charteris' honour, he thought Eustace the best-natured, most accessible fellow in the world—ten times more so than that intolerable Orpington, who had passed the young lieutenant in Piccadilly, and positively looked *through* him at the pavement and carriages beyond.

All this time, the subject of Charteris' commendations is, himself, looking steadfastly into the eyes, or where the eyes of that death's head once had been.

"How many commonplaces have been sung and penned, ay, and preached about thee, O ruined tenement of a soul!" ejaculated Eustace, as he poised the grinning skull in that hand, the possession of which was an object of emulation with so many of the fairest of the "Fair." "How many musers," he continued, "from Hamlet downwards, and upwards, too, have deemed themselves to have fathomed the truth that lies within those deep eye-caverns of thine, as in unsunn'd wells! "Wert thou monk?" he continued, as earnestly as though he expected an answer:—"monk, lordling, or labourer? Wert thou the founder of the place, or some mighty baron, or effeminate courtier, with curled locks, and pointed shoes chained to thy girdle? Didst gain the prize at pel-quintain, or spell out the psalter in vellum-bound folio with brazen clasps? What gained thee the privilege to be laid, with thy other bones, among the cloistered dead? Speak!"—touching with his forefinger the tenantless dome of a soul dispossessed for perhaps five hundred years:—"What were thy daily thinkings, so long ago? What purposes were imagined and moulded within the busy workshop of the brain that held its seat here, within this empty brow? What visions floated before the marvellous organs of sight, that have perished from those eye-holes? Oh, Ecclesiastes, son of David, King of Jerusalem! Well didst thou preach: '*Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas!*' Emptiness of emptinesses! Why, here we have a paraphrase of the words, without aid from commentator:—an empty butterfly of a living man, dangling in his idle hand an empty skull!"

At this moment a voice, in measured tones, so as not to attract the notice of the receding watchman, addressed him from the street below.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE SMALL HOURS.

"ARE you to be seen so late, Mr. Eustace?"

Eustace replaced the death's head carefully on the table, and leaned out of the open window. A dark figure stood under the balcony. Those were the days of dim oil-lamps in the streets of London, as well as of "Charlies" and watch-boxes. The summer night was without a moon; and Eustace had some difficulty in determining what manner of man was addressing him. But he was not long in doubt; for he who had interrupted his soliloquy said, in a quiet tone: "Morton."

"Father Morton!" repeated the other, in surprise; "who could have thought you kept such fashionable hours? Yes; of course, I am at home to *you*. Come in, if you care to visit this small chapel of ease to the great Temple of Vanity," added he, with a light laugh.

He ran down the narrow stairs, flung open the hall-door, and greeted Morton by seizing him warmly with both hands.

No small tribute, this, from one who was not much given to the ceremony of hand-shaking. Two or three passive fingers made up what he considered a fair allowance for most people; few had achieved Eustace's entire hand. "His majesty's hand," Norris spitefully remarked, "was reserved for crowned heads." Norris was quite out there, however. It was not station, nor imperial titles, that won Eustace's regard, but simply *character*, wherever he found it. And it was because he found it so seldom, and so heartily despised the throng of little pasteboard men, kings, lords, or commons, his cotemporaries—too much so, indeed, for a perfect character—that our hero was accounted supercilious and unapproachable. Draw near to him, O honest and genuine son of Adam—man composed of heart, not of stays, man with a head, not merely with "a gatherin' as ha-an't coome to a head"—so his north-country groom is accustomed to define it—and you will see with what hearty warmth George Eustace will greet you. But this is a digression.

The priest and the man of fashion stood together in the street, under the oil-lamp that made darkness visible.

"Qua-arter pa-ast two-o-o!" drawled out a distant guardian of the night, in tones which elderly men may still recall as having partly interrupted, partly soothed, their childish slumbers in the London of fifty or sixty years ago.

"Time for all good boys to be in bed," laughed Eustace; "but you do not escape without a glass of Burgundy. Come up, or we shall be apprehended by Dogberry, and finish our adventures in the round house."

Up Eustace's narrow stairs comes Morton, the priest, winding his

way, while his host leads him by the hand. Father Morton had, indeed, lately trodden a more difficult ascent—the rotten and groaning stair that led to a squalid garret in one of those rookeries that lie in frightful neighbourhood to London's most gorgeous and luxurious palaces. London? but in truth there are many Londons within the area of those few statutable miles. The moral distance between them, say, between Bethnal-green and Berkeley-square, Whitehall and Whitechapel, is like that of opposite shores of the Atlantic. They are far away below the horizon, each of the other.

Could you find a more distinct representation of those two cities, severed absolutely, yet welded together in one compact brick Babylon, than the two men who now stood facing each other in that small drawing-room? Eustace felt it, as he courteously, even respectfully, motioned his visitor to a chair.

"Priest and butterfly!" said he, with a laugh that had little of levity in it, except the tone. "And, to interpret us both, grim death!" He pointed to the skull on the table between them.

"Grim death interprets, at least, much of *my* life and experience, Mr. Eustace," remarked Morton, rather gravely. "I am rather often in contact with that last moment of our existence here, which I will not call 'grim,' but which is certainly solemn to all, and has a power about it to make a thoughtful man one shade more thoughtful. I am just come, moreover, from the house of death."

Eustace made a half-unconscious movement in his chair, and glanced at the death's head.

"There is a book, you know," pursued the priest, with a smile—and Morton's smile had something very benign, and could be cheery, even, on occasion—"a book that both of us acknowledge to come with all authority; and it tells us the self-same thing: 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: for in that we are put in mind of the end of all, and the living thinketh what is to come.' You are not," he added, with a half-look of mild inquiry, "you, at least, are not under the dominion of a common, but most mistaken, prejudice, that a priest is shy of quoting that sacred volume?"

"My dear sir," answered Eustace, "do me the justice to suppose, until the contrary is proved against me, that I am free from several of the prejudices which afflict so many of my countrymen regarding your faith, and your consequent position among us."

"Afflict?—an appropriate word," remarked the priest, good-humouredly.

"My mother, you must know, was French, and held your faith devoutly," said Eustace.

"Ah!" cried Morton, as if with an irresistible impulse, then stopped again.

Eustace glanced at the portrait that hung above them: The priest's eyes followed. Reading the inscription, he then turned to read his companion's features. The young man's eyes were suffused with a momentary emotion, as he continued gazing on the portrait of his mother. The likeness between the two was, indeed, striking. The same full hazel eye, the well-shaped forehead and delicate, oval face. But of the two, the baroness showed a more decisive character, and greater firmness of purpose than her son. The gentleness expressed in the portrait appeared to be that of a tranquil, well-balanced character, yet capable—or the lineaments of the picture were faithless—of worthily sustaining a great emergency. It was a subdued feminine heroism, such as that of her namesake, Jeanne d'Arc. Such might have been the face of Judith, before she came down from her seclusion, and put off the garments of her widowhood, to array herself for her great venture of faith. So might have looked St. Cecilia, or St. Catherine, or St. Potamiana, with the rest of the white-robed host of female martyrs in whom a power above their own had triumphed over weakness, nerving them to an endurance and high emprise from which even ruder natures might have quailed.

"Meanwhile," gently interrupted his extemporised host, as if he had said as much as he intended on the subject, either of the portrait or the faith of the person portrayed, "you must really allow me"—his hand was on the bell—"to offer you some refreshment. I dare say my fellows are still up, and if not, I will enact butler."

"You know so much of us," answered the priest, with a smile, "and yet, Mr. Eustace, you forget that midnight bars all bit and sup for him who intends to say Mass the following morning."

Eustace let go the bell-rope. He stood, looking at the speaker, as if struck with some thought; then, recovering himself, as though sensible that his demeanour might have seemed wanting in courtesy, moved again to his chair. But he was rather disturbed in mind, and, instead of seating himself, began slowly to pace the room.

"Very true," he said; "excuse my being so forgetful. My knowledge of your system is fragmentary, after all," he added, with a smile. Notwithstanding the smile, something was working in his thought. "My relations by the father's side," he resumed, "and the tutor to whom I was sent before I went to Cambridge, were all stanch members of the Established Church. There was my uncle, the Bishop of Godmanchester—I remember his rosy gills and cauliflower wig—how he impressed me, as a boy. Well, sir, they all used to make a hearty good breakfast before going to church."

"Possibly," said Morton, rather drily. "They went for a very different purpose from what carries the priest to the altar."

Eustace made no answer. He was rather in the attitude of one who was struck by the other's words, and wished to hear more.

But, just at that moment, a clear, tenor voice, evidently well practised in effective singing, began a sort of jovial *recitative*, under his window :

“Your wine, sir, ’s exceedingly good,  
We are very much pleas’d with your cook——”

Eustace made a gesture of deprecation to the priest, whose conversation suffered this untimely interruption, while the songster in the street proceeded :—

“This, sir, ’s Mr. Abraham Wood,  
And I’m Mr. ——”

“Theodore Hook !” exclaimed Eustace, rushing to the window, with a laugh that was re-echoed from below. He recklessly showered out upon the unseen intruder the contents of a porcelain jar of flowers, water and all, followed by another jar of *pot pourri*—a mixture of rose-leaves and fragrant gums, much in vogue as a drawing-room scent. All the pink and blue notes of invitation followed, with an armful of other trifles that lay littering his table.

Theodore Hook ! it was, indeed, that brilliant humourist, then in the hey-day of his social fame and powers, who had thus saluted Eustace, as he strolled home to his lodgings at this unseasonable hour. He joyously stood the brunt of the avalanche of elegant nothings, continuing, from a safer distance, to pour forth appropriate stanzas of wit and good-humoured satire with the marvellous facility of improvisation, which made him the delight of London drawing-rooms, and a favourite with the Regent himself. But when Eustace, determined to get rid of him, bethought him of the skull, seized it with one hand, thrust a taper into it with the other, hastily threw around it a cloak, and exhibited this hideous grinning object suddenly from the window, while he concealed himself behind it, the song and the laugh died down together.

“Ha-af pa-ast two-o-o !” drawled out the *Charley*, now returning on his beat ; and so, with a scare, real or affected, Hook and his gay companion, Mr. Wood, were heard beating a hasty retreat, their heels clattering on the pavement in rapid flight, as the fugitives sounded double-knocks on the knockers of every other house in Clarges-street, till they emerged into Piccadilly, and were heard no more.

Eustace withdrew the death’s head from the window before it was noticed by the watchman, who, indeed, like his fraternity, was among the less observant of the human race. The levity of his manner vanished at the same moment.

Morton, who had been an amused spectator of the incident that had broken in upon his talk, lifted from the floor a volume that had fallen during the confusion, and glanced at it, before replacing it on the table.

"'Childe Harold,'" said he, reading the title-page, "first and second cantos, by George, Lord Byron. And who may he be?—I do not mean the peer, but the child."

"It is a remarkable poem that has just appeared," answered Eustace, "and is creating a great sensation among all those who appreciate its unusual power. You must have heard of the author? his old place, Newstead Abbey, is within posting distance from Ernham. I was at Harrow with him, poor fellow, and have a kindly regard for him, as everyone must who knows his native goodness of heart, and the disadvantages by which it has been cramped, and, I fear, greatly ruined."

The priest was listening attentively, so Eustace went on:—

"Poor Byron," he said, "has always laboured under the double misfortune of a faulty education, and a slight personal deformity which his sensitiveness exaggerates into undue importance. His mother, an impulsive, capricious nature, now smothered him with injudicious fondness, now boxed his ears for next to nothing. Who can wonder if the subject of such wild treatment has grown up wayward and reckless?"

"Ah, Mr. Eustace," said the priest, his eyes now on the young man, now returning to the portrait above them; "let me put the reverse case. Who can estimate the all-importance of a mother such as you have had? Her very look speaks for her; there is something in that picture which makes it among the most striking portraits, to my mind, of any I have seen."

George Eustace's heart was full. He did not speak; perhaps at the moment he hardly could. He turned to the open window.

"And, oh," Morton went on, hardly reflecting what he said, for his heart, too, warmed with the subject—"what has made her all that she was? what mainspring of all action was it that guided hers? the motive which your friend lacked, this noble author of whom you speak"—he took up "Childe Harold" again, and turned the leaves hurriedly, nervously, as he thought with deep pity of the gifted but erratic writer.

Eustace came back from the window, and stood silently before him.

"There are things," he said, after a short pause, with a subdued manner, very different from that of his late encounter with the man of fashion, "a few things that I would gladly ask you, at some other time. Not now," he insisted, for Morton's gesture indicated that he was not over-weary: "no, not now. You have well earned your brief rest after a hard day, spent in a higher service than the world's slavery—which holds me," he added, with even a sad expression, "in its glittering chains. Let me show you the way down. My staircase and hall are not lit up, day and night, like Crockford's; but I beg pardon, again, I am speaking of what is, to you, happily, a *terra*



*incognita*; so, as to that evil place, like the real *Inferno* of which it is the type, ay, the vestibule—and its denizens,

“Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa!”\*

He lighted Morton down the stairs, as he spoke, with a manner that might have been envied by the lord high chamberlain of his majesty's household; and they stood once more in the hall. Eustace returned the friendly pressure of the priest's hand, and bade him good-night. Not, however, till they had made an appointment for a ride in the Park, some few days afterwards.

When Morton, out in the street, turned to pursue his way, his hand held several guineas, which Eustace had placed in them at parting. The young man's farewell words had made him inattentive to this at first; then he looked back inquiringly.

“For your poor,” cried his host, who had watched him as he strode away: “for your poor, living or dying—ay, or dead—and I hope they will pray for me.” He closed the street door, just as the watchman passed, with great coat and lantern, and with his sonorous, long-drawn “Quar-ter to thre-e-ee!”

## SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “EMMANUEL.”

SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi, the seraph-saint of love,  
 Christ's glorious *poverello*, fixed all his hopes above.  
 He cared not for the sorrows or the shame and pain of life,  
 And of his wounds he recked not in the ardour of the strife.  
 “My God, my all!” he murmured, and yearned for nought beside;  
 He lived on love of Jesus, and 'twas of love he died.

His heart was large and tender, he loved the beasts and birds;  
 His twittering sister-swallows listened silent to his words.  
 The cruel wolf of Gobbio his gentle glance could tame,  
 And to his whispered bidding obedient it became.

\* A quotation less hacknied, it may be supposed, at the date of this story, than it has since become.

Before the murderous brigand with prayers and tears he fell—  
“On thine own soul have mercy!”—and he saved that soul from hell.

St. Francis of Assisi is glorious now in heaven,  
And e'en on earth has genius its richest tribute given  
To him the poor and lowly who only loved the Cross  
And looked on wealth and honour as foolishness and dross.  
Brave warriors, bright maidens, soon dead, forgotten long—  
But Francis still is living in our hearts and in our song.

On the snowy heights of Dante thou, Francis, hast thy place;  
Thy *Fioretti* charm us with subtlest, rarest grace.  
The pathos of thy story the poet's soul has fired,  
The highest flights of Bossuet have been by thee inspired;  
And Giotto, Perugino, have laid in homage meet  
Their art's divinest treasures beneath thy piercèd feet.

But gentle Father Francis will bid us link his name  
With those who in his footsteps to the Heart of Jesus came—  
Good Brother Giles, and Bernard, the first to join the Saint,  
And Juniper and Leo, so holy and so quaint,  
And all the thousand thousands who have fasted, preached, and prayed  
In the brown Franciscan habit—ne'er may its glory fade!

Great Saint! on earth thou madest meek Poverty thy bride,  
And on the Cross with Jesus thy flesh was crucified.  
May I in coward's measure partake thy blissful pain,  
That somewhere in Christ's kingdom I too at length may reign!  
To think of thee, Saint Francis, is both a joy and fear,  
For I must win that heaven which cost *thee* not too dear.\*

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\* These lines were in type as an item in the *IRISH MONTHLY* before being included in the little volume of “Verses on Our Lady and the Saints” which has just been issued by the Publishers of this Magazine, under the name of “*MADONNA*.”

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

BY HENRY BEDFORD, M.A.

No. 6.

*Radiant Matter.*

THE lovers of natural science had an opportunity afforded them a few weeks ago of enjoying a rare gratification, of which, if the truth must be told, they did not avail themselves to the extent that might have been expected. The Royal Dublin Society secured for two of its Afternoon Scientific Lectures the services of Mr. Crookes, who dissertated on and copiously illustrated a subject with which his name is most intimately associated, and which, indeed, we may say is essentially his own.

It is seldom that an original investigator is heard, and the experiments which have led him on, step by step, repeated before the eyes of an audience: at any rate such occasions occur but seldom here, and therefore it is the more to be regretted that, when the chance came, inconvenient days, as these two happened to be, should have been selected, which doubtless had a great part in limiting the audience to the somewhat confined dimensions of the lecture-room of the society. Perhaps, had the subject-matter of the lectures been better known, and thereby its interest and importance more truly appreciated, this would not have been the case; but this could not be, for it unfortunately happens that that which gave an especial interest to the lectures was the circumstance that they could not be thoroughly understood without the experiments which Mr. Crookes alone possesses the means of exhibiting.

Many recent discoveries have grown popular through the circumstances that the instruments which illustrate them are easily procured, and the results are within the reach of anyone with ordinary intelligence and industry.

The telephone and microphone are cheaply manufactured, and so may be said to be their own lecturers, and to explain themselves: but it is not so with the contrivances which Mr. Crookes devises and uses for his interesting experiments.

His first instrument, the radiometer, belongs, indeed, in some measure, to this popular class, for it can be made and is purchasable at opticians; but its limited use and costliness combine to deprive it of the estimation it really merits, and have reduced it, in the popular mind, to the low level of a nine days' wonder. But the other instruments cannot be purchased. The radiometer, to be judged aright,

should not be considered in itself alone. It is, as it were, a first step in a whole flight of scientific investigations, the lowest step, it is true, but a very important one, for upon it the rest depend. We may speculate upon the beginning of a great building and wonder what will come of it; but if we see not the subsequent structure, we shall soon lose our interest in the earlier work, and carry our investigating spirit elsewhere.

Most people have seen the radiometer, at least in the shop-windows, and have, doubtless, been surprised at the rapid whirling of the little vanes: and if their curiosity has led them to inquire as to the cause of that motion, their surprise has, perhaps, been increased when they are told that the light produces it; if they have been further gratified by being allowed to take the little instrument into their hands, and when the vanes have been brought to rest by the deprivation of light, they have found it whirl round again by the heat they have themselves communicated to it, they may wonder still more. Perhaps they will ask what is the use of it—a question especially characteristic of our own day, which tests everything by its money value; and if the answer to this is not quite satisfactory, they may be inclined to put the radiometer away, alike from their hands and minds, and to prefer something which will pay better. But if this is the too general way of treating such matters, there is another which indicates more thought and a higher estimate of scientific investigations. It is for those who thus judge that we wish to gossip a little, not only about the radiometer, but of those other curious results which Mr. Crookes has obtained from a whole series of experiments built up on this first inquiry and growing quite naturally out of it.

The radiometer is a glass globe, some three inches in diameter, drawn out at one part into a long tube, which is inserted into a wooden foot on which it stands. In its centre is a glass rod, which springs from this tube, and upon its flat summit is a very light metal fly, resting upon a central point, sustaining four mica vanes on the extremities of its four branches, and free to move in a horizontal plane, to which its vanes are perpendicular. One side of each of the mica vanes is blackened and the other side left white, and they are so arranged that each black side faces the white side of the adjacent vane.

A connection is made between the globe and an air pump, by which the vessel can be gradually exhausted. If before the pump is brought into action, a light or other source of heat be brought near the globe, the fly will move very slightly with the black side of the adjacent vane towards the heat; if some of the air be drawn out, the same result will ensue; but if the exhaustion be carried much further—far indeed beyond what an ordinary air pump can produce—this motion towards the source of heat will diminish, soon cease, and then will commence

a motion in the contrary direction, the black side moving away from the disturbing cause, which will grow more rapid as the exhaustion is carried further on, or the strength of the heat increased.

Here, then, is the action and the limit of the radiometer, as it is generally made: but Mr. Crookes has carried his investigations much further. He has exhausted the globe until the motion of the fly has grown less, and has in time stopped. Not content with this, he has resorted to a new power, greater than sunlight or common heat, and has dashed the electric current through the comparative vacuum of the exhausted globe, and has thereby renewed the motion of the fly, until the continued action of the pump has so attenuated the air within the globe, that the fierce stream of the electric fire can make no passage for itself across the empty space, and finds itself as powerless in its turn as the sun or candle light had previously become.

These are the first observed phenomena, but others far more curious have been noted, of which we shall have to write. But before describing some of these strange results, it will be well to dwell briefly upon the condition to which the air in the glass vessel is reduced by this long-continued process of exhaustion.

The air we consider to be a collection of minute particles of matter crowded very closely together, and yet vibrating as far as is possible in the general crowd. The air-pump carries away heaps, millions, of these particles, whereupon the millions that remain are more free to move and are less jostled in the crowd: away go other millions, and with their departure the vibrations of the diminished throng are in longer and freer paths. Mr. Crookes carries on the action of the air-pump further than it has ever gone before, and measures the density, not by the weight of inches of mercury, but by millionths of an atmosphere, and under their novel exhaustions he reduces the number of particles to such an extent that the spaces, in which each is free to move are measurable and under circumstances are visible also.

When matter is thus attenuated he gives it a new name, which Faraday sixty years ago suggested when he saw the result, if not the process, with his mind's eye, and calls it radiant matter. Accepting this as a convenient if not a very happy choice, we may now consider matter in four successive stages—solid, liquid, gaseous, and radiant—distinguishing the successive conditions through which it may pass. It would have seemed presumption to have thus spoken, a few years ago, at any rate as applied to the body air, with which we are now dealing. But experiment has recently shown us how the process may be pursued in the other way, and the air which Mr. Crookes converts by exhaustion into radiant matter may be and has been pressed not only into a liquid but into a solid and made to rattle like shot by Raoul Pictet and Cailletet.

Let us, however, limit our attention just now to the action of

radiant matter and see what are some at least of its peculiar characteristics.

It is, comparatively speaking, free to move. Its particles are sufficiently far apart for them to swing without jostling their neighbours too rudely. Comparatively, we say, for after all the free space is not very great, but, considering how closely they are packed together under ordinary circumstances, the new path must seem a large and long one: as partners in a ball-room congratulate one another when the departure of others leaves them a space for a promenade which would be considered a close crowd in an ordinary thoroughfare. If, however, we wish for absolute measurement of numbers and space, we must remember that in the glass globe there are not only millions but billions and trillions of particles, and that in the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere the free path of a particle is about the two hundred and fifty-thousandth part of an inch.

Mr. Crookes' explanation of the radiometer is this: "the light, or the total bundle of rays included in the term light, falling upon the blackened side of the vanes, becomes absorbed, and thereby raises the temperature of the black side; this causes extra excitement of the air molecules which come in contact with it, and pressure is produced, causing the fly of the radiometer to turn round."

The particles dash, or are crushed upon the heated black side of the vanes, and, of course, bound back again, striking it with an equal force, which sends the vanes spinning round.

But let us turn our attention from the receding vanes to the particles which have flown off in the contrary direction. They cannot go back far, for the crowd pressing behind drives them forward again, to be heated and once more repelled. So there is a struggle against this black side, and a comparatively small dark space may be observed, which is left clear by those who are struggling to keep away from the hot surface. This small dark vacuum may be observed in the radiometer when the electric current is working it, and it is on the negative pole. But when the air is further rarified and has become radiant matter this dark space enlarges, and one of Mr. Crookes' beautiful experiments shows the growth of this dark vacancy as the process of exhaustion is carried on step by step, until at last the bright light is driven to the two ends of the tube, and the negative pole in the centre is a thin slice of electric light glittering in the midst of a darkness which seems to be a real vacuum. What is this? The particles which have dashed against the heated surface fly back as before, but the crowd behind them has gone, the path is comparatively open, and they are no longer driven forward again. Thus, while the mind measures the decrease of the number of particles by the process of exhaustion, the eye literally sees the increase of the free path of the molecules by the regular and proportional growth of this dark space.

Let us consider another characteristic of radiant matter and see wherein it differs from air in a much less divided condition. Most people who have seen ordinary electrical experiments are familiar with certain glass tubes which Geisler of Bonn manufactures. They are twisted into graceful forms, and are filled with rarified gas; the ends are fitted with small platinum wires, through which a current of electricity is sent, which seems to depend more upon the positive than upon the negative pole. However, the whole tube glows with a bright luminosity which follows the convolutions of the tube, and traces in a dark room a glowing picture. But when the air has been converted into radiant matter the action changes. The negative pole is now the source of the light, which no longer twists and turns with the shape of the tube in its former search of the opposite pole: If the tube is bent into a V shape, and the positive pole connected with one top and the negative with the other, the light illuminates that branch to which the latter is attached, but it will not turn the sharp angle at the foot, and the rest of the tube remains dark. Or if the negative pole be attached to one side of a globe, the light will dash across to meet the positive pole wherever in the glass it may be inserted, when the pressure is only that of the ordinary radiometer; but when the air has been exhausted into radiant matter, the light will flash from the negative pole in a straight line across the globe to the opposite side, without any regard to the position of the positive pole, which may be fixed unregarded above or below, or anywhere else away from its path. Another characteristic of radiant matter is, that it comes from the negative pole along the glass tube or globe in straight lines, and does not merely permeate all parts of the vessel and fill it with light, as it does when the exhaustion is less. When phosphorescent substances are placed in its path they are rendered bright, and glow with light. What is this? The radiant matter bombards the substances which stand in its way, and raises them into luminosity. If a screen stands in the middle of the tube the cannonading goes on against it, and while it glows, a shadow of the screen appears upon the glass behind it, for the shots of radiant matter moving in straight lines have been intercepted on their way, and the shadow marks their absence and the shape of the vacant space which the screen has protected from the firing. But this is not all, nor the most curious part of the experiment; for that portion of the glass vessel not immediately behind the screen, and therefore not thus shielded, has been hammered and bombarded by the radiant matter until it is absolutely heated, while, at the same time, the sensibility of the glass has been deadened. As Mr. Crookes says, "the glass has got tired." Let us throw down the screen, and what happens? The radiant matter peppers away at the glass as before, and now, in addition, at that upon which the protecting shadow formerly fell, and the result is this: the exhausted glass refuses to

glow afresh, it is done up, it has given in, but that which has now for the first time come under fire glows brightly under the bombardment, and literally shines out conspicuously in the midst of the comparative dullness of its exhausted companion. The shadow has changed into a bright illumination.

Another curious illustration both of the motion of radiant matter in straight lines, and of the force with which it impinges upon any body that impedes its passage, is beautifully illustrated in a long tube, in which is a glass railway. A small wheel lies across the lines, which supports its axle, and carries light mica paddles. The poles of the battery are so placed in the glass that the current of the radiant matter flows above the line, and striking upon the paddles which stand perpendicularly in the path, drives on the wheel from the negative pole to the other end of the railway. If the current is reversed, the wheel rolls back again, such is the force of radiant matter when it has free space to move in. The action of a magnet upon radiant matter is very curious, and is well illustrated by Mr. Crookes' experiments.

If a current pass along a properly-prepared tube, a bright line of light is seen passing from end to end. If a magnet is held underneath the tube, the line of light bends down towards it in a regular curve, and finishes its course against the sides of the tube, never reaching the further end. If the exhaustion has been carried less far, the line of light will come down to the magnet, but instead of finishing as before, will come up again after it has passed the magnet, and will travel on to the further end, so that in this second case the disturbance of the path has not been final, but only partial. If, now, an intermediate condition of exhaustion of the tube is taken, the line of light will bend down and finish as in the case of greater exhaustion, but it will not travel so far along the tube before it bends. It has been well compared to the course which a ball takes when fired from a gun. The initial force with which that starts will carry it a certain distance before gravity can bring it to the ground; and if the density of the air could be increased, this initial velocity would be the sooner overcome. So in this experiment the magnet plays the part of gravity; the less exhausted air offers a greater impediment to the motion of radiant matter, and the curve grows shorter.

Another experiment illustrates this in a still more striking manner. A light wheel is mounted in the centre of a glass cylinder. It has on it a series of vanes, and is what we may call a paddle-wheel. In front of it is a small screen, which shields its vanes from the current of radiant matter that flows in straight lines towards it from the negative pole. Of course the wheel does not turn, for the bombardment is against the impenetrable screen; but place a powerful magnet outside and above the tube, and the wheel begins to turn, its paddles moving from the screen upwards and towards the opposite side. Why? The



magnet attracts the stream of bullets, the volley bends over the screen, and so strikes against the upper part of the wheel. Turn the magnet, and the line of fire is drawn downwards, the radiant matter comes below the screen, strikes against the under paddles, and what happens? The motion before communicated slackens, the wheel stands still, and then begins to whirl round in the contrary direction.

We see what a force this radiant matter exerts; how it fires away when it has elbow-room, how it develops phosphorescence, and how it warms up the glass which it makes its target. So if we concentrate its volleys, and bring them to bear in combined force upon a limited area, we should not be surprised to find that they will generate great heat. Mr. Crookes is content to sacrifice one of his beautiful and costly instruments to illustrate this fact. His negative pole is cup-shaped, and so the rays that issue from it are brought to a focus at a given distance in the centre of the tube. A magnet is brought near, and by its influence the rays are bent aside, and the focus is thus removed from the centre to the side of the tube; the spot is coated with wax; it soon melts under the concentrated volleys; but more than this, the glass itself is heating—it softens, it melts, the external air rushes in: the tube and experiment are alike at an end.

The power of developing phosphorescence in certain bodies which radiant matter possesses, is very curious. There are many substances which, under certain circumstances, suddenly glow with light in the dark. Beautiful pictures of butterflies may be purchased which, indeed, seem to have little claim to beauty when examined in daylight. But if they are exposed for a short time to the sun or electric light, and then carried into a dark room, they will literally glow with the most beautiful colours, and this action will continue for some time, and can be renewed by fresh exposure to light. The painting is simply the laying on of different phosphorescent powders, upon which the light acts and develops this beautiful effect.

If a phosphorescent substance be exposed to the action of radiant matter, it will soon glow in all its beauty. A diamond exposed to this fierce artillery will become a blaze of light, as will rubies, which rank next it for their brilliant hues. We have already seen how the glass tubes themselves glow under the steady fire of radiant matter; indeed, the passage of the free particles is generally marked by their action upon some phosphorescent substance in their path, over which they dash, and lighten their own way.

Other experiments might be mentioned which illustrate these and other peculiarities of radiant matter; but enough has, perhaps, been said to give our readers some idea of what Mr. Crookes has discovered, and which he showed to wondering and admiring audiences at the Royal Institution, about a year ago; to the British Association, last August, at Sheffield; and to the Royal Dublin Society, in the March

of the present year. Reports in full of the two former lectures are published, with illustrations, in the twentieth volume of "Nature," and to these we must refer our readers for clearer explanations of what we have only ventured to touch upon, and for much that we have left unnoticed, conscious as we cannot but feel how imperfect all unillustrated descriptions must be where so much depends upon the shape of the instruments, and upon the admirable contrivances by which they have been rendered capable of doing their work. The skill and perseverance by which Mr. Crookes has overcome all difficulties in the way of producing the wonderful exhaustion of his tubes is in itself very remarkable.

The exhaustion of air in a vessel is generally measured by the pressure it will exert upon a column of mercury. The atmosphere in its ordinary condition will sustain about thirty inches in height on a square inch, and so if we work the pump until the residual air will sustain less than one inch, we generally measure the portion by millimetres, or one twenty-fifth portions of that unit. But Mr. Crookes has carried his exhaustions so much beyond this, that he finds it convenient to count in millionths of our atmosphere, which, of course, is more intelligible, telling us at once how much remains of the original air. How important the carrying on of this exhaustion to its utmost limit, some very important experiments show. So crowded are the particles together, that until 129 millionths of an atmosphere has been attained, the viscosity of the air is only a little less than at its normal density; but after this point has been reached, it begins to thin out very rapidly. Mr. Crookes has carried his exhaustion until the residual gas is less than half a millionth of its original quantity. It is only when we bear in mind what that original quantity was, and learn from Mr. Johnstone Stoney, of Dublin, that in a cubic centimetre of air, at the ordinary pressure, there is something like one thousand trillions of particles, that we can understand how large a number a millionth of this quantity is, and how far we are even at this attenuation from the perfect vacuum which it was formerly thought we could so easily obtain. But though still far short of this mark, Mr. Crookes has carried his skilful contrivances far enough to bring matter into a state in which it has never been experimented upon before, and as we have seen, new properties have shown themselves which are characteristic of a new condition. But more than this, may we not say with Mr. Crookes, that "in this fourth state of matter we seem at length to have within our grasp, and obedient to our control, the little invisible particles which, with good warrant, are supposed to constitute the physical basis of the universe."

LITTLE MAB.

ARE they calling, calling softly,  
Calling ever through the night ?  
Through the trembling, glowing sunrise,  
Through the noontide's dazzling light,  
Do the spirit-voices dear  
Fall upon the listening ear ?

Even 'mid the bliss of Heaven,  
'Mid the seraph-anthems high,  
Souls whose kindred wander earth-bound,  
"Lord, how long? how long?" they cry.  
"When may they, within Thy Fold,  
Glad and blest Thy Face behold?"

Who may hear the holy voices  
Whisper from the land above ?  
Not the hearts whose hopes are fettered  
Still to earth and earthly love.  
Innocent the ear must be  
That would listen, Lord, for Thee.

Once, when autumn fondly lingered  
O'er the pleasant land of Wales,  
Kindling into fairer glory  
Mountain peaks and lowly vales,  
Came we to the hallowed sod  
Where our father sleeps in God.

Peace on all around had fallen,  
Breezes murmured soft and low,  
Distant hills with Heaven blending  
Seemed its blessedness to know ;  
While the churchyard's mother-breast  
Held the weary in their rest.

Flowers we carried, pure and fragrant,  
For the cross upon a tomb,  
Emblems sweet of flowers unfading  
Shadowed not by mortal doom.  
Little Mab was at our side  
Bright in childhood's morning-tide.

As our little maid was watching  
(Flowers were ever her delight)  
Starting suddenly she left us  
And had sped beyond our sight  
To the porch whose entrance bore  
Mystic words of ancient lore.

Swiftly she rejoined us, crying  
"I've been knocking at the door"—  
Ah! those tones of sweet entreaty  
Haunt our hearts for evermore—  
"Grandpapa" (she murmured low)  
"Calls for me; ah! let me go."

O'er us gloomed a dim foreboding,  
All too soon to be fulfilled.  
Had Death's shadow fallen on us,  
While his breath our pulses chilled?  
Ere two summers' flowers were dead,  
Little Mab to God had fled.

G. B.

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## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "NESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," ETC

### BOOK SECOND.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### HIGH REGIONS.

HERR HARFENSPIELER could not rest in his bed, nor sleep the sleep of the just. Fan's face troubled him in spite of the satisfaction he felt at the present position of affairs, and the assurances he made to himself, that he believed the story he had told her to be true. At daylight of the summer morning he arose, and, taking his violin, went to soothe his soul with music in the solitude of the woods. Along the rose-wreathed terrace walk was a little glade, a well of deep green shadow, dim and solemn as a sanctuary, and here throwing himself on a mossy trunk,

he poured out floods of mournful music on the air. After a time the Signora, taking her morning walk, floating along the terrace like a little gray mist, with her silver ringlets and colourless dress, heard his strains and found her way to the spot whence they came.

"Maestro!" she cried, clasping her hands, "how is it all to end?"

"Well," said the Harfenspieler, "Kevin has proved a friend after all. Our Fanchea will not leave us to marry Captain Rupert."

"But if we should meet with this Kevin? Do you believe in the Baroness Ida?"

"We must believe," said the Herr, firmly. "But, Signora, you do not rightly understand our pupil. She has the ideal mind that is always seeking to fix its eye on something nobler and greater than itself, than the ordinary run of mortals. Life will torture her with disappointments; one after another her idols will cast themselves down before her eyes. As soon as she meets this Kevin, who has till now been her ideal, because unseen and unknown, she will begin to perceive flaws in him which now she could not believe to exist. Her imagination will pass over his head and fix itself on some noble abstract being; and so it will be with her, till through suffering and in all humility she will come to acknowledge that such ideal cravings are not to be satisfied on earth; and she will eagerly follow the voice of music, which alone can assuage the sorrows of the soul, by expressing its yearnings after the unseen. Behold the narrow and painful track which our Fanchea's feet have got to travel through life. And therefore she will not fail us; to-morrow she will be with us in Italy."

"To-morrow?"

"As soon as we can arrange to start. Let us go to Lord Wilderspin and talk about it."

Lord Wilderspin was in the library when the musicians appeared before him.

"Yes, it is a beautiful morning," said the professor; "but we have come to speak about our pupil. Take her to Italy at once, my lord, and she will be ready to make her *début* in a few weeks hence."

"Are you not aware, sir, that I have other views for that young lady?" said the old nobleman, getting very red and angry.

"She will not carry out those views. Let us go back to our original intentions regarding her."

"Here comes the person who must answer you," said Lord Wilderspin, as his nephew entered the room. "Rupert, you must tell us whether or not my ward has consented to go on the stage."

"I know nothing more on the subject than you do, uncle," said Rupert, coldly.

"You do not mean to say, sir, that you are jealous of the child's Irish affection for her foster-brother?"

Rupert was silent.

"I will not allow you to shake her off, sir. My daughter and niece she shall be if she wishes it. We will decide this matter at once." And he rang the bell and sent for Fanchea.

She came in, looking pale and frightened.

"Come here, Fan," said the old man, kindly, "and don't look so scared. We are not plotting to make away with Kevin. Now, tell me frankly, my little girl, whether you will be my nephew's wife, mistress and lady of Wilderspin, with all the happiness a husband and father can provide for you; or will you (with a sudden fierce change of manner) go with this pair of musical owls, to sing on the stage and make a show of yourself to the world?"

"Lord Wilderspin," said Fan, trembling a little, "you have brought me up and trained me for a particular purpose. I wish to fulfil that purpose."

The signora and the Harfenspieler advanced, and each seized one of her hands. She broke from them and followed Captain Rupert who had turned to the door.

"Do not be vexed with me," she said. "You never could have been satisfied with me. As the lady of Wilderspin I should have been a troublesome failure."

"I was willing to take the risk," said Rupert, and looked as if he would say something more; but, instead, dropped her hand and left the room abruptly.

"Off to London without his breakfast," growled Lord Wilderspin, looking after his nephew with an amount of sympathy which he had never before felt for the younger man—a sympathy which was destined to lay the foundation of thorough good feeling between the two men for the remainder of their lives. Thus much good had Fan's little involuntary mischief-making brought in its train.

"A nice dance you have led us, you minx," grumbled his lordship, scowling at the girl, who stood with pale cheeks and two great tears in her eyes gazing at the door through which her lover had gone. "Serve us right for being such fools. Never will I think to understand a girl again. Now, run away, you impertinent monkey, and pack your trunks for Italy."

In a very short time after this the signora, Herr Harfenspieler and Fan were on their way to Milan, where Lord Wilderspin was to join them a few weeks later.

Seated between her two triumphant instructors, Fan, in the beginning of the journey, was sad enough. She was leaving the good home that had sheltered her for years, having grieved and disappointed each one of the kind friends who had cherished her. True, she had enjoyed the supreme pleasure of hearing news of Kevin and of seeing her benefactors forced to acknowledge that he was as worthy, as noble as she had ever believed him to be. But with this had come the

knowledge that his life had passed into the care of better hands than hers, that he would no longer stand in need of her now if they should meet, that he had got a deeper and sweeter source for his inspiration than any singing of hers could ever be to him. He had someone to love him, stronger, older, richer, and more powerful, if not more true-hearted than herself. It seemed to her that there was no longer any reason for her existence in the world. She had been so sure that Providence was caring for her, educating her, training her faculties and developing her talents, all that she might be helpful to and more worthy of Kevin; and now her vocation seemed gone, and the very meaning of her life swept away. Pale, silent, and awe-struck, she sat in her corner of the railway carriage, with her eyes fixed on the fast-flying foreign landscapes, seeming to her companions as if lost in a dream. They were satisfied with her obedience, and left her to herself, and she rested on the knowledge that they were pleased. Henceforth she had no will, no plans of her own; their will was her will, and obedience should be the rule of her life; some good work must surely be done by her going forth to sing their beautiful music to the world, or, worthy as they were, they would not be so bent upon her doing it.

So the first days of the journey passed, and Fan took little note of anything she saw. Her state of mind was due to natural reaction after her joy at the discovery of Kevin's success, and the justification of her faith in his fidelity in searching for herself; and to the fading away of all her childlike visions. But it was a state that could not last. After all, her dreams of what she was to do for Kevin were but the ardent memories of her childhood projected by a pure and vivid imagination upon the future of her life; and knowing that he was happy, she must learn to be satisfied. She had for years been accustomed to live without his presence, and she must only cease to expect any change in that state of things. The Kevin she had left in Killeevy, and had been looking for ever since, was a person of the past and must remain there. The poet, gentleman, husband of a baroness, and associate of distinguished people of whom she now heard tell, was one who would doubtless be kind to her if they met in after-life, but must prove to be but a new and unfamiliar friend, never to be in any way exclusively her own. After some time this thought which caused such desolation in her young mind must cease to pain her violently, and must leave her in peace. Her nature was too buoyant and full of life to be lastingly overshadowed by such a cloud. Nothing so beautiful as her early dream might ever again take so deep a root in her heart, but the vicissitudes of a brilliant destiny were only too likely to affect her imagination. After this season of emptiness, sorrow, and self-negation would succeed years of excitement, bringing her fame, triumph, and heaven knows what besides.

Anyone unprejudiced and unmusical, observing the little blank

white face at the carriage window, knowing all her circumstances and what life lay before her, might have thought it a pity the episode of Captain Rupert and the Sussex woods did not still lie between her and the garish experiences of the stage. The love that had lately hovered round had failed to touch her because she had been so penetrated with the glory of her own joyous hopes; had it dawned upon her gradually in her forlorn mood the chilled young heart might have crept towards its warmth. But there is no time nor place for such pitying in the world. Events are dealt out to us strangely by the mystical hand of Fate; what we wanted yesterday we get to-day, and what we long for to-day will be dropped upon us a year hence when we have ceased to desire it. Misfortune comes to meet us with the looks of a friend, and happiness wears at first the face of disappointment. Did we try to put order into this apparent disorder, either for ourselves or others, should we bring about a better state of things? However that may be, Fan never gave a backward glance at the possible happiness she had put away from her.

It was a warm autumn afternoon when our three musicians entered the *Via Mala* on their way to cross the Splügen Pass. All day they had been threading the lower valleys of the mountains in a little open carriage driven by a trusty Swiss, who had taken their lives in his charge, hastening along the same road travelled by Kevin and his friends only a few weeks ago. Fan had been gradually awaking out of her dull, uninterested state to the consciousness of new life; the strange world of the Alps excited and amazed her. Even at its very entrance, her heart began to beat fast, and as valley after valley was traversed, and still higher regions of beauty opened above her head, a glad light began to shine in her eyes again, and the bright blood began to glow in her cheeks. The perpetual mustering and shifting of great heights fascinated her; mountains that met, soared, and parted again to make way for yet greater than they, to allow giants still more mighty to mount and climb nearer heaven upon their shoulders. Always peering on before towards dazzling vistas, opening as if from the clouds, she gradually lost sight of self with its burdens, and entering the *Via Mala*, seemed to tread upon air.

They had left their carriage, and walked along the narrow road. The mountains, no longer opening their arms to receive smiling valleys into their bosom, now became locked together in an iron embrace, making ramparts of almost infinite height and depth, through which water, sunshine, and human will forced their way daringly and with difficulty. From mighty crag to crag overhead, the sunshine leaped, filling the chasms with darkness, and transfiguring the taper summits of Titanic pines. The Rhine, like a white snake in the dizzy distance below, bored a passage for itself as if through the recesses of a cloven world; and there, imitating its indomitable energy, and washed by its



spray, the pines planted their roots, and rising towards the light, clothed many a terrible gap and fissure with the long, sweeping draperies of their dark-green, purple-mist-laden boughs. Looking down into this narrow, almost bottomless hollow, one is overwhelmed with awe at the grandeur that nature has piled within its depths and up its sides, the luxuriance of vegetation, and magnificence of colour enriching its gloom; looking up, one grows giddy with joy at the glory that wraps the spires and crowns of mountain crag and pine. Now passing through dripping caves tunnelled in the rock, now carried over the awful gulph by a bridge, the road winds on, a triumph of the ingenuity of man; and the traveller, following it, feels at once his own personal insignificance, and the astonishing power of the human race which has thus penetrated into the secret fastnesses of nature.

"Mamzelle," said Fan, suddenly lowering her gaze from the glories above her head, "why are we ever unhappy in this beautiful world? God, and so much loveliness, ought to be enough for us."

"How enraptured you look, my darling! To me there is gloom as well as joy in all this grandeur. Walking here on this dim path, midway between gigantic heights and depths, I am forced to think of Jante's conceptions. Above our heads is the *Paradiso*—look how like a group of angels yon golden cloud hangs over that highest, darkest cluster of pines!—below our feet is the *Inferno*; and we are travelling with trembling hearts amid the shades of the *Purgatorio*."

"What a strange fancy, Mamzelle; and I can see such beautiful things down yonder!"

They stopped on a bridge where a boy stood waiting in the solitude, holding a large stone poised upon the edge of the wall. At a word from the travellers, he dropped it into the abyss. Fan leaned over the wall, eagerly watching it fall, whirl, sink yet further, and then seem to hang suspended in the air while the eye could no longer follow its motion, finally disappearing in a cloud of spray as it cut the white thread of the river. Fan drew a long breath of delight, and the Signora shrank backward, shuddering.

Higher and yet higher they kept wending. Every half hour brought them into a new and cooler region. The sunset intensified in glory, the tips of the pines grew darker in the rosy light, and a deeper purple was folded among their branches; golden veils of cloud hovered round the amethyst peaks, and the blinding glory from above cast more appalling shadows into the gorges below.

"Still higher, still higher," said Fan, with two bright, red spots burning on her cheeks. "We shall surely soon be at heaven's gate;" as yet another Rhine-threaded valley opened out of the clouds above her head.

The air was now getting cooler, the sunlight paler, and the pines

had diminished in size. The river brawled between green banks, like any common shallow stream of our lowlands. As the travellers still ascended, the pines, now grown dark and thick, were covered from their roots as with a soft, green fur. A chill touch of frost seemed to come with the twilight; winter had succeeded summer, as night had come after the day.

Snowy peaks began to rise around them, and a few vivid stars appeared in the sky. After another spell of almost benighted wandering in this eerie and magnificent upper world they began to approach the hotel near the summit of the pass.

"This is not exactly the gate of heaven, my dear," said the signora, "but to me it is almost as welcome at this moment."

Shut up for a few hours' sleep in a little upper room, Fan surveyed the alpine world from her balcony. Multitudes of peaks, grimly dark or glittering white with snow, filled the horizon, and round and above them the stars flashed with an extraordinary brilliancy.

Fascinated with the beauty and majesty of the scene the girl felt that she could stay here for ever.

"I do not want to go down into the world any more," she reflected. "No one needs me there, and this place suits me exactly." She did not ask herself what she could do here; existence in such a region must be enough. It looked like the entrance into still nobler realms. She fancied herself passing between those glittering and star-crowned peaks, and emerging into wonderful valleys that would lead to heaven. Behind such mighty and shining gates an angel would be sure to meet her, as Raphael met Tobias, and would lead her by the hand in her heavenward wanderings.

Excitement began to give way before bodily fatigue, and Fanchea crept into the little bed provided for her. In her dreams she continued to explore the white valleys, holding the angel fast by the hand. And now the angel had got Kevin's face.

She left the hotel at dawn, her imagination still filled with snowy fields, lit by the stars and tracked by spirit feet; but in a few hours afterwards the first sight of Italy had coloured her brain with vivid pictures and set the warm blood tingling in her veins.

"Now I am going to be happy," said the signora. "Youth, joy, hope, have all been frozen out of me in colder climes; yet I am bringing back my soul into the sunshine of my native land." And at the first sight of the blue mountains she wept.

"I am bringing my Italy an offering worthy of her acceptance," she continued, embracing Fanchea. "Here is a treasure which proves I have not quite thrown away my years. If I have failed to develop my own genius, I have at least found a substitute."

Herr Harfenspieler nodded assent, and bade their charioteer stop,

and all three travellers alighted and sat by the roadside while the professor produced his violin and poured forth one of his most impassioned reveries from its strings. It was a greeting, he said, a homage, a love-song to the land of music. The signora shed copious tears and Fan stood by, gazing down into half-disclosed vistas of Italy. Rich mountain valleys clustered with chestnut-trees, and in the distance deep and exquisite hues glowing among the folds of the lower mountains, like the gems from a half-open casket. The two old people beside her seemed inspired. Would not Italy and song be to her all they were to them? Must not her life be well spent in devotion to the art they so adored?

Descending the strange staircases down the mountain sides, alighting in lower and still lower valleys, each one richer than the last in teeming fruit-trees and luxuriant vegetation, Fanchea dropped down out of the clouds into Italy. After some particularly rugged descent, whose peril had made the heart stop beating, and the breath come hard, how sweet to see the stream again running placidly through the valley, the burnished campanile glittering among the trees. How pleasant to hear the shouts and laughter of the peasants busy in the shady recesses of the chestnut boughs, gathering in their harvest of food. Chiavenna with its yellow-green mantle of vines, backed by deep blue mountain walls, and illuminated by the flash of its sunlit rivers was left behind at last, and under the warm brooding sunshine our friends sped along through the flush and glory of the gardens and fields of Lombardy. The grasshoppers sang loud in the grass, and a monstrous green one perched on the driver's shoulder; close to smiling embowered homesteads the melons ripened in the sun, and picturesque maidens, sunburned and dark-eyed, carried long baskets of fruit upon their backs; a draught of new-made wine, procured from the makers at a roadside cottage, gave the travellers strength to press on and catch the steamer proceeding down the lake to Como. Overpowered with fatigue and the drowsiness of the warm air, Fan lay down upon the deck with half-closed eyes and was floated through the enchanting beauties that girdle the beautiful lake.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN THE DUOMO.

ESTABLISHED at Milan in apartments not far from the Duomo, Fanchea threw herself into the musical studies awaiting her, yet was allowed time to explore the great city with its treasures. After a siesta, well-earned by an industrious morning, she and her guardians spent the afternoon visiting the churches and galleries, studying the glories of the Brera, sitting in the silent, deserted refectory of the

banished Dominicans, before the wonderful Cenacolo, the fading picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci; diving into primitive ages among the solemn shades of the rude, grand old Romanesque church of St. Ambrogio, where spectral bishops, saints, and Lombard kings lie in wait for you along the ghostly aisles; and always saving a few moments, going or coming, to spend in the sweet and glorified stillness of the magical Duomo. A twilight drive on the Corso refreshed them after all their exertions, and, later, they walked about the merry streets to see the crowds of pleasure-takers, or visited the brilliantly-lighted arcades to look at the shops.

The Duomo was a perpetual delight to Fanchia.

"Ah, Mamzelle!" she exclaimed, "if you had seen our little church at Killeevy—four bare, white-washed walls, a wooden altar, and a crucifix! Yet how strong our prayers were! How well we loved God. I only hope they pray as well here. If our hearts could, they would have piled up riches like these to give honour to heaven. And oh, how glad I am that some one has been able to do it!"

She was never weary of walking round the aisles on solemn tip-toe, basking in the enchanted light that fell through the jewelled windows, scrutinising the grave or benignant faces of the saints that clustered round the tabernacles on the summits of the majestic columns, or marvelling at the details of lilies, sunflowers, fruit, heads of cherubs, sculptured out of the rich yellow-white marble. Walking through lanes of glory, her eyes wandered down cooler aisles full of shadowy majesty, but ending in vistas of violet, and crimson, and gold. The beauty and the holiness of it alike laid hold of her soul. She saw it all with the eyes of a mind early trained to the influences of the same religion that had gathered all these glories as upon one altar. Her heart accepted it as a new joy that had suddenly become her own, and she offered it, as if this were the first time it had been offered, to the Creator.

"I did not do it," she thought, "I had no part in making it, but the delight I have in it makes me feel it entirely my own. And I rejoice to lay it all at the feet of God!"

She would rise with the very first light, so as to have an hour to spend in the cathedral before the work of her morning began, and return to her tasks saturated to the very finger-tips with the sweetness and holiness that lurk, as lurks incense, in this marvellous sanctuary. One morning, having finished her devotions, she was wandering as usual in half solemn, half-fluttered delight through the mazes of the Duomo. Having got away into the curved marble-paved alley behind the great altar, she stood herself a little in shadow, gazing at the three gigantic eastern windows that fill the apsis, and half-dazed by the flood of sunshine that came pouring through their painted panes, casting myriads of ethereal jewels upon the air and along the pave-

ment. Beyond this indescribable glory the depths of the mighty Duomo retreated into a rich and sombre shade, out of which shone dark bronzes, warm yellow-white marbles, a cloud of transparent crimson, and glimmers of gold.

Leaning against the wall, out of the light, she saw a gentleman come round from the other side of the choir, and pause, dazzled by the splendour of the sunlit windows. He walked forward into the light, and then stood quite still. His figure was tall and well-knit, and had a certain manly grace, but there was nothing about it to remind Fanchea of anyone she had ever known. Her eye rested on him for a moment; she was pleased to see another person smitten with the same enthusiasm that was devouring herself. Another moment of quiet observation from her shadowy corner and a qualm of strange emotion shook her heart. Surely something in that upraised face was intimately familiar to her; the broad white brow, the serene gray eyes were associated in her mind with all that is beautiful and good in existence. The light crisp hair had become a darker brown, the lower part of the face was clothed with a still darker beard, yet who in all the world could this be but the friend of her childhood; a taller, more matured, more graceful, more cultivated, an altogether idealized, yet perfectly recognisable Kevin!

Fan's first impulse was to utter such a scream of joy as would have startled the echoes of the mighty Duomo, and to fling herself forward into the light; the next was to stay quite still in her corner, unseen, till a sudden faintness which had seized her should have passed away. Then as she hesitated, gazing at him with half blind eyes, he moved, still with upraised face, and, turning his glance aloft, hither and thither, he passed before her and out of her sight. "Kevin!" she tried to call, but her voice refused to obey her. Had he glanced towards where she stood, he would only have noticed a slight elegant young figure clothed in a black gauzy dress, the drooping head draped in the usual black lace mantle. No unusual sight in Milan; and what was there about it to suggest the idea of Fanchea?

After he had been gone a few minutes she overcame her weakness, and starting up hurried as fast as she could in the direction he had taken. "My friend! my friend!" she murmured, "have I found him only to lose him again? Oh, who could have believed it of me? Who would have dared to say it?" She could not see him anywhere; crowds were coming into the cathedral, the morning was advancing, and she ought to be at home at her work. Sitting down to watch the people go past, she was suddenly stricken by a fear that after all she might have been mistaken. Had it been Kevin, surely he must have seen her, have felt that she was there, and would not have passed her by like one of the stone images upon the walls. And yet, with his eyes so full of light, how could he have seen anything so slight as she. A silver bell

tinkled, and she knelt in the crowd, and breathed a few fervent prayers. She thought of the bare whitewashed church of Killeevy, of the islands lying in the sunshine, the white birds flying off out over the world, the story of the princess, and Kevin's voice telling it to her. The princess had received her prince dead into her arms; but Fanchea's was here alive, and beautiful and true. Ah, was it indeed, Kevin, or some other?

Suddenly she saw him appear again on the margin of the crowd of which she herself was one. The cathedral was full of separate little crowds and congregations, yet here he was within a few perches of herself. Presently she saw he was not alone, a lady followed him as he made his way to a chair. He placed the chair for her and in return for the attention, she bestowed on him a radiant glance. She was fair and lovely; dressed in the sort of raiment dainty brides ought to wear.

Fan was not long in divining that this was the Baroness Ida. Happy creature! she thought, to have so many good gifts to bestow upon him—wealth, rank, beauty, love! What a noble pair they were, as the lady, after hesitating a little and colouring deeply, took the empty chair and knelt beside Kevin. "He has brought her to the altar, he is bringing her to heaven," murmured Fan. "Oh, nothing so beautiful could have happened, if he had been thinking only of poor little me!"

As soon as possible she got up and left the cathedral. As she walked slowly homeward she no longer blamed herself for not speaking to Kevin. She knew very well that she wanted a little time to accustom herself to the thought of those two hand-in-hand. She had seen them side by side, and she wanted to imprint the picture on her mind. She must be glad in their gladness, triumphant over their happiness, thoroughly satisfied in their contentment before she could venture to look in Kevin's face.

"If he had presented me this morning to his beautiful wife," she reflected, "I should have broken out weeping, and Kevin would have said to her, 'Poor little thing, you must excuse her. When I was a boy, I fancied that she could make me a poet. The poetry was all in myself, and I have worked out my genius, and found my happiness without her. But you see the fancy has remained in her mind. She is disappointed because there is nothing she can do for me. And I do not mind him thinking all that within himself,'" added Fan; "but she is a stranger. I will not have him saying such things to her."

The image of the two noble heads so near each other set in the soft glorifying light of the Duomo, surrounded by all that subdued splendour, that holy enchantment which was so sweet to herself, followed her as she went.

"It is a fit shrine for them to worship in," she thought, "with their

poetry, their goodness, their happy love. All their thoughts will be so many more deep-coloured jewels poured out before those sumptuous altars. As for me, when a few years of this singing are over, I will go back and pray in the bare white-washed church on Killeevy mountain. If I sing any more, it will be as the little wild birds sing that peep in through the broken roof, and sometimes dare to perch upon the tabernacle. Will poor old Aunt Sibbie be alive, with her songs? And good old Father Ulick, to lecture me and put his hand on my head? If Kevin's father and mother are living, how tenderly I will care for them, how pleasantly I will talk to them about Kevin's wonderful fortunes, his poetry, his beautiful baroness, his castle on the Rhine! Ah, I never could have done this if I had become the lady of Wilderspin. It was God who held me by the hand and is leading me home." Her last thought as she went winding up the high stairs to confront the signora was, "And I will be buried on Kevin's island among the waves. The wild birds will fly over my head, and float in a long trail into the sun. I am only a poor little bird myself, strayed over the world—but before then I shall have winged away, too; I shall have passed into the sun—Mamzelle, forgive me. I am so tired."

"My darling, I am sure you look it. You must give up these morning efforts, and reserve all your forces for your work. Go and lie down now, and be ready for an afternoon lesson. In a few more days you have got to sing before the world."

She would not tell the signora that she had come face to face with Kevin at last. For a little while longer it should be her secret. "We shall meet again, of course," she thought, "and everything will be known time enough."

She crept wearily into her darkened room, and put her head upon the pillow.

"You are quite in a fever, my love. The morning sun here is so dangerous," and the kind little signora unbound the long dark hair, and bathed her temples with cold water. Grateful for such tender care, Fanchea smiled and fell asleep. And her dreams were all of the islands of Killeevy and of the white birds winging across the ocean into heaven.

## A DEATH.

ON me he turned his dying eyes,  
 And looked a long and sad farewell,  
 Then gazing upward whispered low  
 The Saviour's name he loved so well.

The peace of God was in his heart;  
 He felt his angel hover o'er him;  
 And strong in faith, and innocent,  
 He knew that Christ had died before him.

"Bless me, dear friend, before you die,"  
 I said, while sobs came fast and faster;  
 He tried to raise his cold, cold hand,  
 And faintly said "God bless you, master."

I marked upon his marble brow  
 The shades of death uncertain flutter;  
 I caught the blessing from his lips,  
 Blessing he scarce had strength to utter.

That was indeed no earthly prayer:  
 In agony, his faith confessing,  
 He gave me from his heart of hearts—  
 Last, dearest gift—his dying blessing.

I saw him die; I heard him die;  
 I looked into his sightless eyes  
 That knew me not; then knelt and prayed,  
 Low breathing solemn litanies.

And, as I prayed, methought I saw  
 Upon those lips that knew no guile  
 A gentle movement settle down  
 Into a calm and loving smile,

A smile of truth and tenderness,  
 Of joy, of triumph, and of faith—  
 Grieve ye no more, but reverence  
 The glory of a Christian death.

S.



## THE HISTORY OF ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.\*

TO readers of culture and fastidious taste—lovers of books who insist on literary ability as an essential quality in an author, and hold to the opinion that lives of saints are not usually models of style—the volume before us will prove both a delight and a surprise. It is high class work, and may be opportunely cited in support of their views by those who desire to include Writing among the Fine Arts, since it affords proof positive in the English tongue that sacred subjects are as proper now to exercise the genius of an artist of the pen, as they once were to inspire the genius of the masters of the chisel and the brush.

This is not a book convenient to the double exercise of running and reading. With the best intentions in the world you cannot skip the pages, nor skim the chapters with a half-shut eye. It is impossible to hurry through; and yet it is equally out of the question to make long pauses. The *tempo*, in fact, is marked from the beginning by a certain buoyant grace of style which incites you to march along; the interest and the variety of the scenes presented to view, the charm of the characters introduced, and the natural anxiety you feel about the denouement of the life-histories unrolled before you, keep you still progressing and attentive; and thus, "hastening slowly" with measured tread you reach the end.

The attraction of novelty awaits readers to whom the marvellous story of the saint of Siena is unknown even in outline; but we doubt much whether this work will be less of a revelation to the comparatively few who already know as much of the subject as could be acquired by the perusal of such English and foreign lives as were usually accessible; for the main features, though still retaining their form, are now reset; lost pages are restored; difficulties are explained; new vistas are discovered; and light, life, and movement are infused into the story.

The richness of the store whence the material for the construction of this history has been drawn, may be guessed from the authorities enumerated in the preface. The list includes extremely rare old books; documents printed in archæological works and in the publications of Royal Commissions; copies made expressly for the author, of manuscript sermons, letters, memoirs, and notes of journeys preserved in the Communal Library of Siena, in the *Biblioteca Casanatense* at Rome, and in the Vatican Library; and works in the Latin, Italian, and

\* "The History of St. Catherine of Siena and her Companions." By Augusta Theodosia Drane, Author of "Christian Schools and Scholars," &c. Compiled from original sources. (London; Burns & Oates. 1880.)

French languages of every date within the last five hundred years: a mass, in fact, of original matter never before utilized nor brought together in one place. In unskilful hands, such wealth as this would run a good chance of cumbering the pages it was meant to illustrate, tangling the thread of the discourse, and stultifying the conscientious reader. But, having before us the interesting, comprehensive, and eminently readable volume, which is the result of the study of this vast accumulation of written and printed lore, we can come to no other conclusion than that "an infinite capacity for taking pains" is allied here with natural grace and vigour in narrating. The book is a big one, certainly; but the subject requires an ample page; and it is no less true that rigorous compression and judicious condensation are a characteristic of the work.

It would be an absurdity to try to portray the Saint of Siena as a solitary figure against a background of sky. Though "the marvels of her daily intercourse with God," and the miracles which she wrought by her prayers, marked her as exceptional even among the most rapt, contemplative, and wonder-working of the canonised saints; her vocation, nevertheless, brought her into correspondence or personal intercourse with nearly all the remarkable personages who were her cotemporaries, engaged her in matters of every-day life, and associated her with the public affairs of an age full of momentous incidents and singular catastrophes. Her story, therefore, cannot properly be detached from the history of the age in which she lived.

No such severance has been attempted in the present work. Still, to quote from the preface, "the object aimed at in these pages has been less to present the reader with a complete history of the age of St. Catherine than to make him better acquainted with the Saint herself. It is her character as a woman that most requires to be made known, for it has hitherto been partially concealed by the very splendour of her historical reputation. Stupendous as is the story of her life, it has, nevertheless, a side which brings her within the reach of ordinary sympathies. Catherine, the Seraphic Bride of Christ, espoused to Him at Siena, stigmatised at Pisa, supported on the Bread of Life, the pacificator of Florence, the Ambassadors of Gregory, the Councillor of Urban, the martyr for the unity of the Holy See, this is indeed a character that overwhelms us with its very greatness. But Catherine, the lover of God and man, who gave away her will with her heart to her Divine Spouse; the tender mother of a spiritual family; the friend of the poor; the healer of feuds, the lover of her country; Catherine, with all her natural gifts of prudence and womanly tact: with her warm affections, and her love of the beautiful; with her rare genius refined, spiritualised and perfected by divine illumination; surrounded by men and women like ourselves, with whose infirmities she bore, and whom she loved as heartily as they loved her

in return ; Catherine, with her wise and graceful words, her 'gracious smile,' and her sweet attractive presence, this is indeed a being to be loved and imitated ; we open our very hearts to receive her within them, and to enshrine her there, not as a saint only, but as a mother and a friend."

Assuredly, no easy task was undertaken when the author sat down to portray as "a real woman, and not a shadowless ideal" the Seraphic Virgin whose "supernatural favours," "stupendous revelations" and experience in matters "most difficult to render into ordinary language," lift her into a region remote, indeed, from common terrestrial life. The difficulty lay in the likelihood of missing the links connecting the supernatural with the human, and challenging the admiration of the world for a disjointed organism instead of a living, breathing, human creature. This danger has been overcome in the first place by a careful and loving notation of minor details. The biographer is not satisfied with mentioning, once for all, that St. Catherine was distinguished by certain graces of manner, personal traits, and so forth, but misses no opportunity of bringing into prominence this characteristic or the other of "our glorious saint," thus, as in a lyric strain, repeating the sweet burden with an insistence quite natural and spontaneous, yet answering all the purposes of a fine stroke of art. That attention to little things should be a strict rule in the composition of a biography as well as in the conduct of life, is quaintly set forth in a letter written by certain Camaldolese hermits of Florence to Father Thomas Caffarini urging him to put on record his own recollections of the Saint of Siena whose friend and disciple he was. This letter, as our author justly observes, does them infinite credit as readers and critics. "For our common and greater edification," say the hermits, "we desire to be informed of all the daily, manual, and most minute actions of Catherine, of her conversations, her exercises, her particular ways of speaking, of whatsoever movements were noticeable in her gait, and the gestures of her hands and feet." Not content with this first appeal, as we are furthermore informed, they sent him a second, conjuring him to spare no pains in collecting the least little saying of the holy virgin, whether recorded in Latin or Italian ; and to look very sharp after his copyists, lest, overcome with weariness, they should cheat, by leaving out some *minute cosearelle*, whereas he should oblige them to set down all with sincere fidelity. "For if you do otherwise," continues the prior, "and are guilty of any negligence in this matter, be sure that you will have a rigorous account to give before the tribunal of God."

Adopting this golden rule of not despising little things, the biographer of St. Catherine now brings her before us vividly individualised. We see her in her parents' house "skilful in all woman's best accomplishments," able to wash and cook, make bread, and tend the

sick, leading "the life of a sister and a daughter, perfumed through and through with the charities of home." We see her at the family meal, unable indeed to enjoy the good cheer, yet to please her father and mother forcing herself to taste something; her conversation always of holy things; her manner affable and courteous, and her face beaming with gaiety and smiles; for there was "an ever-springing fountain of joy in Catherine's heart which habitually found expression in her words and countenance."

Again, we are made to observe how sweet a speaking voice she has, and how those to whom she addresses her discourse are never weary of listening; while her feeling for music is particularly noted, and passages in her writings are pointed out as instances of beautiful and striking illustrations suggested by this delicate sense of harmony. Sometimes, when led into the fields by her companions, she would raise her voice and begin to sing, whereupon the others would catch up the heavenly strain, and so, breaking into a melodious chorus, the little band would return to the city chanting the divine praises.

The fragrance and beauty of flowers were a delight to her, and drew forth eloquent expressions of joy in the works of the great Creator. "Some passages in her letters," it is remarked, "could hardly have been written by anyone who was not a lover of flowers," and it is added that "the flowers which furnished her with her favourite illustrations were no garden exotics, but the wild blossoms which flourish so abundantly in the woods and meadows around Siena."

Without multiplying instances of this delicate characterisation, we may pass on to another feature of the work—the success, namely, with which the external life of the family, the city, and the State is realised; and the subtle power exhibited in making this realism a means of still more completely individualising the central figure. Apart from this its special value, the grouping of the men of the fourteenth century in their homes, their workshops, their religious retreats, their city palaces, and their mountain fortresses, is of no small use and interest to the student of mediæval history.

The glimpses caught of the home life of the saint's family, the Benincasa of Fontebranda, are very interesting. Giacomo and his sons were *tintori*. Their business, however, was not the dyeing of old clothes, as one might suppose from the way in which the saint is sometimes spoken of as "the daughter of a poor dyer," but the dyeing of wools for the cloth manufacture. They must also have been fullers, for the house was called the "Fullonica." In Fonte Branda's copious waters the wools, no doubt, were washed, for that famous fountain had its tanks for washing, its ponds for the cattle to drink at, its cool, clear stream for the refreshment of the men, women, and children of the *contrada*. There is mention in the story of the meadows where the master and his workmen dried their wool and laid it out for bleach-

ing, and of the great fires that were kept burning for the preparation of the dyes.

The woollen manufacture, with its dependent trades of dyeing and refining, ranked very high in Tuscany in those days, coming next after banking in the roll of the seven *Arti Maggiori* of Florence. Giacomo, it is evident, drove a prosperous trade, and was able to bring up a very numerous family in comfort and respectability. His house was large and commodious, and his married sons settled down with their wives and children under the paternal roof. There was a garden attached to the dwelling, and Giacomo had a farm and vineyard outside the city. Good cheer and excellent wine abounded, the duties of hospitality were not neglected, and we find the friars of San Domenico among the guests at Benincasa's table. Nor did the household remain indifferent to the claims of fashion; they went on excursions to the hot-baths of the neighbourhood for the good of their health and the sake of society. Politically, the family belonged to the *nobili popolani*, from which the chief magistrates of the Republic were in those days chosen. Giacomo held at one time the highest post in the government; his brother was one of the Signori Defensori or Lords Defenders of the city and people of Siena; and his sons, "honourable merchants," also shared the dignity and the dangers of a prominent position in the magistracy.

A highly pleasing sketch is that of the father of the family: kind, charitable, God-fearing Giacomo; while the companion sketch of his wife Lapa, thrifty, industrious, well-meaning, and worldly wise, is equally good. Lapa's very natural desire was to see her youngest and favourite daughter well married; and one of the Saint's earliest trials, as is well known, arose out of her mother's determination that she should appear in society becomingly dressed and with her hair arranged according to the mode of the day. It is only now, however, we learn that this dressing of the hair really meant bleaching to a blonde tint the girl's beautiful locks of golden brown. This was the fashion five hundred years ago, and in the Library of Siena the recipe for the preparation of "this singular cosmetic" may be seen at the present day.

The dearest of all the household, and "bound to Catherine by even closer ties than those of blood," was Lisa, the wife of Bartolo Benincasa and a relative of an illustrious citizen of Siena, St. John Colombini. "From childhood, her sister-in-law's sympathy and affection had been Catherine's best earthly solace;" they were never separated for any considerable length of time, and Lisa's children were the objects of the tenderest affection of the Saint, who, if she had followed her inclination, would have had them always with her.

After the death of Giacomo, the family got into difficulties owing to political revolutions; trade became bad, two of the brothers went to

Florence, and the business of the Fullonica, though carried on by some members of the family, was much reduced in profits and importance. Still, however, the old house continued to be the home of the members of the family remaining in Siena. In a document still preserved in the State Archives, and dated 1377, the Saint is designated as "Catherine, the daughter of Monna Lapa of the Contrada of Fontebranda;" and here, where in her girlhood she had been deprived of her own little room, so that no opportunity should be left to her of shutting herself up and praying for hours together, she had in later years her private chapel, in which, by the Pope's express permission, the Holy Sacrifice might be offered every day.

Outside of the Benincasa household we find another group more numerous, more interesting, and just as intimately and affectionately related to the Saint who "loved and was beloved beyond what is ordinary granted to mortals." This group comprises her friends and her disciples; and a noble band they are as now introduced to us, differing in rank, condition, character, tastes, but all drawn to the "Virgin of Fontebranda" by an irresistible attraction, and adhering to her so closely as to form and to be called her "family." Among them were several of the Mantellate, or Sisters of Penance, and Friars, not a few, of the Order of St. Dominic; Hermits who kept up a correspondence with her in their retreat, or quitted their solitude for a season to accompany her in her journeys, and labour as missionaries among the multitude who flocked around her whenever she appeared in public; men of mature age engaged in the affairs of ordinary life; and young men of talent and rank, who threw away their chances of distinction in the world, and preferred the companionship of Catherine and an opportunity of rendering her some service to all that the earth could offer.

Some of the characters here brought upon the scene are sketched in a few graceful lines just sufficient to give what is instinctively recognised to be a likeness, while others are finished portraits intensely life-like. Among the latter are two of the saint's secretaries, Neri di Landoccio dei Pagliesi, and Stefano di Corado Maconi. We see before us "the grave and palid face" of Neri, "a man of good family, well skilled in letters and a writer of graceful verses, which have earned for him no mean repute." We see how sensitive this "*grazioso rimatore*" is, how he trembles "on the very edge of religious despondency," and how the saint has to be "always lifting him out of his natural tendency to sadness and discouragement, and infusing into him her own strong and high-hearted hope." While "this holy but much tried soul" is in Catherine's company we feel that he is happy and safe; and, therefore, it is always a pleasure when he appears upon the scene writing letters at her dictation, or introducing to her Don Francesco Malevolti, Gabriel Davino Piccolomini, or some other aristocratic friend; for Neri "had a great talent for friendship, and suc-

ceeded in bringing not a few of his friends to join the number of Catherine's disciples."

In striking contrast with the pensive poet we have Maconi, altogether one of the most charming figures in the book. He gets a chapter to himself, and deserves it. He was introduced to the Saint under circumstances highly characteristic of the state of society in the city republic, and he is continually turning up in the course of the narrative: now as the "gay young cavalier full of life and drollery, who, even when writing on the gravest affairs, could not restrain his love of banter;" or, again, as the most energetic, affectionate, and devoted friend and disciple. He was the life and soul of the pious company when with them, and, indeed, when absent, too, for he was "a famous correspondent, and as much disposed to rattle in a charming kind of way with his pen as with his tongue," solacing the days of absence by writing "lengthy and amusing letters" to one or another of the friends who were happier than himself in being near their beloved "mother." These "family letters" still survive, and now, with their date of five hundred years ago, seem still to breathe the tender joyous spirit that dictated them. St. Catherine's letters to this faithful disciple are among the most beautiful she ever wrote. Done into English, as they now are, they lose none of their charm—transfusion, not translation, being the only change they undergo.

After the Saint's death, her "family" were necessarily scattered; but they were faithful to her memory and to the cause she had at heart; they made her name known, and extended her influence throughout Europe; they multiplied copies of her works, and left behind them the *mémoires pour servir* which are so largely used in the building up of this life. The course of each is traced to the end, and then, loath to part, as indeed we also are, the writer concludes with a final and impassioned farewell, which is somewhat too long to quote and much too beautiful to curtail.

One of the specially attractive chapters in the book is that devoted to the Hermits of Lecceto, among whom St. Catherine had disciples: Father William Flete, an Englishman and a graduate of Cambridge, being one of the most devoted. Father William, or the "Bachelor," as he was commonly called by the Saint and her companions, is described as a man of great learning, and venerable for his holiness and love of solitude. The monastery of Lecceto was situated in a forest and known as "the Shady Hermitage." At some distance stood another retreat on the edge of a lake, and to this Father William would often retire and shut himself up with his books, hence his full title was "The Bachelor of the Wood of the Lake." The Saint often visited this sylvan solitude which is here charmingly described; and the English hermit "held her in such respect that he would touch her very garments as though they were holy relics." Father William re-

appears in subsequent chapters and in the Appendix, and a link is through his means established between the saint of Siena and the kingdom of England which is curious and interesting.

Widening still the circle, yet without losing sight of the saint, we find ourselves in the very heart of the social and political life of the republic of Siena. The changes that occurred in the body politic "seething with successive revolutions," the sanguinary conflicts of rival factions, the plagues and famines that scourged the population—all made victims whom the saint had to comfort or to help, to console in their last hour, or to lay in their graves. Thus we learn that "she was no stranger to the *Giustizia* or place of public execution," but many a time took her place in the grim procession as it wound its way from the centre of the city to the little hill without the walls where criminals or suspected malcontents were executed. While the plague raged she served the public hospitals, nursed her friends who were attacked, and found sad work to do in her home, for a brother and sister of her own were fatally stricken, and eight out of eleven grandchildren whom Lapa was bringing up under her own eye died, and were buried by the saint's hands.

Siena, built on sharp hills, would not appear to be the best site for pitched battles; and yet if we credit history fighting was the order of the day even within the walls. *Popolani* fought with *nobili*; the order of the "nine" kicked out the order of the "twelve;" the aristocratic families laid siege to one another's towered palaces, and then, splitting into minor divisions, still fought on. Jealousy, carnage, treachery, and revenge, accumulated wrath until peace seemed impossible of attainment. Yet in the midst of all the saint hoped for peace, and strove for peace, and gained peace in innumerable cases and under circumstances which made her victory no way short of miraculous. Her missions of charity and her success as a peacemaker won for her the confidence and gratitude of her fellow-citizens, and she was able to exercise a good influence over them on many important occasions. They held her in great respect, and gave her the endearing title of the "Beata Popolana."

Once, as we read, in the height of a revolution when the victorious enemies of the party to which her family belonged filled the contrada and were about to surround the Fullonica, her brothers, being in the greatest danger, were advised to fly and hide themselves in a church; but she, foreseeing that such a course would be disastrous, resolved to save them in her own way. Putting on her cloak—the cloak of the *Mantellata*—she went between them, and led them right into the midst of the crowd. The populace inclined to her with reverence, they all passed through safe and sound, and she brought the young men to the Hospital of La Scala, where they remained unmolested until the danger had passed.



The saint, daughter of the people though she was, had many friends among the nobles, and opportunities sometimes occurred of doing them a service. Nobility in these days was at a discount, at any rate in the free states of Northern Italy. For a considerable time the nobles were excluded from a share in the government of the republics, or were only admitted under severe restrictions. A list of the titled citizens was kept just as if they were so many tickets-of-leave, and nothing was more dreaded by ambitious republicans than the honour of being inscribed in the book of nobility: for this was to shelve them completely. An instance occurred of one of St. Catherine's friends in a neighbouring republic being thus at one stroke ennobled and extinguished. It was not without some uneasiness, therefore, that Siena saw her saint living in amity with members of the aristocratic families of the Salembeni, the Tolomei, the Piccolomini, and the rest; and once when she went on a peacemaking expedition to the mountain stronghold of one of these families they could not refrain from making a remonstrance and urging her to return to the city without delay. This visit was made to the Rocca of the Salembeni, a fortress perched on a crag overhanging the Orcia in a ravine choked with tangled woods, and is the occasion of a description of wild scenery and still wilder life among the mountains which a writer of romance might long to appropriate. St. Catherine's mission in the valley of the Orcia forms one of the most wonderful and affecting chapters in the book.

However, we must not conclude that the life of the citizens of Siena was exclusively occupied in governing the republic and shedding one another's blood. Other and lovelier forms of life flourished at the same time in the City of the Virgin. The one thing necessary might be forgotten for a while, but was never renounced by state decree nor popular adjuration. Works of heroic charity and self-abnegation were carried on in numerous and well-supported hospitals, and by confraternities dedicated to the service of the poor; the worship of God was conducted with devotion and splendour in the magnificent churches of the city; and as the seasons revolved, the beautiful Rogation processions and the festas in honour of the Virgine Assunta, the patroness of Siena, suffered no interruption.

Frequent reference is made in this history to the great hospital of Santa Maria della Scala, an institution venerable for its antiquity even in St. Catherine's time, and dedicated to the succour of pilgrims, travellers, and the sick. One of the confraternities, to which belonged many of the saint's disciples, had their oratory, and their committee rooms, as we should now say, in the institution; and their meetings are always spoken of as taking place "under the hospital"—a puzzling expression, suggesting the transaction of confraternity business in subterranean chambers amid exterior darkness. However, it must be remembered that the hospital stands on the summit and at the edge of

a steep acclivity, that its lower stories open on the face of the precipice looking out over the tops of trees and houses to the distant country, and that the approach to these chambers should be by a flight of steps descending from the plateau occupied by La Scala and the Duomo.

Side by side with this life of active charity, and in point of fact closely connected with it, was the artist life of Siena. Possibly the most ancient, and certainly the most religious of the Italian schools, that of Siena was also the most national in so far as expressing the inmost sentiments and portraying the personal characteristics of the free citizens. It was in full and glorious work in the fourteenth century. Although the building of the Duomo was completed, extensive works were carried on in the painting and sculptural decoration of that magnificent structure. The artists engaged in these and other departments of the work were associated in the "*Operaio del Duomo*," and bound by strict and salutary rules; for Siena, as may be read in the history of Italian art, showed great solicitude for the character and respectability of her artists. To this day is preserved the charter of the guild of painters of Siena: a very curious document, plainly showing how high a standard of morals and manners was expected from those who devoted themselves to high art in the city republic. That many of them were estimable and lovable, as well as gifted men, Vasari and other authorities bear witness. For the painters was reserved a quarter of the city near the Church of the Carmine, called the "*Contrada Pictorum*:" a healthy situation, free from dust and noise, and gloriously illumined all day long by the sun, "*che non torce da essa mai i suoi raggi, ossia che spunti o che tramonti sopra il cielo Sanese*." Here they had their bottegas; and, when they were not painting in fresco the walls of churches, palaces, and convents, they worked at their easel and designed the splendid standards carried in the state processions. Munificent patrons they had in the Republic herself and in the heads of religious houses; and excellent employers, too, in the city confraternities and the trade guilds: for these bodies had their chapels in the great churches or their oratories in separate buildings which, as a matter of course, they decorated with pictures, while, at the same time, their gonfaloniers were entrusted with the banners of the association—masterpieces such as are now ranked among the treasures of the galleries of art.

Citizens of the Republic, these artists had duties to fulfil, and were entitled to take with the rest their turn in the government. Thus, Bartolo di Fredi held high office in the State; Gologana, a painter of standards, was captain of the people; and so also was Andrea Vanni, who painted three of the chapels of the Duomo, and left us a portrait of St. Catherine by his own hand. Vanni, even if his pictures were forgotten, would still be remembered as a correspondent of the saint.

In one of the letters she addressed to him it is evident, as her biographer notes, that she recollected his vocation as an artist. In one of the "family letters" Maconi makes mention of "that *wood-master* of ours," who is going to convey a parcel from Siena to Rome, where the Saint then was, and we are glad to be informed that this good friend was the son of Master Francesco del Tonghio, "the artist who carved the wooden stalls in the choir of the Duomo, and presided over the *intarsia* or inlaid woodwork, then being executed in that building." We hear of a brother of Giacomo Benincasa who practised the goldsmith's craft, which we know ranked in those days, and deservedly, with the painter's art. Anyhow, St. Catherine cannot have been uninformed of what glorious work was going on in the Contrada Pictorum and in the Duomo, which she could see from her home in Fontebranda; her possession of "a graceful and artistic taste" is brought out distinctly in the life we are noticing; and one noble passage is quoted from a letter in which she speaks of the Almighty as the "Great Artist."

Love of liberty, high esteem of valour, pride in their beautiful city, and a certain suavity of manner, appear to have been characteristics of the men of Siena. St. Bonaventure says: "Il sangue Sanese è un sangue dolce; and Fazio degli Uberti bears testimony to the courteous address and prepossessing deportment of the gentlemen of Siena. Fazio does not forget to tell the world that the women of Siena were beautiful; and this we cannot doubt, for it is well known that the painters had not to go abroad in search of models of feminine grace and saintly beauty, but in their devotional pictures transferred to the canvas the Madonna-like faces they saw around them in the churches and the streets of the City of the Virgin. That the women of Siena did not fail in courage and patriotism on proper occasions is also on record. One Sienese dame is said to have brought home thirty prisoners after the victory of Monte Aperto; and in the last desperate struggle for independence, when the city was besieged by the forces of Cosimo di Medici, the ladies of Siena enrolled in companies lent their aid in the defence, and so won the admiration of the French General, Montluc, that he declared he would rather defend Siena with its women than Rome with its men.

Very interesting it is to see how many of the native traits are conspicuous in St. Catherine. Strength and sweetness were in her combined in a remarkable degree, as her biographer clearly shows. Her speech to all was nobly free, her praise of valour was eloquent and heart-stirring, and her letters abound in splendid illustrations drawn from the battle-field and the prowess of true knights. Moreover, she was personally brave, knew how to stand courageously before Pope and potentate, to face a mob, and confront a ruffian band. In love of country she yielded to none, but was "a true Italian." When at

home in Siena, she was no stranger to the occurrences which were taking place at the Palazzo Publico and throughout the territory, and when absent, as at Pisa for instance, "she took cognisance of the events which were meanwhile passing at Siena, and relaxed nothing of her vigilance over the interests of her native city."

But in a still wider circle, far distant from the house of Fontebranda, away from the towered city with its proud republicans, great artists and God-fearing men lay the great world—distracted Italy with Rome in desolation, war-ravaged France and courtly Avignon; and into this world, as all well know, the saint of Siena was summoned to labour and to suffer for the peace of Christendom and the honour of the Church. This part of the history presented of necessity many difficulties in the way of its satisfactory treatment, tasking the narrator's skill to the utmost, and demanding the true historian's charity and candour. The author is here equal to the occasion; treats in a masterly way such subjects as the Great Schism, and the situation in Florence and at Rome, and sketches in broad free lines the portraits of the rulers or disturbers of the world who appear upon the scene.

It cannot be supposed that this exhaustive history will ever be superseded by a work of greater width or authority. Libraries have been ransacked, and years (we cannot doubt) expended in its compilation. There surely cannot be much left for the most diligent gleaner to pick up, and we do not believe that the story could possibly be told in a more attractive way. The book has been prepared and issued as a memorial of the fifth centenary of St. Catherine's happy passage to eternal bliss. A splendid memorial it is, and one in which the English daughters of St. Catherine may well rejoice, since it is a member of their own congregation who has been privileged to achieve so noble a work of duty, piety, and genius.\*

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\* The volume is a portly one of 655 pages, excellently printed, provided with maps, and illustrated with charming vignettes. The price is exceedingly moderate.

## ROSA FERRUCCI.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT did Mr. Gibson, the Irish Attorney-General of the Beaconsfield Government, mean by saying in a speech that Lord Beaconsfield had sounded the death-knell of perorations? At any rate, perorations have gone out of fashion, and so have exordiums. Let our only introductory observation, therefore, be, that this is not a story, but a short sketch of a short life. Those who wish a fuller acquaintance with it may consult the first Number of the New Series of the *Dublin Review* (1863), which Series Dr. Ward has lately brought to a conclusion after maintaining it so valiantly for fifteen years.

We cannot find in the French biographer of this Italian lady the date of her birth; but, indeed, Father Perreyve only calls his little book, "*Rosa Ferrucci ses Lettres et sa Mort.*" It must have been about the year 1840, or two years earlier. She was the daughter of a distinguished professor of the University of Pisa. Her mother, Caterina Ferrucci, is well known throughout Italy for her poems and her works on education. At six years of age Rosa could not only read her own Italian, but also French and German. Later on she knew Dante by heart, and read in the originals, Virgil, Cicero, Tacitus; and in modern literatures, Milton, Klopstock, Schiller, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, and Fleury, not to speak of authors of our own day. In her correspondence she shows herself equally at home in German, French, and Italian, in each of which languages long series of her letters have been preserved, and many of them published.

This formidable catalogue of acquirements might leave us under the impression that the possessor of them was a strong-minded blue-stocking; but Père Perreyve, who spent several months in the closest intimacy with her family, assures us that her gifts were accompanied by a childlike modesty and perfect simplicity of manner and character.

She was not merely good and pious, but many of her sayings and doings would be quite at home in an account of the early life of a saint, especially her dealings with the poor. "From the little birds, which, when scarcely more than an infant, she loved to feed in winter-time, to the poor beggars of Pisa, whom she relieved by denying herself in dress and amusements, and the untended graves which she adorned with flowers, 'because' she would say, 'I feel a pity for neglected graves'—all poverty had resistless claims upon her heart."

Here is an instance of her tender-heartedness towards the poor. She was very fond of music, in which she had acquired a degree of excellence far above the average even in that musical country. One

day she went to Florence to purchase certain compositions which she wished to add to her repertory ; but, coming across some poor creature in distress, she gave her all her money and returned home without the new music. Her mother, while blessing God in her heart for giving her such a child, thought it prudent to scold her roundly. " Ah ! mamma, you know yourself I could not help it—it was impossible." " *Saintes impossibilités* (exclaims Father Perreyve) où s'embarrassent seules les âmes qui ne peuvent se résigner à la souffrance d' autrui !"

One feast of St. Rose she ran to her mother, saying, joyfully : " Cajetan is one completely after my own heart. He has brought me an exquisite gift for my feast ; but we have just settled on a plan between us which makes me quite happy. We have agreed that on our birthdays and feast-days, instead of making one another presents that are often very useless, we will give a good round alms to some poor family."

Who was this Cajetan ? About her seventeenth year Rosa became engaged to a rising young barrister of Leghorn—Signor Gaetano Orsini. Most of the letters which Father Perreyve gives us are love-letters—of a very edifying kind, however. On the 16th of April, 1856, she writes thus to her betrothed :—

" I can never thank God enough, my dear Cajetan, for giving me in you an example and a guide for my whole life. I cannot help saying this very often to my mother ; and I say it because I feel it in my heart. In spite of all the faults and imperfections which have so often kept me from being faithful to the good resolutions that I am making constantly before God, I have such a high idea of the perfection of a Christian wife and of the duties I shall soon have to fulfil, that I should really be frightened at them if I did not trust in the goodness of God, who can do all, and who will aid me that can do nothing. I often speak to my mother of the holy reverence with which the sacrament we are going to receive inspires me ; and I beg of you to ask our Lord for the graces that are necessary to make me what I ought to be. I promise you to make every effort for this end ; and I will dedicate to this intention the prayers of the Month of Mary ; for I hope much in the Blessed Virgin to obtain what is still wanting in me. I am sure it would be a great step towards perfection if one could really come to hate those little faults of each day, which seem nothing to us but which must displease so much the infinite perfection of God. In all this be sure that I will take your advice and your warnings as I ought to take them from the one whom God will give me in place of father and mother."

We have not been able to consult the Italian work, "*Rosa Ferrucci, e alcuni suoi Scritti, pubblicati per cura di sua Madre,*" and we do not like to trust the Pisan maiden's letters after being translated into the language of Eugénie de Guérin. In one of them a passage occurs which might have been cited in *Au Ciel on se reconnaît* ; but that attractive

little treatise quotes only saints and grave theologians in support of its thesis that "in heaven we shall know our own" and recognise one another. Here is Rosa's view of the subject:—

"We must fling ourselves, once for all, with childlike confidence into God's arms if we wish to preserve our hope of seeing in heaven Him whom we adore on earth. For my part, if, instead of thinking of Him alone, I were to turn back on myself and think of myself, I know not where my thoughts might lead me. But hope, which is a Christian virtue, is a firm expectation of future glory. And so I will forget my fears and believe that, in spite of all our imperfections, we shall one day be able to enjoy in the bosom of God a happiness, of the very shadow of which we cannot so much as catch a glimpse here on earth. We shall then know in what overflowing measure our Lord rewards even the feeblest efforts of his friends. We shall know how everything here below was inevitably passing away with ourselves; that this earthly life melted away more lightly than a dream, and that nothing remains to man after death but love, that winged portion of the soul which God wishes to have all for Himself. Yet I believe still more: I believe that the love which shall unite and blend our souls on high will not be absorbed in the contemplation of the divine essence in such a way that the sweetness of still loving each other shall be unfelt or unheeded. I believe, on the contrary, that the triumph of love will be to exist and to endure in God, and to unite in one and the same canticle of gratitude the souls that God has made to love on earth."

In another letter she might have backed up her doctrine by a reference to that chapter of the "Introduction to a Devout Life," in which St. Francis de Sales urges upon us, in his own sweet way, the duty of being meek with ourselves. It is in the ninth chapter of Part III. of "Philothea." Here is a parallel passage from the correspondence of these *promessi sposi*:—

"Let us not be cast down, Cajetan, let us hope on always. Our good God will help us to become better; for if we are wanting in strength, we are not wanting at least in good desires. . . . Jesus wishes us to be gentle with ourselves, and not to be too much troubled when the frailty of our nature puts a bar to our good resolutions. At times when we are dejected at the sight of our little miseries, Jesus seems to say to us as to the disciples going to Emmaus: 'Why are you sad?' He who is called the Prince of Peace wishes us to be peaceful with ourselves, and full of compassion for our own infirmity. Whenever, then, we are struck with sadness at the sight of our poverty and the dryness of our souls, let us say, simply and humbly, this little prayer of St. Catherine of Genoa: 'Alas, my Jesus, here are the fruits of my garden. And yet I love Thee, my Jesus, and I am going to strive hard to do better for the future.'"

If I could give fuller extracts from these letters, it would be seen that this pious and gifted girl was not, as some reader may suspect, fond of preaching a sermon under false pretences, or (like Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins, in Longfellow's *Kavanagh*) speaking blank verse in the bosom of her family. These holy thoughts came cheerfully and naturally from the fulness of her warm Catholic heart, which made her say to the young lawyer: "Let me talk to you of our good God, Cajetan; I do so love to think of Him." Here is the last extract that can be given from the letters of Rosa Ferrucci:—

"Next year we will go to the country together. If you only knew how I love your mountains, with their tall pines, their flowers, their streams, and their green summits! I always remember the moment when I left them. It was a November morning; the faint rays of a veiled sun shed a pale light over the horizon, the leaves were falling from the trees, the snow of the day before still covered the peaks. All was solitude and sadness in nature. Who would have told me then that to those spots thus saddened for me, when I was quitting them as a child, I should return happy with you, a bride?"

Whoever would have told this to the poor child would have been a false prophet. The future on which she counted so securely was only an imaginary future; it was not a reality before her. Towards the end of January, 1857, she fell ill. The fever at first gave no great alarm, but its malignancy soon declared itself. The young invalid, though she did not yet see that God was taking her, asked for the last sacraments, and received with the most humble and tender piety the parting visit of Jesus, whose blood is never wanting to us, from the cradle of our infancy which it sanctifies, to the death-bed where it sustains and consoles us. "Great and beautiful day," she said, "if I return to life, I shall never forget it. What strength there is in the Holy Viaticum. Oh, my dear mother, how sweet and consoling our religion is! Ah! if anyone were afraid of death, he could fear it no longer after having received the Blessed Eucharist." Curiously enough, it was from her English prayer-book\* that the dying girl asked her mother to read the "Prayer after receiving Holy Viaticum." She even began herself the prayers for the dying, though she did not yet quite believe herself to be dying. Her mother interrupted her: "Rosa, my child, why those sorrowful prayers? Please God, you will recover, dear. Don't be keeping death always in your thoughts." But she replied: "I have not been able to think of anything but death all the day long. If Jesus wishes to take me, must I not get ready?" Once, indeed, that her sufferings were very

\*The "admirable page," which Père Perreye translates faithfully, is found at page 184 of the Oratory "Treasury of Prayer," and of course in older prayerbooks. The chapter on perseverance which she asked to be read to her is the fifteenth chapter of the "Sayings of Brother Giles" appended to the "*Fioretti di San Francesco*."



acute, nature complained, and her betrothed said to her: "Rosa, think of what our blessed Lord suffered." "Thank you, Gaetano. How the remembrance of that comforts me! Oh, thank you!" From later parts of the account it is evident that the young man was removed after this; and the dying maiden, sending some message to him through her mother, will not name him, but calls him "the one whom you know."

We must not dwell further on a scene which was almost too sacred for even a mother to describe so minutely. Rosa Ferrucci made the hard sacrifice of her bright young life with the most courageous generosity. Some of her last broken aspirations are holy enough to find a place among our devotions as "the prayer of Rosa Ferrucci:" "O Lord, bless all mankind; bless this city of Pisa, her people, her priests, her bishops; bless the Catholic Church; bless her Sovereign Pontiff; bless her ministers and children. Have pity on poor sinners; enlighten heretics; be merciful to those who believe in Thee; be merciful also to thy wretched creatures who believe not. Pardon all; be a loving Father to the good and to the wicked. Take pity on my soul, O Virgin Immaculate! Give to all Thy peace, O Jesus Christ." Then after a pause, she murmured: "Yes, willingly, O my God. Let us go, my God. Let us go—on, on! *Andiamo, andiamo, avanti!*" Then she made the sign of the cross, kissed her crucifix, and died as sweetly and calmly as if she were but falling asleep, as of old, in the arms of the mother who knelt weeping silently by her bed, and on whose head she had at the last laid her wasted hand, saying, "I bless her who has blessed me so often."

The Italians cultivate the art of writing inscriptions as a species of literary exercise. The following is probably of this nature, rather than intended for Rosa's tomb:—



INTEGRI · PUERI · TENERÆ · VIRGINES  
 HONESTATE · LACRYMIS  
 TUMULUM · ROSÆ · FERRUCCIÆ.  
 PUELLÆ · SUAVISSIMÆ  
 POLITIORIBUS · ARTIBUS  
 SUPRA · FEMINARUM · MOREM · EXCULTE  
 QUÆ  
 SUB · IPSUM · CONNUBIUM  
 DUM · INSUETA · GAUDIA · TACITO · PECTORE · EXCIPERET  
 JUVENILES · EXPLEVIT · ANNOS  
 SECURA.

*Secura!* Yes, safe at last, or rather safe so soon; and safe for ever in the bosom of God.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority.* By WILLIAM GEORGE WARD, D. PH. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

DR. WARD is taking advantage of the comparative leisure he enjoys, since his resignation of the editorship of the *Dublin Review*, to collect into a series of large and handsome volumes, classified according to their subjects, his contributions to that great periodical and some of his other other miscellaneous writings. For instance, the present volume is described on its title-page as "mostly reprinted from the *Dublin Review*." A preliminary Essay gives an extremely interesting account of the policy of the *Dublin* with regard to the questions at issue between it and the writers connected with the *Home and Foreign Review*. Without pretending to enter into even one of the many learned discussions which make up this volume, one can see that, among other things, it proves indisputably Dr. Ward's wonderful earnestness, sincerity, and intellectual vigour.

- II. *The History of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh.* By the REV. JOHN GALLOGLY, C.C. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS interesting sketch is dedicated "to the few surviving priests and laymen who witnessed the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, and who, like the author, took a lively interest in the progress of the work from its commencement to its completion." Father Gallogly goes on to describe himself as "one who was present on the occasion, and who still retains a sorrowful and fond recollection of the great and good men who have gone to their reward before the accomplishment of an undertaking for which they toiled so much and made so many sacrifices." Foremost amongst these are the prelates who filled the Primatial See during the period in question—Dr. Crolly, Cardinal Cullen, Dr. Dixon, Dr. Kieran, and Dr. M'Gettigan, *feliciter regnans*. The details given of Dr. Crolly and Dr. Dixon in particular are very interesting and sometimes not a little amusing. Indeed the transition from grave to gay is often rather too abrupt, as at the foot of the twentieth page where the goat and Father — find themselves suddenly in the middle of the cathedral, without even the beginning of a new paragraph to separate them. Excellent engravings are given of the Armagh Cathedral as originally designed by Mr. Duff of Newry, and again as actually erected under the direction of Mr. J. J. MacCarthy.

- III. *The Medal or Cross of St. Benedict: its origin, meaning, and privileges.* (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THIS very complete and elaborate account of St. Benedict's Medal is beautifully printed and beautifully illustrated. A monk of the English Benedictine Congregation of St. Edmund's College at Douai

has translated it from the French of Dom Gueranger, the well-known Abbot of Solesmes; but the translator has improved upon the original. We refer to his treatise the pious readers interested in the subject, merely quoting the explanation of the mysterious letters on the medal of St. Benedict. Between the arms of the cross C. S. P. B. are the initials of *Cruz Sancti Patris Benedicti*, "the cross of our holy father Benedict." On the perpendicular line of the cross S. C. S. M. L. stand for *Sancta cruz sit mihi lux*: "May the holy cross be my light." On the horizontal line of the cross are the letters N. D. S. M. D.; *Non draco sit mihi dux*: "Let not the dragon be my guide." These two aspirations together form a pentameter verse. On the rim of the medal there are many letters, beginning at the top with I. H. S., the well-known abbreviation of the name of our Redeemer; and then to the right, V. R. S. N. S. M. V. S. M. Q. L. I. V. B., which letters stand for the following hexameter and pentameter:—

"Vade retro, Satana, numquam suade mihi vana.  
Sunt mala quæ libas; ipse venena bibas."—

"Begone, O Satan! never suggest to me thy vain things. The cup thou profferest is evil; drink the poison thyself." These words, as uttered by St. Benedict, refer to the temptation which he suffered in his cave; and then to the poisoned cup which he discovered by making over it the sign of the cross. The pious Christian can readily apply these ejaculations to the relief of his own spiritual dangers and wants.

IV. *Pleadings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. From the French. By the Rev. M. COMERFORD. Third Edition. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1880.)

THIS and Father Comerford's other little work, the "Handbook of the Fraternity of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus," have had a very remarkable success. The new editions just issued bring up the number of copies of the "Pleadings" to eight thousand, and of the "Handbook" to ten thousand. The former is specially suited for the coming month of June. It has the advantage of a brief preface by Cardinal Manning, and the still greater advantage of an introduction written with singular clearness and vigour, by "J. F.," which many will recognise as the initials of a name happily familiar to the readers of this magazine, though too long absent from its pages. We know of no more effective account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart than the one here condensed into a very small space.\*

\* We have seen a letter of Cardinal Cullen's, in which he speaks of this book as "well calculated to edify the faithful, and to promote many useful forms of devotion." We have ourselves been peculiarly edified by the minute corrections which his Eminence suggests and which show the careful reading he had bestowed on the little book. We on our own part have taken occasion (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. vi., page 698) to bless the memory of our Irish Cardinal for the kind and very practical interest he showed in the success of this Magazine.

V. *Madonna: Verses on Our Lady and the Saints.* By the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. 1880.)

FOR very obvious reasons the only criticism of "Madonna" that can be tolerated in this Magazine is a description of its contents. It is put forward as a companion to "Emmanuel," and, besides a few miscellaneous pieces, it contains some fifteen poems about the Blessed Virgin, three or four about St. Joseph, and then one each for the Baptist, the Magdalen, St. Matthew, St. Monica, St. Patrick, St. Agnes, St. Thomas Aquinas, Blessed Imelda, and several others, ending with St. Ignatius and those whom Cardinal Newman has called Knights of Jesus, "the unwearied Company that bears the name of sacred might."

V. *The Death of Bernadette Soubirous.* Translated by J. J. DENNEHY. (Dublin: J. Duffy & Sons.)

ON the 16th of April, 1879, the last seal was set upon the devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes by the holy and happy death of Bernadette Soubirous, the humble maiden to whom the Blessed Virgin had appeared more than twenty years before. About thirteen of those years had been spent as a Sister of Charity at Nevers. All who knew her felt for her the greatest love and veneration, as well as deep compassion for the suffering caused by her ill health. Mr. Dennehy has put together in a little book an interesting account of her last illness, death, and obsequies, adding the discourse preached at her funeral by the Bishop of the diocese.

VI. *The Life and Miracles of St. Laurence O'Toole.* Translated from the French by the Rev. J. B. L., Priest of the ancient Order of Mount Carmel, Whitefriar-street, Dublin. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.)

IT is eight hundred years, exactly, this year, since the death of St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin. A Carmelite Father of our city has helped towards the proper celebration of the eighth centenary of the saint in next November, by giving, in a cheap little book, an effective and well-arranged abridgment of his Life and Miracles, with some pious prayers in his honour.

ON PLUCKING A SHAMROCK ON THE HILL OF SLANE  
ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THIS simple weed did here of old  
To Erin's sons deep truths unfold,  
When he whose memory we revere  
First taught them God's great name to fear.

Whoe'er the Christian name doth bear,  
May then his country's emblem wear,  
And with its threefold leaf entwine  
Some holy thoughts of love divine:—

Thoughts of the Father's boundless love,  
Reaching to earth from heaven above,  
And in Redemption's wondrous plan  
Restoring lost and ruined man ;

Thoughts of the Saviour's life on earth,  
His shameful death, his lowly birth,  
The path of suffering Jesus trod  
To bring the wanderers back to God ;

Thoughts of the Spirit's gentle power,  
Soft as the dew's refreshing shower,  
Raising the weary, burdened soul,  
Whispering—'tis Jesus makes thee whole.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
The Triune God, the Three in One,  
Grant me thy presence day by day,  
While I pursue my heavenward way.

And while I bless thy bounteous care  
Which placed me in a land so fair,  
Where hill and dale in softest light  
Their varied emerald tints unite :

Oh, may this Island of the West  
With holy peace be ever blest !  
Remove all discord, wrath and guile—  
Her name once more—"The Saintly Isle."

C. L. B.

"SCIENCE AND SCEPTICISM."\*

BY THE REV. THOMAS A. FINLAY, S.J.

THE book which bears this title deserves more than a passing word of criticism. It is the work of an earnest and purposeful mind, and is calculated to exert an influence on readers who are given to serious thought. The subject with which it deals may, possibly, soon be of pressing interest amongst us. Questions of philosophy will become more and more prominent as education spreads amongst our countrymen, and it is of importance that a mistake should not be made on the question which Mr. Lanigan treats. He has set himself the task of pointing out what is wanting in the philosophical systems of Locke and Hume, and of indicating the system which supplies their defects and corrects their errors. The crude, contradictory absurdities which at the present time pass for philosophy in these countries, can, in most cases, be traced back to the doctrines of Locke and Hume. At a moment when the knowledge of these doctrines is likely to become more generally diffused, it is worth while to learn, by anticipation, where we may look for the truth which they have missed or which they have perverted. Mr. Lanigan directs us to the philosophy of Kant. The subject, we have said, is one on which advice is timely, but we hesitate to say that Mr. Lanigan's advice is judicious. To make clear our reasons for this hesitation, we must briefly explain in what those defective systems consist, and what is the system by which Mr. Lanigan proposes to replace them.

In his "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," Locke puts forward the view that our ideas are but intellectual casts of those images of things which our senses form. Certain representations of things without us and of things within us are created in our faculties of sense and thence passed on to the understanding. The act of intellectual perception is nothing more than a mere registering of sensations, the giving ideal texture to a form which already existed in the lower faculty. This act, "the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the inlet of all knowledge in our minds,"\* reaches only to those properties of things which are accessible to sense, and is to be found "in some degree in all sorts of animals."† Later, indeed, the understanding combines, compares, and resolves into their constituent elements the ideas thus obtained, but all the while it is dealing with these materials as they have been supplied by the faculty of sensation

\* "Science and Scepticism: a Study of some principles which influence Modern Thought." By Stephen M. Lanigan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

† Book II., chap. 9, q. 15.

‡ *Ib.*, q. 12.

(external or internal); it has not discovered in them any element which was hidden from the mere organic faculty.

The consequences to which this theory lead are its worst condemnation. For instance, we cannot hold it as it has here been stated, without abandoning at once the received idea of *cause* and *causality*. Our senses are affected merely by successive phenomena; the causal link between those phenomena we do not hear, nor see, nor touch. We cannot, therefore, have an idea of this connecting link distinct from our idea of the phenomena which succeed one another. This inference was drawn from the theory by Hume; not in condemnation of the theory, but in proof that our idea of cause is identified with our idea of unchanging order in the sequence of phenomena. Mr. Lanigan contends that Hume has been somewhat unfair in his interpretation of Locke.\* But he is himself willing to admit that our ideas of cause and effect, and indeed all those universal ideas† out of which necessary truths are built up, cannot be accounted for in the system of Locke. Our senses are conversant only with the present, passing, momentary condition of things; if our intellect merely reproduces the impressions received by the senses, whence come the notions on which we found those fixed, unalterable judgments of ours which, once formed, are understood to avail for all times and all circumstances? We look for the first time at two straight lines which converge to a point; we observe that they do not enclose a space. Our eyes observe two particular lines A and B, so existing at a particular time, and under particular circumstances, that they do not enclose a space; we do not see, just then, any other pair of lines, nor can we see with our eyes what the lines in question might possibly be at another time and under other circumstances. Nevertheless, we boldly state as a truth which future experience cannot belie, this proposition which outstrips all our possibilities of observation: "No two straight lines can ever enclose a space." Whence have come to us the far-reaching, unvarying ideas on which this statement rests? Our eyes know nothing of unvarying lines following a fixed, eternal, inviolable law. If the picture in our intellect is but a reproduction of the picture on the retina or in the imagination, how are we justified in assertions such as this?

From the resources of his system Locke could not assign an origin to those far-extending notions. To explain what Locke left without explanation Mr. Lanigan invokes the philosophy of Kant. The solution offered by this philosopher may be stated in a sentence: Those universal ideas are not, it is clear, derived from objects without us; they are, therefore, supplied for the purposes of thought, from out the mind itself; they are elements of thought inherent in the thinking faculty, forms of the mind "under which we obtain all knowledge."‡

\* P. 152.

† P. 176.

.‡ P. 59.

"The discovery of these mental laws and conditions," writes Mr. Lanigan, "is due to Kant, who, perceiving the necessity and universality of these truths, was led to suppose they were the result of the constitution of the thinking subject, and not any inherent quality in the truths themselves, or in the things to which they relate. Such are the mental conditions of space and time, causality, personal identity, &c., on which depend mathematical and other truths, which we must therefore assent to, and the reverse of which we cannot even conceive possible."\*

We dissent from the theories of Locke and Hume as strongly as does Mr. Lanigan, but we do not, for this, side with him in his appreciation of the philosophy of Kant. We acknowledge Kant's philosophy to be at variance with the doctrines of the sceptical and sensational schools, but this we hold to be its highest merit. We award it this praise, but we maintain, nevertheless, that it is like them inadequate and unproved, and that it issues in a system quite as dangerous, if not quite as debasing, as any which has grown out of the philosophy of Locke.

To put in contrast the theory of Kant and that which we ourselves hold for true, we will state Kant's theory, once again, in Mr. Lanigan's words: "The operations of our intelligence with reference to its objects are governed by certain indispensable conditions, and hence the origin of necessary truths, to account for which the theory of Locke is inadequate. That two right lines cannot enclose a space, that two and three make five, that two bodies cannot occupy the same place, are truths depending on these laws, on our inability to think otherwise."†

No doubt we hold these truths—except, perhaps, the proposition that two bodies cannot occupy the same place—because we are unable to think otherwise. But the question remains: Whence comes this necessity? Are we forced to think thus because those objects of our thought cannot exist otherwise? or are we forced to think thus only because of a peculiar constitution of our own minds, because a necessity, which affects only ourselves, forces our minds to picture things in this particular manner? On our answer to this question depends the whole character of our philosophy. If we accept the first alternative, the "indispensable conditions" do not really belong to our faculties. They are merely the indispensable inviolable laws of objective being, reflected in our intelligence, and viewed as indispensable and inviolable by the mind only because they are so in extrinsic fact. And why, after all, should it not be thus? There are such things as "indispensable conditions" of existence, and these can be apprehended by the mind; all this is clear on Mr. Lanigan's showing. Why should these "indis-

\* P. 137.

† *Ib.*, p. 139.



pensable conditions" belong only to the mind itself? Why should they not govern the existence of external things as well? And why should not the mind be able to take note of this factor of external existence as of any other? A very ancient and very respectable school of philosophers has held that the matter must be explained in this way. There does not seem to be anything far-fetched or arbitrary in this theory; we hope to show that it is preferable to the explanation suggested by Kant and commended by Mr. Lanigan as a "discovery."

In this controversy we are, it will be seen, concerned mainly with the origin of those ideas which transcend actual experience, those ideas which Mr. Lanigan calls *universal, necessary, independent of our thought*. We do not feel certain that we have always rightly apprehended the meaning which Mr. Lanigan attaches to these terms, nor have we been able to assure ourselves that he uniformly employs them to signify the same thing. Thus at p. 144 we find him stating: "Both these ideas of time and space have this in common, they are inseparable from our experience, and for this reason they belong to ourselves, and are not the result of things other than ourselves. They depend on the laws of our intellectual faculties, and are, consequently, inseparable from every mental act of perception, or of thought." And at p. 145 we find him commending Kant for that "he recognizes the fact that those ideas are independent of our thought." We have been somewhat puzzled to grasp the notion which underlies these apparently conflicting expressions. We trust we are rightly interpreting the mind of the writer when we understand him to say: Those notions which enter into every actual experience, as well as those notions which transcend all actual experience, have a constancy which indicates that they are not elements of an order which is ever varying, never the same. They belong, therefore, to the only stable factor in the economy of perception—to the mind; they are forms of the perceptive faculty itself. Being thus a portion of ourselves, they exist independently of any actual exercise of thought. This, we take it, is substantially the writer's meaning. He understands Kant to assert that our ideas of time and space, "and other necessary ideas,"\* exist in the mind independently of any actual operation of thought; that these ideas are not derived from the objects presented to us by the senses, but pre-exist in the mind as mental forms by which the materials of our sensations are reduced to ideal consistency.

"It is impossible," he writes, "for any candid and unprejudiced man to read carefully Locke's description of these *ideas* without at once coming to the conclusion that, had he the slightest hint of the Kantian doctrine of the subjectivity of these ideas, he would have at once adopted it, and become aware that there was another source of

knowledge besides those which he mentioned.”\* And again: “Sensations of sight and touch are the occasions which give rise to the idea of space, and by which it is developed; but though such sensations give rise to it, it has not its origin from them, but in the constitution of the intelligent agent by which these sensations of sight and touch are perceived.”†

It is, we presume, for convenience’ sake that Mr. Lanigan speaks throughout of the *ideas* of space and time. In Kant’s language, these are not forms of the intellect, they belong to the intuitive faculty (*anschauungsvermögen*). But with Mr. Lanigan’s use of the term *idea*, we will not quarrel. We wish to discuss a question which is something more than a question of words. Kant divided the subjective forms which make up the appliances of thought into three classes; it was only to the forms inherent in what he calls the reason (*vernunft*) that he applied the term “*idea*.” Mr. Lanigan applies it to all, without distinction, and we are content to follow him in this. Our main purpose is to make clear our view of the substance of that theory in which he has found the refutation of Hume, and the complement of the philosophy of Locke. From the details into which we have already entered, it will be evident that the theory is fairly described in the passage quoted above, as “the Kantian doctrine of the subjectivity of these ideas,” that is, of space and time, “and other necessary ideas.”

The *subjectivity* of an idea may mean more than one thing. It may mean that we have within ourselves the material object from which a certain idea is drawn; that our own nature supplies us with the best and most accessible embodiment of a certain notion, and that, contemplating the activity of our own being, we acquire the idea as we could not acquire it otherwise, if, indeed, we could otherwise acquire it at all. There are passages in Mr. Lanigan’s work which seem to indicate that he at times understands in this sense the term *subjectivity*. For instance, he sums up his account of our idea of power in this sentence: “Here is the true origin of the idea of power, the consciousness of the faculty of willing, the ability to direct our thoughts to the production of any action, or the forbearance of any action proposed.”‡ It seems the purpose of the writer to state that the conscious exercise of our faculty of will is the origin of our idea of power in the sense that this consciousness is the most favourable material whence to draw this idea. It cannot be his meaning that the consciousness of our faculty of will is itself the idea of power; the concrete, personal sense of a living faculty, and the abstract, impersonal notion of power are widely different things. The use of the term *subjectivity* in the sense here indicated is, perhaps, more apparent in the following passage:

\* P. 146.

† P. 148.

‡ P. 165.

"How the idea of cause originates in the consciousness of our freedom in acts of volition, in the knowledge of the mind as a determining power capable of regulating and directing its operations, has been before explained. But, having thus got this idea of a connexion between our volitions and their effects, we transfer this idea to objects other than ourselves, and in thought connect them in like manner."\*

With the subjectivity of ideas thus explained, we should hardly have found it necessary to quarrel. The doctrine has been held by men of much eminence,† and in its ultimate consequences does not lead to much more than mere logical embarrassments. We will stay to point out one of these. According to the view Mr. Lanigan is defending, our faculties of perception discern in the objective world successive phenomena, but do not perceive the causal link which binds them together. We see phenomenon A and then phenomenon B—no more. We see a billiard-ball move across the table and come in contact with another: the first stands still, thereupon the other begins to move. This is all that observation discloses to us. Whence comes the notion of causality—that connecting band which our mind establishes between the one movement and the other? Hume denied altogether the existence of such a link, and held that our idea of cause is identical with our idea of uniformity of succession in phenomena. Mr. Lanigan admits that we perceive in things without us merely a first phenomenon and a second; the notion of cause is derived from another source, and then applied to those outer things; it originates "in the knowledge of the mind as a determining power, and then we transfer this idea to objects other than ourselves." Let us apply to this theory an argument which Mr. Lanigan has used with effect against Hume.‡ If our notion of cause and effect is identical with our notion of the regular antecedence and sequence of phenomena, how, asks Mr. Lanigan, does it happen that we do not consider night the cause of day, or day the cause of night? To this question, it is clear, the philosophy of Hume can give no answer. Let us now put a like question to Mr. Lanigan himself. If the idea of cause is derived wholly from the mind, how comes it that "we transfer this idea to only a particular class of external phenomena, and refuse to transfer it to another class where the order of succession is quite as constant as in the first?" Why do "we transfer this idea" to the case of the billiard-balls and refuse to apply it to the case of day and night? Do we see something in the first which puts it on a level with the case of our own conscious activity, and do we see that this something is wanting in the second? If we do not see thus much, we have no assignable reason for transferring our idea to one set of phenomena rather than to the other, nor, indeed, a reason for transferring our idea to any set of phenomena at all. If,

\* P. 206.

† See *Dublin Review*, April, 1872, p. 282.

‡ P. 182.

on the other hand, we see in external phenomena so much as this, we see in them that which makes them of kindred nature with our own conscious energy; we perceive in them the characteristics of active agents.

Looking at the matter thus, we are inclined to think that Mr. Lanigan and those who hold with him the subjectivity of ideas, as we are here interpreting it, have not met Hume's argument effectually. Supposing them to have proved our idea of cause to be wholly of subjective origin, they have not thereby solved the difficulty; they have only pushed it back a stage. They have still to explain what it is we detect in the outside world to which we are warranted in applying the idea thus generated. If that external something be not the objective correlative of the idea, we are not justified in applying our idea to it; if it be, we have apprehended objective causal relation before our idea is applied.

But to the "subjectivity of ideas," in the sense which we have hitherto attributed to it, we do not wish to make further objection. It is, we think, a theory which may be convicted of logical incoherence, but with graver defects we have no wish to charge it. But there is another doctrine covered by the phrase to which exception must be taken on more serious grounds. An idea may be of subjective origin, not in the sense that the material object, from which the mind draws it, falls within the range of consciousness, but in the sense that the idea exists in the mind antecedent to every act of thought; that it is a pre-formed, necessary element of the faculty of thought, set within the mind, to be called into use by the action of external things upon us, and to enter ready-made into our representations of external objects. In this theory, the thinking subject does not merely furnish the material upon which the mind works when creating that mental form which we call an idea; the mind possesses within itself the mental form created from the first, and it is only by applying the form thus inherent that it can at all represent external things. These pre-existent mental forms may be fac-similes of the objects of the outer world, brought into play by the action upon us of those objects which they resemble. In this case they are the innate ideas of Plato. Or they may be mere hollow forms in which experiences obtained through the senses are cast, into which shapeless and chaotic impressions received from without are forced, and by which they are successively fashioned into objects of sensitive and of intellectual perception. Thus described, they are the intuition and thought-forms of Kant. It is with these we have now to do. The theory which attributes the origin of "universal and necessary ideas" to a mental mechanism of this kind is the theory which has won Mr. Lanigan's admiration, and in which he has found what is wanting to the theory of Locke.

We will try to make clear how much is involved in the doctrine to

which he thus gives allegiance. To do this it will be necessary to state still more in detail, for those who are unpractised in metaphysics, in what the doctrine of Kant really consists. Other philosophers have explained, with much variety in the explanation, that our ideas are true mental pictures of real things, created as required, by the mind itself. According to Kant, the idea or mental picture is present in the mind from the beginning; it is a portion of the mind, or, as Mr. Lanigan has it, a "condition governing" the mind. To put the matter more concisely, according to Kant's view, we do not draw our ideas from objects without us; we impress our pre-existent ideas upon external things. Those mental images which we suppose to represent the figures and forms of the outer world, are really images which are stored up within ourselves; the world looks to us as it does, only because we make it for ourselves what it looks. Take, for example, our notion of the properties of an equilateral triangle. We do not, according to the theory before us, obtain these notions by observing any visible geometrical figure, nor by any study of the ideas drawn from such an object. We do not draw them from anything real without us; they are forms of our own thought impressed upon an outside something which, thereby, becomes for us an object of knowledge. To use an expressive idiom, which we borrow from the German of Kant, "*We do not think these qualities out of the object, we think them into it.*"\*

The reasoning by which Kant seeks to establish this theory is the same as that which we have already seen used to prove the insufficiency of the theory of Locke. Our experience deals only with particular things, or particular groups of things. Observing a particular object, we can observe it only as it is at one time and in one place. What we perceive in it cannot warrant a statement as to its mode of existence at other times and under other circumstances. Actual observation of its now existing state cannot justify an assertion which passes beyond its present condition, for its present condition is all that observation can possibly reach. If, then, observation and experience were our only means of acquiring knowledge, we could not lay down, with regard to the objects we have knowledge of, any statement which describes them for all time and for all places. As a matter of fact, however, we do at every moment make statements of this kind. The grounds for these

\* That I am rightly interpreting Kant will best appear from his own words: "Dem Ersten, der den gleichseitigen Triangel demonstirte, dem ging ein Licht auf; denn er fand, dass er nicht dem, was er in der Figur sah, oder auch dem blossen Begriffe derselben nachspüren und gleichsam davon ihre Eigenschaften ablernen, sondern durch das, was er nach Begriffen selbst a priori *hineindachte* und darstellte (durch Construction), hervorbringen müsse, und das er, um sicher etwas a priori zu Wissen, der Sache nichts beilegen müsse, als was aus dem nothwendig folgte, was er seinem Begriffe gemäss selbst in sie gelegt hat." *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*.—S. 667.

far-reaching generalisations not being discernible in the objects as they are submitted to our notice, it follows that they are to be sought in ourselves, in the appliances and the laws of our thinking faculty. We do not think in this wise, because the objects presented to us force us so to think; clearly then, we are forced to think thus because there is something in ourselves which forbids us to think otherwise—the mind is deriving the forms of its thought from within, it is not adapting itself to the exigencies of things outside. Those immutable notions of time, space, unity, multitude, cause, effect and the like, which we weave into propositions eternally true, are not derived from our casual glimpses of the outer world, but from fixed, unchanging elements of thought within us. This is, in brief, the reasoning upon which Kant's whole system rests. We have already had to deal with this method of argument, and have pointed out wherein it is faulty. Our faculties of experience which first come in contact with outer things, do not discern in them any fixed, enduring characteristics; therefore, it is argued, our intellect cannot derive its notions of these characteristics through the channel of sensitive experience. This argument, it is plain, supposes that the intellect apprehends in the objects submitted to it only those characteristics which are accessible to sense. It supposes, as we have before pointed out, that the understanding is a mere register for the impressions of the lower faculty, that it has not an activity peculiar to itself, has not a power of its own by which it forms its own pictures of the objects which the senses present to it. Between the philosophy of Locke and the philosophy of Kant stands the philosophy of Aristotle, and until the theory of the Greek philosopher has been effectually set aside, there is absolutely no logical weight in the arguments by which the German philosopher seeks to make his own supreme. The arguments of Kant disprove the theory of Locke, they do not establish his own. They would avail for this purpose if he first showed that his own theory and that of Locke were the only theories possible as to the origin of our ideas. This he has not done, and this no one can ever do for him. And so, having swept away the system of Locke, he finds that a greater than Locke is in the way.

We grant that the faculties of sense do not apprehend more than the present conditions under which external objects exist, and we grant further that the intellect makes acquaintance with external objects only through the interposed faculties of sense. But does it hence follow that the intellect perceives in those objects only what the faculties of sense apprehend? As well might we say that the man who receives a telegram in cipher sees nothing more in it than the clerk who transmitted it. The understanding is a distinct faculty of apprehension, and may, nay must, exercise a special apprehensive power. It grasps the object presented to it in its own way, lays hold of something in the object which it alone can lay hold of. Supposing, for the nonce,

that external objects have in them fixed, unchanging elements of being, quite as Kant supposes that we have in us fixed, unchanging elements of thought, why should we not assume that the understanding apprehends in the objects put before it those constant elements of their being which make them subject to constant law? The assumption is not extravagant, and suffices to explain what to Locke is inexplicable. It explains how the understanding in its judgment of things can pass beyond their present condition, how at a glance it can read in them the eternal law of their existence. Assuming this, we abandon the philosophy of Locke, but we do not therefore become followers of Kant. We are in a position to give account of the method of our thought without any appeal to his philosophy, and by the fact we have rendered the proof of his philosophy impossible. Our theory he cannot ignore, or summarily put aside without comment; the voice of ages is in its favour, the mightiest of human minds have adopted it; the reformer of psychological science cannot pass it by, nor can he ask us to accept a new explanation of the process of thought till he has shown this one to be false or inadequate. This Kant has not done; this he has not even attempted to do.

Instead, he has stated a doctrine which leaves a main feature of the procedure of the mind wholly without explanation. On the objects presented to us by casual experiences we pass judgments which reach all times and all circumstances. These judgments are delivered in terms which touch only the objective condition of things, which do not even pre-suppose the existence of our faculty of thought. We state that certain objects exist, must exist, in a certain manner; not that we must think them so to exist. Nay, we assert that they so existed before we began to think, and shall so exist when our thinking is done. Why are we forced to attribute this unchangeableness to the things without us, if the elements of constancy are only within our own mind? The conscious sense of self we understand to belong wholly to ourselves; why do we transfer the notions *unity*, *multitude*, *cause*, *effect*, with their fixed relations to outer things, if these notions are as much a part of ourselves as the sense of our own existence? What is the explanation of this enforced self-deception? Kant can give no better reason for it than he gives for our knowledge of the moral law; it is an imperious necessity of our nature to which we must be content to submit.

But there is yet a more serious objection to this doctrine. It is the first step on the way to a thorough idealism, so important a step that we cannot take it without committing ourselves to the whole of this strange philosophy. If the forms of our thought are not drawn from external things, but exist pre-formed in the mind, it follows that our thought is merely a factor of our own being brought under our notice by the accident to our nature which we name experience. We do not,

then, in the process of thinking, know anything else than ourselves, our perception of our own inherent thought forms is neither more nor less than a form of consciousness. The assumption that these forms represent the forms of an outer world is wholly gratuitous. If an outer world exist, it will suffice for our purposes of thought that it set the system within us in motion—that it bring into action the latent images within us is its only use as far as we are concerned; that it is itself pictured by these images we have no means of ascertaining; this is not a necessity of its relation to us any more than it is a necessity that the photographer's flask of developing fluid should be outlined in the picture which it develops. There is absolutely no bond which connects the forms and shapes of the outer world with the pictures of our mind; the material forces of outer things may be necessary to set our mechanism of thought in motion, but their structure does not enter into the process at all. What is form and shape we have within us. Adopting the philosophy of Kant we must be content to know nothing of the figure and fashion of the external world.

To go a step further. Does not his theory allow us to dispense with the outer world altogether? Suppose the machinery of thought, such as Kant has described it—that arrangement of forms of intuition, categories of the understanding, and ideas of the reason—to be put in movement from within, would not the whole thinking process go on quite as satisfactorily as if the system were set in motion from without? Now, unless Kant's whole philosophy be false, there is no proof that the system is not self-acting. We can demonstrate an actual influx from without only by an argument from the effect within us to a cause without, in which argument the notions effect and cause shall represent substantive realities, and shall not be mere inherent forms of the self-acting mind. But this which we must pre-suppose is precisely the point which in Kant's system it is impossible to concede. When our demonstration is concluded we shall have established the existence of the world as a cause. But causality, according to Kant, is merely an empty form of our own mind; we have not yet got a grasp of anything which is external to us; we have got hold of something which is a part of ourselves, but an external reality we have not proved to exist, nor even pictured in our minds. If we adopt the system of Kant, we can never reach an outer world at all. Our philosophy will be merely a study of the thought-forms of the mind; we shall confine ourselves to observing how they are called into action, and how they combine with one another. That this is the whole duty of the philosopher who follows in the footsteps of Kant, became evident to his disciples. Fichte, the ablest of them, soon perceived it, and in the name of the philosophy of his master, broke with the external world altogether. The outer world served no purpose in the system, and so he put it aside. He justified this course by reasoning some-



what like that which we have used above, and his reasoning has not yet been shown to be at fault.\*

We will not enter into the question disputed by Trendelenburg and Kuno Fischer as to whether Kant really held that our knowledge had any objective value. We believe, with Fischer, that Kant was an idealist in the full sense of the term. But however this may be, his doctrine was in substance idealistic, and, under cultivation, could not fail to lead to those fantastic and impious systems by which the later idealists startled and bewildered the learned of Germany and of Europe. It is not, perhaps, too soon to warn the thoughtful amongst our own countrymen against these dangerous extravagances. If our remarks have this effect, we may be excused for entering on a subject of this nature in the pages of the *IRISH MONTHLY*.

## THE LEGEND OF THE PAINTED WINDOWS.†

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN.

ALL day, broad shining bands of sunlight fall,  
 Driving swift shades across the convent wall;  
 Seems the gray slumberous air all musical  
 With tuneful drowsy hum of pleasant bee,  
 And sweet low bird-song trilled from every tree.  
 Fair peaceful lives the brethren had full sure—  
 Each day a gold bead of a rosary  
 Of blessed deeds, impulses high and pure.  
 From worldly sin and worldly trouble free,  
 Each gentle life its course ran tranquilly;

\* "Nur einige Fragen mögen jene Ausleger Kants mir erlauben an sie zu thun: Wie weit erstreckt sich denn nach Kant die Anwendbarkeit aller Kategorien und insbesondere die der Causalität? Nur über das Gebiet der Erscheinungen; sonach nur über das, was schon für uns, und in uns selbst ist. Auf welche weise könnte man denn zur Annahme eines von Ich verschiedenen Etwas, als Grundes des empirischen Inhalts der Erkenntnisse kommen? Ich denke, nur durch einen Schluss vom begründeten auf den Grund; also durch Anwendung des Begriffes der Causalität: so findet Kant selbst die sache (S. 211 der Jacobischen schrift); und verwirft schon darum die Annahme an sich ausser uns befindlicher Dinge."—*Die Einleitung in die Wissenschaftslehre*. Werke, B. 1, p. 482.

† This story is told of the holy Dominican, Blessed James of Ulm, whose work adorns the cathedral of San Petronio in Bologna.

And, when death called, each humbly left his place,  
Trusting in His dear gracious love who came  
To bear our burdens : calling on His name,  
Passed all with joy to see the Saviour's face.

Within the convent garden's gray old walls  
On smooth, worn pathways soft the footstep falls,  
While in the centre, upright and forlorn,  
There stands a marble fountain spectre-white,  
And, ever gleaming on the topmost height,  
A carven hunter blows a silent horn.

Two Brothers linger when the sun's bright rays  
Fall goldenly through summer's pleasant haze  
O'er scentful flower and garden : one in years  
A boy, but o'er the other's patient head  
Long time had passed of trouble and of tears,  
Till in the careworn face has come at last  
Infinite peace, all worldly sorrows fled,  
And in this Present merged the stormy Past.  
This is the Painter-monk, Bologna's pride,  
The holy Master, Frate Giacomo ;  
And he who ever lingers by his side,  
His friend and pupil, young Ambrogio.

They speak, as slow they move with loitering feet,  
Of the great work that to its end draws near—  
The painted windows, fruit of many a year  
Of labour, to the Master passing sweet,  
For San Petronio's temple long designed.  
The work has reached its last most anxious stage :  
The noontide in the furnace heat will find  
The masterpiece, and then with loving care  
And anxious eyes these two will watch and wait,  
Lest by a minute's carelessness the rage  
Of the strong heat should mar the windows fair  
And all their dainty hues obliterate.  
For nigh five hours within the oven's heart  
Must lie the glory of the Master's art.

Four hours since noon. The slow strokes of the bell  
Sonorous chime within the narrow cell,  
Whitewashed and bare save where rude niches quaint  
Hold each the carven image of a saint.  
The furnace doors are closed, and all apart  
Lie the belongings of the painter's art,—

Brushes, oils, colours. As the bell tolls clear  
And sweet on many a passing traveller's ear,  
The Master and his pupil, bending low,  
Murmur the *Ave* solemnly and slow  
With deep devotion. Then the Master moves,  
And, drawing back along its narrow grooves  
The furnace door, looks on his work within,  
Sees the fair colours richer beauties win,  
In the heat glowing, deepening, waxing bright;  
And, raptured with the pleasure of the sight,  
He turns—the cell door on its hinges creaks,  
Enters a white-robed Brother. Hush! he speaks:  
“My Brothers, 'tis our holy Prior's behest  
That you, forthwith, shall go upon the quest,  
With humble bearing and obeisance meek,  
From house to house through all the town to seek  
The wonted offerings for the Brotherhood.”

Ambrogio turns with quick, impatient mood;  
But, ere his angry words find utterance,  
The Master checks him with reproachful glance  
From saddest eyes fixed on his pupil's face;  
And, when the messenger has left the place,  
Murmurs with broken voice and sighings low:  
“It is our duty—only this I know.”  
Then, with hands clasped and gentle head down bent,  
He prays a little: “Lord, since Thou hast sent  
This cross to me, I kiss thy wounded feet—  
Thou knowest how to make my offering meet  
For glory of thy temple. These weak hands  
Have striven hard, but since thy will demands  
My labour for thyself—with deepest love,  
Content I give it. Lord of heaven above!  
Praised be thy holy name for now and ever!”  
Then, turning with such look as those who sever  
From their dear dead, stretches in mute farewell  
His wan hands towards his work, and leaves the cell.

Evening. Around the convent all is still.  
The Sun-King's feet are on the distant hill;  
With shining robes he hastens to his rest.  
Ere yet his paling fires fade down the West,  
The evening skies glow all with crimson light;  
With jewelled gleam of rose and saffron bright,  
Come his last rays. Unto the convent door,  
Whence they had issued full four hours before,

Their duty nobly done, the monks return,  
And hasten to the cell. The white walls burn  
With the sun's light—'twould seem as if some vision,  
Some blessed visitor from plains elysian,  
Had left a light of glory in the room.  
With patient face, to look upon the doom  
Of his fair work, the Master opens wide  
The oven doors. What glory flames inside !  
Secure from flaw or crack, the windows shine  
With gleam of topaz, ruby clear as wine,  
And amethystine purples deep that dart  
And glow. Oh, wondrous mercy of God's Heart !  
Oh ! tender love that watches o'er our ways !  
Fra Giacomo with weeping humbly prays,  
Thanking his generous Lord for this high grace.  
Through the cell-window comes a gleam gold-red—  
The last fair radiance ere the sun has fled,  
Stealing with sudden lustre through the gloom,  
Floods with a solemn glory all the room ;  
Then, as a ray from God's white throne down shed,  
Rests like a halo on the Master's head.

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## BRACON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

HELEN TO LUCY.

" You do me no more than justice, dear Lucy, in believing that whatever concerns you must needs interest me ; and I will frankly say how much I feel gratified by the evidence of your thus reposing on my affection, and taking it for granted. We are both of us rather of a reserved nature, at least I can speak for myself ; and our communications hitherto have been somewhat limited, considering how nearly we are connected in life. Reserve, when it exists in a character to an excessive degree, as I feel sure it does in mine, tends to reproduce itself in others. How often will two people live for years, even under one roof, members of

one family circle, and yet know as little of each other's real selves, enter as little into each other's deeper interests, as if one inhabited Kamschatka, and the other Timbuctoo!

"Let it no longer be so with us, dear Lucy. You are too young, and, I must say, too pretty, to claim the reverence usually paid to an aunt—a personage whom I am obliged to figure to my imagination, never having had one, for you know that old Sir John's daughter died young. The ideal aunt comes before me as an apparition in a high cap and light brown wig, grimly bespectacled, perpetually knitting, and lecturing any unfortunate nieces within reach. Let us then establish a relationship unknown to the Herald's College, or to that forbidding table of consanguinity and affinity hung up at your parish church-doors, which solemnly proclaims, *in terrorem*, that 'A man may not marry with his grandmother, grandfather's wife, or wife's grandmother.' You shall be my sister-aunt, and I will pay you all due deference as a kind of sisterly niece—a mysterious combination of things, a sort of wyvern, harpy, siren, skait, and mermaid in equal proportions. This is pretty well for a reserved young lady, you will say; but, then, you must remember that I live very much alone, and in the sphere of my own thoughts, as you also describe yourself: with this difference, however, that while you have your Edith, I have only my harpsichord, and the library here, stocked with 'sterner stuff' than usually makes up the material of a young woman's reading. So that, while my solitude emancipates me from the round of unmeaning prettinesses in which most girls seem to live, or vegetate, the authors who cheer my lonely hours may have given me, unconsciously, a cast of thought more independent, perhaps even more tending to be masculine, than is fitting at my age, or indeed at any age. If you discover symptoms of this, I beg you kindly to tell me: 'hold me up a glass'—as saith Prince Hamlet to his mother—that shall mirror to me my true defects. You will see, from this, that Shakspeare is not excluded from my list of authors; though I chiefly know him by his 'Beauties'—extracts of choice passages made by an unfortunate clergyman\* who was hanged for forging—not Shakspeare, but a promissory note—before you and I were born.

"Now, you will think you have encountered a formidable correspondent, and that, having once begun, I am likely to inflict on you fully as much as you will care to read. So I pass on to tell you how sorry I am that you should be under anxiety about Uncle Walter and his plans. In that respect, you and I may have a true sympathy with each other; we are both cut off from any real heart's communication

\* The Rev. Dr. Todd, who having been a popular preacher in London, after various adventures, forged the name of his patron and former pupil, Lord Chesterfield, and was hanged for it at Tyburn, June 27, 1777.

with those who are nearest, and ought to be dearest. Ah, Lucy, may this our melancholy solitude direct us both more steadily into the one true channel that leads to happiness! And this brings me to say a word or two on the later part of your letter.

"First, though, by way of parenthesis, and by no means unimportant, I wonder whether you are left in any little difficulty regarding what Uncle Walter used to call 'the sinews of war?' You will not think it indiscreet in a near relation to ask? He has left Naples, you say, for a time; well, we both know that he is not (how shall I put it prettily?) a very exact man of business. I am pained to think that perhaps your circumstances are narrower, at the moment, than usual. And you all alone, too! Poor Lucy! But I am not going to give you sympathy from the lips only. Tell me what I can do for you. You know that I have a little independence, from poor mamma: so, now, anything that would make you more comfortable is heartily at your service: only write and tell me. Uncle Walter used to talk of people who were obliged to pledge their things at a pawnbroker's, as 'going to their uncle:' I hope you will reverse the process, and come without hesitation to your niece. Ay, come bodily! Why not follow him to England? You know what a welcome *you* would have at Ernham—as to *him*, alas! it does not depend upon me. No more on that painful topic. But remember, nothing is easier than to send you a letter of credit from my account at Smiths', of Nottingham. They let me overdraw, now and then; they did last winter, when there was a run upon my small resources for the poor weavers at Manchester.

"Well, now as to your friend the Marchesa, whom I should greatly like to know—what a funny letter!—and your own impressions of the religion around you. Being no controversialist, I am unable to place the truth before you systematically, like one who has made a study of theology. For that reason, I wish you could consult our good chaplain, Father Morton, who is as kind in heart as he is sound in knowledge. He would write to you, I am sure, fully and satisfactorily. Tell me that you will allow me to mention to him your letter; for, apart from such permission, of course I regard it as written in confidence. Meanwhile, it is perhaps as well that a lady's questions should be answered by a lady, and by one who has no stronger head than has fallen to my lot. They say of us, poor women, you know (at least, the more caustic specimens of mankind do so), that our heads are placed in our hearts; that we reason according to our affections and prepossessions, or antipathies, much more than by abstract principles. That may or may not be: it would not affect what I am going to say.

"What you tell me, I am quite prepared to believe, that you do not always find the best or most edifying examples in those whom you observe. But how should it be otherwise, Lucy, among such a number? You are in a Catholic country, and are surrounded by tens

of thousands who all hold the same faith, without a moment's doubt through the course of their lives. Think what a miracle it is that they *should* all hold a faith which condemns, in every line of its teaching, what you tell me is the practice of many among them. Your answer might perhaps be, that great masses of mankind, as Mahomedans and Buddhists, are no less persuaded of their religious system. Yes; but theirs is a degrading belief, and has (of course) no stamp of the Cross upon it. There is nothing to sacrifice or give up for it. It possesses nothing to elevate, and permits all that degrades, humanity. On the contrary, the faith which Catholics profess all over the world is the religion of the Cross; yet they who are not carrying their Cross (you say so, and I must take your account of it)—are quite conscious, all the while, that the religion which they do not 'adorn' by their conduct is the true, the only true one. More shame for them, you will answer, for not living up to it. Of course; the greater shame, and the deeper condemnation, unless they repent. Your friend says it strongly, in her letter to you. Our Divine Lord's words announce it plainly, and I need not quote them to you, who know them so well. 'Woe unto thee, Chorasin!' But am I, or are you, to be kept out of the true religion; are we to doubt its evidences, or be put off from weighing them, because many who profess it are so far from being saints? The question is, individually for each: 'What must I do to be saved?' The sin of their scandal is great, and will fall on their own heads; but it does not exonerate anyone from inquiring into the grounds for believing that their faith is true, notwithstanding. That faith asserts, calmly yet solemnly, that it must be embraced and held firmly by all who wish to please God. Does it not at the same time offer proofs? Have you given them due consideration? And if not, dear Lucy, is it not a duty you owe to God, and to yourself, not to speak of your dear child, to begin and do so? Read the lives of canonised saints, and of holy and devoted souls, though uncanonised. They are not only a standing rebuke to the lives of such Catholics as you have unhappily come across, but they prove that the Church is 'Holy' in these her true members, and in the grace she ministers to make them such. Those genuine narratives of hearts and wills absorbed in God, living for Him alone, emptied of self-love and self-seeking, crucified to the world, hated by it therefore in turn—do they not restore the balance of proof that the Church is that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? They do more; for, if you calmly consider it, you will see how far such sanctity transcends—(now, don't be offended, dear Lucy)—the best goodness you can find in your own communion—the decent respectability, the *pas trop de zèle*, the pony phaeton for the unexceptionable clergyman and his nicely-dressed wife and chubby darlings, who come home from their drive to the family leg-of-mutton, done to a turn.—Ach, but mine pen—like that

of the Hochwohlgeborne Von Stolzenfels—how it has done been run away with me!

"I end with another word; for you see I have nearly filled my paper. If it is a wonderful thing that two hundred millions of persons upon earth unite in believing and proclaiming that faith to be true, which, as the consciences of many among them bear inward witness, will only be their greater condemnation if they die as they are living—what, then, if all that vast number were as holy in life as they are unclouded in faith? Why, it would be a miracle so stupendous as to upset the probation of mankind. We should then all be walking by sight, not by faith, and everyone would perforce embrace the Catholic religion except born idiots, and the hopelessly hardened. Whereas, now, the Church fulfils the description its Divine Author gives of it in his Gospel. It is a field with wheat and tares growing together till the harvest; it is a net containing good and—I have only left myself room to squeeze into this last tiny corner that I am ever your affectionate H. B. Love to Edie. God grant her complete restoration."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

EMILY VAUX TO GEORGE EUSTACE.

"NOTHING has been wanting on my part, my dear Mr. Eustace, to forward your suit, short of actual persuasion. *That* I have not employed; nor would you have desired it. You have too much sensitiveness (or will you let me call it pride?) to urge, or to wish me to urge on your behalf, what you have solicited as a free and willing response to a proposal dictated by your spontaneous feeling. I, on my part, will use no mere forms of speech in the answer with which I am entrusted. The alliance you have offered to Helen Bracton is, in itself, as I have not hesitated to say to her, a very flattering one: it is, indeed, such as any young lady in her position might feel proud in accepting. Apart from your worldly prospects, which of course are brilliant, you come before her with qualities of head and heart such as no casual acquaintance, even, could fail to appreciate. And it is from no insensibility to these, let me assure you, that my friend entrusts me with a gentle but very firm refusal of the offer.

"Such, dear Mr. Eustace, is the result of my negotiation on your behalf. And now, if you ask me, as indeed you have every right to do, whether I can assign a reason, you must remember that the very qualities which attracted you in my friend might have seemed, from the first, in some measure to discourage your suit. You felt that Helen was distinctly removed above the usual run of young ladies who are met with in society; had she not been so, you would certainly



not have thought of her for a passing moment. But you have not, perhaps, realised sufficiently the direction in which that superiority of mind has led her. If I spend a little time in trying to show it, you will attribute this to the deep interest I have in the friend of my youth, on one hand, and the sincere regard I entertain for yourself on the other. You are disappointed, and I feel for you while you read these words: it is therefore an act of charity—not to offer you consolation—your manliness would turn from that thought—but to make it plain to you, rather as a matter of head than of heart, why you have been unsuccessful.

“You know enough, then, of the teaching and the whole system of the Church to which both Helen and myself belong, to understand that among the prospects before the mind of a Catholic girl, the cloister holds a very distinct and appreciable place. You will find few families of our belief in England (as to those on the Continent, you know them better than I do), who have not one or more members in ‘religion,’ that is, vowed to the conventual life. Nor are these by any means the disappointed ones, or the least gifted of the family. The non-Catholic world is pleased to suppose otherwise; and to represent the nun as either an idiotic, half-developed creature, who, never having known life, is unconscious of what she resigns by her vow and her seclusion; or, again, as the victim, unwilling and all too conscious, whom a parent’s tyranny, or a priest’s machinations, or a disappointed affection, has sent to ‘peek and pine’ behind the *grille*. Such fictions may help to swell the pages of a romance, or may be unworthily used to rouse the indignation of a mob, or to obtain a vote in parliament; but we in real life know better. On the contrary, those girls who have determined to consecrate themselves to a cloistered life are generally the members of the family circle who have been noted for high spirits; sometimes, indeed, for a manifest will of their own. For it requires a fair share both of cheerfulness and decisive will to carry one thro’ a life which contradicts, at every turn, the natural inclination of people to belong to themselves, and follow their own fancies. I may seem to be wandering a little from my point; for you would answer that Helen, though quietly cheerful, is not very remarkable for high spirits, and that she is not in the cloister. But hear me out, for I am coming to what she is.

“This tendency towards a consecrated life among Catholic girls, and among their elders also, manifests itself even in those who may not feel personally called to religion. It arises partly from having been educated in convent schools, or from the visits paid from time to time to their nun-relations; but much more from the teaching of the Church itself. Catholics realise that while marriage is a holy, nay, a sacramental state of life, there is one yet higher and holier, for those who are either called to it from early years, or by prayer and a strong

determination can win it. The common tradition of this country is, and has been for a mistaken three hundred years, that marriage is woman's highest appointed sphere—that, if this is missed, there is a *vic manquée*. *Nous autres*, we hold to no such theory, which we are convinced is Jewish, not to say pagan, rather than Christian. By *we*, I mean, indeed, all Catholics, but especially Helen, for that is your point of interest. As your ambassadress, I have made it my duty to know her whole mind. Children of the Church, then, and Helen foremost, we hold in especial honour a life such as the apostle describes as the best, because the nearest to God: "The unmarried woman thinketh on the things of the Lord; but she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband." I am turning preacher, you will think: but is it not the best way of preaching patience to you, to show you that Helen's determination is probably founded in the nature of things, and certainly from no depreciation of yourself?

"Then, you see, I am speaking, all along, as though you were one with us in religion: and I do so, in order to touch as gently as possible on the sad fact that Helen and yourself are so widely separated on that all-important question. You can hardly be supposed, my dear Mr. Eustace, to enter into our feelings with regard to that great wide gulf of separation, or the shrinking with which we look upon what is termed 'a mixed marriage.' I am very sure that my dear friend might confide implicitly in your honourable, faithful fulfilment of the promises which, on your part, would be the necessary conditions of such an alliance. But with all that, what a gulf—I say it again—what a gulf would always be between you!

"That you might not hereafter be able to overcome Helen's determination, should you think it worth the time, devotion, and perseverance, that would certainly be needed, which few would bestow, and fewer could withstand, is more than I venture to say. But, knowing her as I have, since our early girlhood, I think it very unlikely that she will ever change. Meanwhile, are you not in the condition which a thoughtful poet describes?—

"Yet deem him not unbless:  
The certainty that struck hope dead  
Had left contentment in its stead,  
And that is next to best.  
So on an oaken sprout  
A goodly acorn grew;  
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,  
And fill'd the cup with dew."

"*'From heaven;'* that is the text of my discourse: and may all the dew of consolation, or at least contentment, be yours.

"But I will not refrain from adding another word. Woman though I am, I feel that the best and truest recoil from the state of hopeful

pursuit which is no longer yours, would be some special absorbing activity, arising from devotion to some great, some noble purpose, for the good of your kind. What, let me ask you, Mr. Eustace—what are you doing, what living for? Will any number of your fellow-men have reason to bless your existence, from your present energy on their behalf? When you pass away, will you have left any good mark behind? You have prospects in the future? ah, so many others have thought, and have sat down by the river's brink to wait till the water should flow away, and leave them a passage dry-shod! Why wait for what may never come? Why give yourself up to procrastination, which every schoolboy's copy-book tells him is 'the thief of time?' You see, I deal with you as a true friend, and do not spare. I may claim some title to this plain-speaking, for my own life is pledged to daily realities, though in so much narrower a sphere of activity. But give me your 'ten talents,' your position among your fellow-men, your personal (though latent) energy, and manifold glorious opportunities—let me have such a fulcrum, and, like Archimedes, I would—ah, well, well—I am not Archimedes, but only, dear Mr. Eustace,

"Your sincere and very candid (perhaps over-candid?) friend,

"EMILY VAUX.

"*Bedford Place, August 2, 1812.*

"P.S.—My husband, who sees me at my writing-table, and partly, I think, guesses the subject of my letter, like an acute lawyer, as you know him to be, begs me to give you his kind remembrances. I have kept your confidence sacred, as if I were a father-confessor; but he has a wonderful faculty of cross-examining with his eyes, and is almost as interested in Helen's happiness as myself. There now, I am sure you will forgive me all my scolding, since my last word is about *her*."

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## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE PARK.

"*Oho!* let us draw bridle," said Eustace, as if out of breath; for he wanted to continue his talk with Morton. It had been interrupted by their canter through an unfrequented glade of Hyde Park, not then as strictly enclosed as now. Those were the days when Apsley House was still the hereditary possession of Lord Rivers, when no bronze Achilles threw himself into an attitude, nor the other metal monstrosity of an equestrian duke, with cocked hat and portentous nose, made a triumphal arch hideous. The arch, indeed, was unbuilt, for the triumphs were not yet completely won, and the Duke whose prominent feature was to be thus stereotyped for all time, was only about that moment being created Marquis of Wellington.

"You are a horseman, Mr. Morton," said Eustace, glancing at his companion, and inwardly criticising with approval his seat in the saddle.

"There is nothing," answered the priest, quietly, "out of character with my *cloth*, as people would phrase it, in knowing how to ride. In my day, I have been a member of several hunts."

Eustace, too high-bred to show any curiosity as to what the other might mean by "his day," merely gave a half-inquiring look. But Father Morton was of a frank and genial nature, with no secrets of his own, however discreet in guarding those of others intrusted to him. He saw the look, and responded to it.

"I was not bred in a priest's cassock," he said, laughingly; "nor within the fold of the Church, either. Some fifteen years ago saw me rather a young lawyer, with no small degree of professional zeal, aye, and ambition. As to religion, I am sorry to say, I took things much as they came, like my fathers before me."

"Indeed?" returned his companion, with undisguised interest. "Then you must have begun life over again, just as it was fully opening to you. In short, you have led two lives!"

Morton assented. "The fabled metempsychosis of the Indian," he said, "does not represent a more complete change than has passed upon me."

Eustace rode on in silence. At length he resumed. "That the change has been for your happiness none can doubt"—his tone contained a mild inquiry, but as if he feared to intrude into the inward feelings of the other.

"Entirely for my happiness," said the priest, very calmly. Then, with greater feeling: "How can a man be more completely happy or satisfied, than by finding himself in possession of the most absolute, vital truth, provided he also endeavours to live up to its requirements?"

"Ay, requirements," ejaculated Eustace, as though half to himself; "there's the rub. Your religion makes demands on a man: it *requires*, as you well express it"—

"Nothing," rejoined the other, "which does not also and manifestly conduce to the happiness of him from whom they are demanded."

"Lent, for example," urged Eustace, half playfully, yet bent on his subject. "Lent, *soupe maigre*, salt fish, cheese knocked off one day, eggs another, scourges, hair-shirts, and penances, *a discretion*."

"You are not serious," Morton answered. "I will not do a man of sense like yourself the injustice to suppose that such things would weigh with you, even so far as they are of obligation; and there you exaggerate, to complete your epigram. What would such things be to you, if you were convinced of the claims of religion on your conscience and acts?"

"Religion?" answered Eustace, somewhat moved at the priest's words; "but I was rather speaking of your Church and her laws."

"With me, you know, religion and the Church are but several terms for one idea. The Church is the lamp, religion is the heaven-sent light which it contains and preserves; and He who gave the light has made the ever-enduring lamp, by one and the same decree."

"So that the Church, you would say, is perpetual, because the revelation it is to hang on is unchanging?"

"Certainly; perpetual and infallible also, or it would not come up to the first idea of a Church, nor could it do the work of one. A Church perpetual, yet not infallible, what would that be? It would inherit the curse of Tithonus over again; poor old Tithonus, of whom, you remember, the Greeks fabled that the immortals bestowed on him immortality, but forgot to add a perpetual youth like their own; so that he dragged on his undying days in a miserable perpetuity of decrepitude."

"Very true," said Eustace, slowly, with his horse at a walk, and his feet out of the stirrups: "if the Church is to teach at all, beyond mere theory or guess work, it must needs be able to teach without peril of erring, or leading into error."

"A thing so true," said the priest, "as to be a truism."

"And if its existence were continued, without that other gift, it would be a prolonged curse, and no blessing."

"It might become a fossilised falsehood," responded Morton, earnestly and emphatically.

"The fact," he added, after a pause, "that your communion disclaims the possession of infallible truth, by disclaiming the power of infallibly discerning——"

"Hallo, Eustace!" exclaimed a handsome and very distinguished-looking man of about fifty, splendidly mounted, who was cantering by, and pulled up his horse when he saw whom he was passing: "what, are you riding to a funeral? Fatigued after the Duchess's late hours, eh? But perhaps," he added, with a glance at Morton, "I am interrupting you?"

"Not at all, my lord," answered Eustace, shaking him cordially by the hand. "Let me present to you the reverend Mr. Morton, chaplain to Sir Edward Bracton. Father Morton, Lord Wellesley."

The Marquis raised his hat with great courtesy; and Morton, returning the salute, added:

"I am well aware to whom I have the honour of being presented. Though living a good deal out of the world, I have heard that, not many months back, Lord Wellesley resigned his seat in the Cabinet rather than forego his generous advocacy of the political rights of my co-religionists."

"Sir," said Lord Wellesley, "you do me more than justice by

mentioning it so handsomely. It was simply a sense of right that induced me to go so far with the Prince Regent as to make His Royal Highness's assent to the Catholic claims the condition of my continuing to serve him in the Foreign Office. The claims—nay, I will say, with yourself, the *rights* of eight or nine millions of my fellow-subjects in the two islands were no longer to be ignored; may I have life to advocate them still."

"And you may depend upon it," he added, in an earnest tone, "that the day will come, whichever of us may live to see it, when those claims will speak loudly, and *must* be heard."

"That I quite believe, my lord," answered Morton. "The injustice of the present state of things becomes too glaring from day to day; I have a perfect confidence that good sense and fair dealing will triumph, sooner or later."

"It is the whirligig of time," observed Eustace, "that often brings its wholesome and peaceful revenges, as well as revolutions, by the mere force of its passage."

"What I desire to see," continued the Marquis, "will come either by the steady onward pressure of public opinion, or by the personal efforts of some leader who shall arise to devote his life to that one cause; or by both combined. But he must be a man of one idea. A divided life, a failure in concentration, will not effect it. Probably both causes will combine; and they will draw in our mutual friend Eustace, here, who has stuff enough in him to second George Canning in his efforts in that direction, either in the Lower House, where he has not yet enlightened the nation by his maiden speech, or in the Upper, when he gets there—eh, old fellow? How is that idiotic cousin of yours, Riversdale?"

"We may congratulate you, at least, my lord, on your good spirits," said Eustace, laughing. "The Foreign Secretary of last winter would have worn a graver brow."

"Ay," assented Wellealey, gaily; "the poor dog would have been wearing the official collar, and chained to his desk in Downing-street."

"Not writing dog-latin, at least," remarked Morton, knowing the classical attainments of the man he addressed, who had been one of the most elegant scholars of his day at Eton and at Oxford, and had retained his facility in Latin and Greek verse.

The Marquis bowed to the merited compliment.

"Meanwhile, what are we about," said Eustace, "not to congratulate you on Lord Wellington's successes in the Peninsula? Why, he has made that word famous to all time. The Peninsula! We shall cease to speak of Spain and Portugal, and forget whether Vimeira and Torres Vedras are in one, or Talavera and Salamanca in the other. It is simply one field of glory and success, traversed by one master

spirit; victory in his train, because mercy and right go before him."

He spoke with an enthusiasm quite unusual with him; his cheek flushed, and his eye kindled, as he thought of those deeds.

"What I specially like, and, frankly, what I admire about Arthur's whole career," said Lord Wellealey, looking much pleased at Eustace, "is the absence of any thought connected with the word you have just used to describe him. I never heard him, to my remembrance, speak of *glory*; but he speaks of *duty* as often as you like. This seems to occupy his whole thought; and as to his exploits, you never hear him mention them except in connexion with others, his officers and his men. Of them he is all praise, in his own quiet way. I was with him, perhaps you may remember, in Spain, just three years ago. They sent me out as Ambassador Extraordinary, and I landed at Cadiz the very day he fought that pummelling match at Talavera. We met at Seville the same autumn, and I had opportunity of observing the absolute confidence he inspired, and his personal modesty, and steady regard to duty. It was the same when he came home from India, after Assaye. To hear him talk, you would suppose that others had won the battle, and that he had been in command of a company somewhere among the reserve."

"They say," remarked Eustace, "that Napoleon, trying to minimise the hero who has outmatched his boasted marshals, says of him that he is a man of great firmness, but no general."

Wellealey laughed heartily. "'The proof of the pudding,'" he answered, "as a very elegant proverb tells us, 'is in the eating.' Let them remember the patient forethought at Torres Vedras, and the eleven days (as against the Frenchman's six months' siege, previously) that sufficed to take Ouidad Rodrigo. These are some of the things that ought to open people's eyes; and yet, see how he is thwarted at every turn by a niggardly and tardy Government! If he wins, it is as much in spite of people at home as of the jealous *Junta* out there, or the enemy in the field. But come, I can tell you in turn a saying of Arthur's about the Corsican, that has more generosity than what you quote. 'Napoleon,' I have heard him remark, 'is a great man, but a great actor.'"

"The second part," observed Morton, "is perhaps no derogation to the first. Among other qualities of intellectual greatness is the faculty, which is genius when intuitive, of discerning the character, whether national or personal, of those whom a man has to deal with; and working upon it. Napoleon has had to learn the French character, impulsive, dramatic, easily caught by glitter, always dreaming of glory; and he now wields his knowledge with the skill and precision of a master."

"We must allow that," said Eustace, "spite of John Bull and his

prejudice. What could be more finely conceived than his few words, his stirring address to his men before the Battle of the Pyramids?"

"Refresh my memory," said Lord Wellesley.

"Full in view, then, of the imperishable monuments of Cheops and Rameses, whose outlines loomed not far off, he simply exclaimed to his troops: 'Soldiers! from the heights of those Pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you!'"

"Good," said the Marquis; "it might have been Tacitus idealising an address of his father-in-law, Agricola, to his troops in Britain. But, after all, does it go so right to the point, or really stir the heart, just when a man is going to venture his all upon a cast, like poor Nelson's signal before Trafalgar?—'England expects every man to do his duty.' There is *duty* for you, again, before glory; cause and country before self. And I take that to be the better battle-cry, as well as the nobler impulse."

"But whom have we here?" he added, as a horseman approached them at a hand-gallop. "Why, Canning himself, spurring for a constitutional! Poor drudge in office! I can afford to laugh at him now, as a free man. Mr. Morton, you must prepare a pretty speech for Canning, too, for you know what efforts he is making for Catholic Emancipation."

The horseman passed them like the wind, his pale, classical face presented to them for a moment, as he waved his hand. Wellesley cried out to him, turning in his saddle, like a Parthian:

"Behind the rider sits grim care!"\*

and Canning's laugh was borne back to them, as he disappeared amid a cloud of dust.

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\* *Post equitem sedet atra cura.* Lord Wellesley would, of course, have quoted the original from Horace, for Canning was a classical scholar as accomplished as himself.



A HOT DAY.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

**O**H! would I heard the patter  
Of the raindrops on the trees,  
And saw the hot dust scatter  
In a breeze.

Earth palpitates, half sleeping  
In the ardent sun's embrace;  
A drowsy look is creeping  
O'er her face.

No tiny leaflets quiver,  
Scarcely breathes the swooning rose;  
The lazy, lukewarm river  
Hardly flows.

The outstretched pussy watches  
On the window where she lies,  
Too languid now for snatches  
At the flies.

My panting dogs assemble  
In the corners of the hall;  
Their tails but feebly tremble  
At my call.

The cows in yonder meadow  
Are too indolent to low;  
The sycamores a shadow  
Scarce can throw.

Now and then a birdie waking  
Trills out a liquid note;  
The second dies unshaken  
In its throat.

The busy bees are humming  
O'er a luscious flower-bed;  
With louder buzz they're coming  
Round my head.

'Neath the blind the sun is throwing  
Golden lines upon the floor;  
The beams are coming, going  
At the door.

I hear the old clock ticking  
As the sultry moments pass;  
And a small grasshopper clicking  
In the grass.

I hear the children playing  
In the meadow, gay and lithe,  
And the full and measured swaying  
Of the scythe.

I hear the kettle singing  
Low its cosy little song;  
And the smithy's anvil ringing  
Clear and strong.

I hear the turkeys calling,  
And complaining sleepily;  
I feel my lashes falling,—  
Lo! I see.

Mowers, kettles, turkey faces  
In fantastic measures meet,  
And fair visions of green places  
Without heat.

But I awaken starting  
At the flapping of the blind;  
Oh, thank God, the sun's departing—  
Here's the wind!

## T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P., AS A POET.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE newspapers have kindly furnished us with various analyses of the classes and professions represented in the reigning Parliament. Thus we have been informed how many lawyers there are in the House, how many publishers, how many journalists, and so forth. No information, however, seems to have been given as to the number of poets among Her Majesty's faithful Commons. A slight examination of the Supplement to Eason's Almanac for 1880 has not enabled us to discover even one other poet to pair with the senior Member for Westmeath. But as long as Mr. Sullivan retains the two initials which we have placed after his name in the title of this paper, there will be at least one poet in Parliament.

The little biographical note which *The Graphic* joined lately to his portrait among the new M.P.'s tells us that Mr. Timothy Daniel Sullivan was born in 1827, and is the eldest brother of the newest Member for Meath, Mr. Alexander Martin Sullivan, so that the two sister counties, East Meath and West Meath, are now represented by two brothers. After Gavan Duffy began a new career in Melbourne and Cashel Hoey in London, the *Nation* became identified with the Sullivan family, more than one member of which (beside the two we have named) have shown themselves to possess literary talent. Perhaps the traditional poetic fame of the journal which recalls the memory of Thomas Davis and so many others was at first an incentive to Mr. Sullivan to exercise his natural gift for dashing off ballad and song. At any rate, in the midst of all the dust and noise of politics, he has contrived to keep singing, singing, like that "dear little bird" that he apostrophised not very long ago, thanking it for flinging out its notes in such bright profusion from a certain window-sill in Middle Abbey-street, Dublin—probably No. 90, the office of the *Nation* newspaper:—

"Dear birdie, I know why you sing 'midst all these bricks and mortar;

'Tis not because you pay no rent per week or by the quarter;

'Tis not because your little needs are watched and tended daily,

That o'er our highway's sullen roar your notes ascend so gaily.

No hidden laws conceal the cause—a sentence will explain it:

God gave to you the gift of song, and you cannot restrain it."

The reason conveyed in the last of these lines applies in due measure to our esteemed publisher's colleague in the representation of Westmeath.

Mr. Sullivan's poetical writings, as far as they have been collected, are contained in two well-filled volumes, of which the smallest and

most recent—"Green Leaves"—is a sort of supplement to the volume of "Poems." The larger volume contains a poem of very considerable length—"Dunboy," a spirited and interesting Irish historical tale, varying in metre with the changing theme and interspersed with lyrics of divers kinds. The poet's shorter and lighter pieces, however, lend themselves more readily to our present purpose; and we take as our first specimen a less martial strain—a very gentle strain in sooth, levelled against certain cruel sportsmen who would dare to make birds of song their prey. Here is his "plea for the song-birds:"

"Spare the little singing-birds, oh, turn your guns away!  
 Leave the little singing-birds to sing upon the spray!  
 Life is all too full of sighs, of sorrows and of wrongs—  
 Spare the little melodists that fill the air with songs!  
 Why should they by cruel shots to gloomy death be hurled?  
 Surely there is not too much of music in the world!  
 Fowlers, seek some other spoil; turn your guns away,  
 Leave the little singing-birds alive upon the spray!"

"In the pleasant summer time, when all the woods are green,  
 Would you have a solemn silence brooding o'er the scene?  
 Think how great a charm were lost to tender morns and eves,  
 If no tuneful little throats sang out amid the leaves!  
 Not to every bird that flies the bliss of song is given,  
 Few they are that bear with them that special gift of heaven.  
 Sportsmen, if you needs must shoot, choose what else you may,  
 But leave the little singing-birds alive upon the spray!"

"Gunsmen, by your own firesides, on many a pleasant night,  
 Did not music touch your hearts with deep and fond delight?  
 Heard you not the thrilling song with eager, list'ning ears,  
 As it lit your eyes with mirth, or made them moist with tears?  
 Ah, but if you truly love the sad or merry strain,  
 If you'd hear sweet music made by gentle hands again,  
 If you'd have your hearts still gladdened by the poet's lay,  
 Spare the little singing-birds that sing upon the spray!"

Mr. Sullivan has not, as far as we know, made use of any fanciful *nom de plume*, such as used to be in vogue in the "Poet's Corner" of the *early Nation*. For instance, to the foregoing lines the initials T. D. S. were appended in the *Nation* of Feb. 12, 1876, while on the next Saturday it printed the following retort, which has certain claims to be at home in some of our *this Magazine*, though manifestly it is taken from "Green Leaves":—

"Ay, save the little singing-birds, and bid them fill the grove  
 With mirth and melody, with motion, with melody and love.  
 But yet their numbers are so few, we now the loss deplore,  
 Since it has cost so much to save the poet! to save the poet more."

"The chirping of the robin, the carol of the thrush,  
The nightingale's rich warbling, the skylark's liquid gush—  
Each in the glorious concert of nature has its part;  
But better than all song-birds our Irish poet's heart.

"Then let the gentle birdies still flit from spray to spray,  
Still lit their airy music and live their little day.  
But they for whom thou pleadest have no such gift of song  
As God has lent thee, Poet! Ah! be not silent long.

M. R.

We confess to grave doubts as to the judiciousness of joining pieces like the "Plea for the Song Birds" with a vast number of political squibs which are generally melancholy rather than mirth-provoking after the circumstances which gave them birth have passed away. Some of those contained in these volumes are very cleverly turned and very cleverly rhymed. But Moore also blended together the politician and the poet. Our present *étude*, however, must exclude from consideration the many vigorous poems, grave and gay, suggested by contemporary incidents and the passing phases of political life. Here, too, as everywhere, concentration is of mighty potency. Mr. Sullivan, absorbed in the exciting battles of journalism and public life, could not be expected to give to poetry the absolute and entire devotion she exacts from her more favoured clients. His verses are often most fluent and musical improvisations rather than poems sculptured patiently with art-concealing art.

There is a great deal of heartiness and effective chorusing in some of Mr. Sullivan's songs. Here is one which he calls "A Song from the Backwoods," which must touch greatly the hearts of "poor exiles far away":—

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
From one bright island flown;  
Great is the land we tread, but yet  
Our hearts are with our own.  
And ere we leave this shanty small,  
While fades the autumn day,  
We'll toast old Ireland!  
Dear old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

"We've heard her faults a hundred times,  
The new ones and the old,  
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,  
Enlarged some fifty fold.  
But take them all, the great and small,  
And this we've got to say:—  
Here's dear old Ireland!  
Good old Ireland!  
Ireland, boys, hurra!

- "We know that brave and good men tried  
To snap her rusty chain,  
That patriots suffered, martyrs died,  
And all, 'tis said, in vain :  
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show  
How far they've won their way—  
Here's good old Ireland !  
Loved old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurra !
- "We've seen the wedding and the wake,  
The patron and the fair ;  
The stuff they take, the fun they make,  
And the heads they break down there,  
With a loud ' hurroo ' and a ' pillalu,'  
And a thundering ' clear the way !'—  
Here's gay old Ireland !  
Dear old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurra !
- "And well we know in the cool gray eves,  
When the hard day's work is o'er,  
How soft and sweet are the words that greet  
The friends who meet once more ;  
With ' Mary machree ! ' and ' My Pat ! 'tis he !'  
And ' My own heart night and day !'  
Ah, fond old Ireland !  
Dear old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurra
- "And happy and bright are the groups that pass  
From their peaceful homes, for miles  
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,  
When Sunday morn smiles !  
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel  
When low they kneel and pray :  
Oh, dear old Ireland !  
Blest old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurra !
- "But deep in Canadian woods we've met,  
And we never may see again  
The dear old isle where our hearts are set,  
And our first fond hopes remain !  
But come, fill up another cup  
And with every sup let's say—  
Here's loved old Ireland !  
Good old Ireland !  
Ireland, boys, hurra !"

There are three things—besides many other good things—which  
you always expect from a true Irish heart: pathos, playfulness, and

piety; and all three are fully represented in the leaves that we are turning rapidly over. One of the best samples of Mr. Sullivan's muse in her playful mood is "The Cluricaune," a cunning member of our race of fairies who is described as plying the trade of a shoemaker on a very small scale.

"Oh, gaily sings the Cluricaune,  
When not a mortal's near him,  
At rosy eve or pearly dawn,  
When but the birds can hear him.  
Beneath the branches of the trees,  
By shrubs and grasses hidden,  
He spreads his apron o'er his knees,  
And works away unbidden.  
And well he shapes the tiny brogue,  
And well he cuts the leather,  
And deftly binds the little rogue,  
His soles and vamps together.

"His last's a pebble smooth and small,  
The stuff he sews around it  
Was ivy on some tree or wall,  
Till fairy fingers found it.  
For awls he picks the thistle spikes,  
For thongs, the grass blades narrow;  
The hammers twain wherewith he strikes  
Are thigh bones of a sparrow;  
He pulls the little thorns for tacks  
From off the prickly bushes;  
The wild bee's nest supplies his wax,  
For twine he peels the rushes,  
But all his work is only play,  
He knows no care or sorrow,  
He needs not fear a 'rainy day,'  
Or think about to-morrow."

His rambles are described in a very lively manner. Suddenly a brawny peasant grasps the little fellow by the neck and vows never to release him till he shows him

"Where, in days of old,  
'Neath bush, or stone, or stubble,  
Rich people buried crocks of gold  
In times of war and trouble."

In spite of sundry very ingenious devices to throw his captor off his guard, the poor little Cluricaune is held fast till he brings the peasant to a stalk of yellow groundsel, beneath which the treasure lies buried. As the man has unfortunately no spade, he is obliged to postpone the raising of the crock of gold; so he marks the spot carefully, and lets the Cluricaune off on his own recognisances. When he can escape notice, the lucky peasant returns with the proper tools, and on his

way he builds a good many castles with the money. Of course he will at once bid

“Good-by to toil and care,  
 To plough, and spade, and harrow,  
 To tattered clothes and humble fare,  
 And cabin dark and narrow ;  
 For soon he'll have a grand estate,  
 'Twould take a day to view it—  
 A fine big house, an entrance-gate,  
 With gravel-walks right through it.  
 And happy there as man can be,  
 At rest from all his labours,  
 He'll evermore be glad to see  
 And help his good old neighbours.  
 When rents are tight, and markets slack,  
 When there's no price for butter,  
 When oats are light, potatoes black,  
 And turnips rot to gutter :  
 Then oft, to help him o'er his loss,  
 He'll fill the poor man's pocket,  
 And never ask his name or cross  
 To I O U or docket.  
 His own *colleen*—upon his life,  
 To her he'll prove no traitor—  
 No other girl should be his wife,  
 Even if his luck were greater.  
 Och, there are 'ladies' he can see,  
 With puny forms and faces,  
 Pale, thin, and cold—what would they be  
 But for their silks and laces ?  
 But wait till Mary, plump and red,  
 Strong-limbed, bright-eyed, and merry,  
 Sets up a bonnet on her head,  
 Decked out with leaf and berry ;  
 Has round her neck—that's white as milk—  
 Gold chains and shining spangles,  
 And yards on yards of whispering silk,  
 In flounces round her ankles—  
 Ha ! now he's near the very land,  
 As morn is breaking brightly ;  
 Soon by that glorious weed he'll stand—  
 He's sure he marked it rightly.  
 And then 'tis but an hour of toil,  
 And sure the work will please him,  
 'Tis but to dig some feet of soil—  
 How lucky no one sees him !  
 The field is large ! In last night's gloom  
 It looked not half so spacious—  
 And see, the field is all a-bloom  
 With groundsel stalks ! good gracious !  
 Ah, but he'll find that deep-cut ring  
 He marked around his *own* one—  
 Yes, knotted with that piece of string,  
 It must be soon a known one.



But what is this? The stalks, O Lord!  
 Have *all* such marks to bound them—  
 They all are tied with just *such* cord,  
 In just such knots around them!  
 Oh, cruel trick, oh, shameful cheat—  
 Oh, spiteful, wicked fairy!  
 Oh, bitter piece of black deceit,  
 To rob himself and Mary!  
 Oh, if he had another hold  
 Of that old ruffian's wizen,  
 He'd keep him till he'd got the gold  
 From out its gloomy prison.  
 But who could delve to holes and grooves  
 That field of forty acres,  
 In midnight hours, when no one moves  
 But troubled ghosts and bakers?  
 And who, while shines the noonday sun  
 On wood, and grass, and tillage,  
 Could labour there, and bear the fun  
 And scoff of all the village?  
 He turns him homeward, sad at heart—  
 Why does he stop to listen?  
 Why does he stamp, and threat, and start?  
 What makes his eye-balls glisten?  
 He hears that thief, the Cluricaune,  
 Far off amidst the heather,  
 A singing of the *Cruiskeen lawn*,  
 And tapping of his leather."

This rogue of a leprachaun or cluricaun has delayed us so long with his tricks that we have not time or space for many more extracts. As a specimen of Mr. Sullivan's quiet pathos our choice might fall on the poem "Between Decks," which gives in her own words the last wishes and prayers of a poor Irishwoman who dies on board ship, when emigrating with her husband and children to America. But first it gives her ravings while in her last sickness she fancies she is at home in the old place still. Her husband interrupts her—

"God ease your poor brain that's burning,  
 God look on you, darling, and me;  
 Still homeward your thoughts are turning,  
 But Mary, love, Mary *machree*,  
 Sure we're all in the big ship, sailing  
 Hundreds of miles to sea!

"And the captain said in my hearing,  
 To-day, that in three days more,  
 He knew, by the course we were steering,  
 We'd reach the American shore—  
 Three short days, *acushla*—  
 Only three days, *asthore*!"

When she recovers from her delirium, the poor dying mother goes on thus:—

“Michael, dear, what was I saying?  
Some foolishness sure; never heed;  
Fall on your knees and be praying—  
There are my prayer-book and bead,  
With a mark where the litany opens—  
Tell little Michael to read.

“Kiss me, loves, each of you kiss me—  
Once more a loving embrace!  
Dear little babies, you’ll miss me:  
God give you guidance and grace;  
May his Immaculate Mother  
Be mother to you in my place.

“Pardon me, Heavenly Father,  
If something my weak heart would crave,  
If sadly I own I would rather  
My bones were not sunk in the wave,  
But lay where the bright little shamrocks  
Would twine themselves over my grave;

“At home, where my people before me  
Lie waiting their Saviour to meet,  
A stone with a cross standing o’er me,  
A stone with the Lamb at my feet;  
At home where the priest would come reading,  
And keep the place holy and sweet.

“But, Michael *agra*, sure they tell us  
Of many a body long drowned,  
Of sailors, and other poor fellows,  
Brought home by the surges, and found  
On shore by the kind-hearted people,  
Who lay them in consecrate ground.

“Oh! grant to me, good God of heaven!  
My body, when days have rolled past,  
Even so to the shore may be driven,  
High up on the strand may be cast,  
And may rest in the earth of old Ireland,  
My own Holy Island, at last!”

And here we should end at last, but we wish to end with the beautiful story of the “Death of King Conor MacNessa,” though it is too long to quote in full, and it is besides the best known of Mr. Sullivan’s poems, having often been selected for recitation at Convent Distributions of Prizes. That such a tradition should purport to come down from pagan Ireland is in itself a proof of the piety of the Celtic heart. The Ireland of the legend was so pagan that her warriors used to form balls out of the brains of the champions whom they had slain

in single combat. With the brain-ball of Meesgedra King Conor Mac Nessa was struck down in battle. It was buried deep in his forehead; and his physicians announced that he would survive the wound, but on condition of abstaining from all excitement of joy or anger, feasting or fighting; for, the instant such excitement was felt, the brain-ball would leap forth from the monarch's forehead, and in that same moment he would die.

Thus King Connor abode in living death. The chase, the wine-cup, the combat, were debarred to him—him

“The strong-handed smiter of champions, the piercer of armour and shields,  
The foremost in earth-shaking onsets, the last out of blood-sodden fields.”

The poet proceeds to describe very feelingly the melancholy state of the king while obeying this cruel prescription of the medical faculty.

“Above him the eagle went wheeling, before him the deer galloped by,  
And the quick-legged rabbits went skipping from green glades and burrows a-nigh;  
The song-birds sang out from the copses, the bees passed on musical wing,  
And all things were happy and busy, save Conor Mac Nessa, the King!

One day, after many years, the King and his people were affrighted by a sudden darkness and storm that came on at noon, accompanied by such portents that King Connor sent for his druids to learn how their angry gods were to be appeased.

“‘O King,’ said the white-bearded druid, ‘the truth unto me has been shown,  
There lives but *one* God, the Eternal; far up in high heaven is his throne.  
He looked upon men with compassion, and sent from his kingdom of light  
His Son, in the shape of a mortal, to teach them and guide them aright.  
Near the time of your birth, O King Conor, the Saviour of mankind was born,  
And since then in the kingdoms far eastward He taught, toiled, and prayed, till this  
morn,  
When wicked men seized him, fast bound Him with nails to a cross, lanced his side,  
And that moment of gloom and confusion was earth's cry of dread when He died.

“‘O King, He was gracious and gentle, his heart was all pity and love,  
And for men He was ever beseeching the grace of his Father above;  
He helped them, He healed them, He blessed them; He laboured that all might attain  
To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where never comes sorrow or pain;  
But they rose in their pride and their folly, their hearts filled with merciless rage,  
That only the sight of his lifeblood fast poured from his heart could assuage:  
Yet while on the cross-beams uplifted, his body racked, tortured, and riven,  
He prayed—not for justice or vengeance, but asked that his foes be forgiven.’

“With a bound from his seat rose King Conor, the red flush of rage on his face,  
Fast he ran through the hall for his weapons, and snatching his sword from its place,  
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs that dropped down with each blow,  
And he cried: ‘Were I 'midst the vile rabble, I'd cleave them to earth even so!  
With the strokes of a high King of Erin, the whirls of my keen-tempered sword,  
I would save from their horrible fury that mild and that merciful Lord.’  
His frame shook and heaved with emotion; the brain-ball leaped forth from his head,  
And commending his soul to that Saviour, King Conor Mac Nessa fell dead.”

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERREEVIL," ETC.

### BOOK SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### LISBETH'S VIEWS.

AT Milan Kevin kept up his habit of rising with the Italians themselves and spending the first hours of the daylight in exploring the neighbourhood of the town. One morning, when returning from an early ramble, he met Fraulein Lisbeth on the road. She seemed pleased to see him, and proposed to accompany him home; a suggestion which Kevin received with courtesy, though he would rather have been alone, preferring his own thoughts to her querulous complaints.

"You see I have to make expeditions on my own account," she said. "Yes, yes; I know I am often invited to see the shows, but I get so tired hearing all that talk about churches and pictures. Ach himmel! Herr Kevin, how I am longing to get home!"

"I fear your patience will be tried a little longer. We are only at the beginning of our travels."

"You may be," said Fraulein Lisbeth; "but if matters were only properly arranged I might return to the Rhine. A lady can travel anywhere with her husband."

Kevin thought she alluded to the marriage of Honeywood and Ida.

"I think we must have patience there, too," he said, smiling.

The old lady laughed. "I must, perhaps, though I do not like it. But you ought not to be so slow. I think your wooing has been long enough, Herr Kevin."

Kevin looked at her in amazement. "I do not quite understand you," he said.

"Ach, you need not be so shy with an old woman. You have always been a favourite of mine; and I have known our baroness since she was a baby."

"I assure you, Fraulein," said Kevin, gravely, "that I cannot understand you."

"Oh, it is good to see how you blush. A great fellow like you. You would make me feel that though you worship the baroness Ida,

you are not so presumptuous as to aspire to her hand. Very good, my friend; but modesty can go a little too far."

"I can no longer doubt your meaning," said Kevin, after a pause of effort to control his indignation at his companion's bad taste, "and I must beg that you will jest on some other subject. I am sorry to have to rebuke you. The name of the baroness ought to be as sacred to you as to me."

"Lieber Gott!" cried Lisbeth, "are you beginning to read a lecture to me? Allow me to tell you that even the late baron himself never ventured to do it. Jest, indeed! I am speaking to you only too much in earnest. I am the only one who has courage. Herr Honeywood stands by and awaits your pleasure like a gentleman. The baroness—"

"Stop," cried Kevin, "I will not allow it. Fraulein Lisbeth, if you have fallen into a grievous, an absurd mistake, I must try to set you right. Mr. Honeywood loves, and I believe is beloved by the baroness. In any case I have never been, can never be anything more than her humble friend and servant."

"Never was anyone so clever and yet so stupid," said Lisbeth. "But, my friend, I will not quarrel with you. I have liked you ever since the first evening when you sat by and were courteous to the cross old woman. I am ready to believe that you really have not seen the good fortune that is awaiting you. Herr Honeywood loved our baroness long ago; but he did not please her, and he tired of the suit. He is willing to see her happy after her own fashion. Many have come and gone, but none have brought the smiles to her face as you have done. For my part, sour as I am, I am glad to see the change. Then I would rather have you for master of our castle than any other man-person I have ever yet seen. Listen, for I will speak a little longer. You may say you are poor and of humble birth. Well, for all that I must remind you that you are a poet. The poets are masters everywhere. Castles, wealth, the beautiful Rhine, the smiles of women—all these are the inheritances given to poets by the fairy godmother who taught them how to sing. Have I explained myself sufficiently to you? Go, my son, and propose to the Baroness Ida. I promise that you will be graciously received. And allow me to return to my little *Kammerlein* in the castle, and my knitting."

Kevin scarcely knew whether to smile or to be angry at the extraordinary view of things thus put before him.

"I know you are my friend," he said, "and I thank you for your interest in, your good opinion of me. But I must repeat that you are utterly mistaken. I hope—I trust you have not been so indiscreet as to suggest these wild ideas to Mr. Honeywood—to the baroness."

"I have spoken to both on this subject."

"Good heavens!" murmured Kevin.

"The baroness smiled beautifully, and said, 'What a wise woman

you are, my dear old Lisbeth !” Herr Honeywood looked anxious and troubled, and I understood that he is as impatient for the marriage to take place as I am myself.”

“You misunderstood their meaning—you misunderstood both,” said Kevin. “I fear you have placed me in a most painful position.”

“Hem ! Is it so painful to marry a baroness ?”

“I must entreat you to be silent,” said Kevin. Even Lisbeth’s not too delicate ear was caught by his tone of genuine distress and displeasure.

“You are a most surprising young man,” she said. “I should not wonder if you were still romancing about that little stray girl who has led you about the world, and whom you put into your poetry. Oh, my dear, Ida told me the whole story long ago. But, you foolish man, let me tell you that a baroness in the hand is worth a hundred little beggars in the bush. Ah, your face changes. It is true, then, that you are going to quarrel with your happy fate for the sake of this baby.”

“She is not a baby now,” he answered, with a smile stealing over his lips, passing by all that was offensive in the Fraulein’s speech for the sake of the pleasure of speaking of Fanchea. “Wherever she may be, she is a girl, a woman now.”

“Then what has she become by this time ? Grown up in ignorance ; wandering over the world with evil, idle people ? While you, my son, have been rising, soaring, she has been sinking——”

“My God, no !” broke from Kevin, in a voice of anguish. “No one shall dare to say it. I declare to heaven it is impossible anything lowering could touch her.”

Lisbeth was silent for a minute, abashed before his sudden passion.

“Forgive me,” she said, not unkindly ; “but I must ask you to consider what is far more likely. How could the poor infant battle so long with a cruel world ? She is safely at rest with the angels in heaven.”

“It may be so,” said Kevin, “and then—let me follow her there. Wherever she is, in heaven, on earth, she is above—beyond me. If I rise, it is she who is raising me. If I soar, it is with her wings. She is my voice, my soul, my inspiration, and I will find her if it be but to kneel upon her grave !”

Lisbeth stared at him, and was silenced at last. Such feeling as this was beyond her ; yet there was something in its appearance, its accents, that enforced respect. It seemed to her fantastic, childish, silly. She muttered maledictions upon poets, and lamented inwardly that her dear Ida should have in the end given her long fruitlessly-sought, hard-to-win heart to so callous an individual.

“Ach himmel !” she thought, “and how sweetly he could have written his love-songs at that window over the Rhine that he is so fond

of at home. All he looked out on would have been his own, and he could have sat there and sung about it forever !”

Half afraid of her companion now, she glanced at him furtively, to find him smiling down on her with restored presence of mind and good-humouredly observing her uneasiness and her mutterings.

“And so you have positively no desire to live in our beautiful castle,” she said, with renewed boldness—“to sing there all your life?”

“No,” said Kevin, laughing. “I have heard that when poets become rich they lose their first inheritance. Possession of so many acres could give me no sweeter claim on nature than I already enjoy. But now, dear Fraulein, before we part, let me thank you for your extraordinary good-will towards me—and also—tell me that all you have said has been only to annoy me a little, to try of what I was made——”

But the Fraulein shook her head as they passed into the courtyard of the hotel.

As soon as Kevin found himself alone, he reflected deeply and long over all Fraulein Lisbeth had said to him. Could it be that in any way he had overstepped the lines laid down by his friend and benefactor for his conduct towards the beautiful and interesting lady who had been so frequently his companion during many past weeks? He had striven to carry out exactly the wishes of Mr. Honeywood. When the baroness smiled and looked glad, he had rejoiced in the prospect of future happiness for his friend, never doubting that when the long-chilled heart awakened to warmth and love it must bestow its new-found treasures where all its gratitude was due. Loyal and true as he was, it had never occurred to him that other thoughts and expectations might have been ascribed to him. Why, he asked himself, should he heed the perverse fancy of a very peculiar old lady? But then the recollection of her declaration that she had spoken to Mr. Honeywood “on the subject” struck him like a blow and almost stunned him. His benefactor had seemed “troubled and anxious,” but it would appear that he had not silenced, nor contradicted her. Kevin remembered now how gloomy and abstracted his friend had become of late, how frequently he had left him to entertain the baroness alone, walking apart from them, and apparently pursuing interests that were scarcely in unison with theirs. Kevin’s heart grew cold as the possibility occurred to him that a jealous and doubting pain might have been the cause of the alteration in his appearance and behaviour. Viewed in this new light, the unpleasant light that Lisbeth had suddenly thrown over everything, many peculiarities in Mr. Honeywood’s late conduct were accounted for. Our hero knit his brows and bit his lips as he thought of how he had unwittingly given pain and uneasiness in return for all the kindness that had been lavished on him. And the baroness, the

noble lady, who had been so flatteringly confided to his companionship and care; had she, too, imagined that he was endeavouring to win her for himself? Kevin crimsoned like a girl as the thought of such a possibility came before him. At all events she had never seemed displeased with him. He recalled her friendly words, her gracious looks, her frank conversation. Surely had such an idea occurred to her, she would never have treated him as she had done.

And then he suddenly recollected that Lisbeth had implied that the baroness had not chid her for speaking to her "on the subject." She had smiled a beautiful smile, and said: "What a wise old woman you are, my dear Lisbeth!" Which only proves, said our hero's good sense, that she looked on the idea as too silly to be treated seriously.

And yet, and yet—Kevin would have been more than human if he had not after all this just glanced for one moment at Lisbeth's extraordinary view of the case. What if the baroness should be willing to love him, and Mr. Honeywood content that it should be so? Fortune at his feet, an exquisite high-born lady for his wife, ample possessions in a most lovely spot of the earth, no care for the future, no thought but to nurture, with every sweet nourishment that creation afforded, the genius that first saw the light upon a humble mountain-side! He glanced at the picture as on a page of another man's life. Was this, indeed, the destiny, these the deserts of the poet? He closed his eyes and allowed the imagination to carry him away. What a triumph—beauty, wealth, noble station, to crown the life that began first at a peasant's fire-side, to mature the genius awakened by the ethereal echoes heard in the songs of the little babe Fanchea—

"Fanchea!" He had fallen into a sort of dream. The oleanders glowed outside the shaded window, a pigeon cooed from the balcony, he felt a little hand slide into his own, and a musical voice whispered, "See, here she is coming!" His head was leaned on his hand, his eyes did not uncloze; he would let the day-dream have its way. He saw her come, not through the door, but out of the wall, he knew not from where, a tall girl with a child's face, graceful, womanly, infantine, yet wise. No other eyes ever shone with such a light as these, no countenance ever beamed with such spiritual fire. "I am coming, Kevin; I am your better genius; you must not part with me!" she murmured, and the words sounded like a song. She bent over him, her cloudy draperies rustled beside him; he unclosed his eyes and looked up, almost expecting to meet the reality of hers; but alas! there was no one in the room but himself. He arose from his seat, chilled and pale, and paced about the chamber.

"How shall I dare to meet my friends," he said, "seeing that such thoughts have been in my mind. But it was only a passing imagination; I never could have consented to it. And if all such wonderful offerings of fortune were in reality at my feet, I would put them all



aside that I might remain free for the pursuit of my better genius, my immortal soul, my little Fanchea! Ah, my God, where is she hiding all this time, and why am I thus lagging in my search for her, thus dallying along the road that must be travelled to the end. In all probability I left her in England, and I am but little likely to meet with her on any of the highways of the world. I must give up this pleasant wandering and return to where she is more likely to be found. And yet how more likely! Those who answered my advertisement will be careful to keep their secret."

Covering his face, Kevin gave himself up to despondency, acknowledging to his own heart that this beautiful world with all its enchantments could never give him real pleasure, could never afford him rest for the sole of his foot so long as he remained in ignorance of the fate of that little creature bequeathed to him by the dead, the destination of that pure spirit whose influence after so many years of bodily absence still hung about him like a rarified atmosphere, ever cooling the fever of his poet fancies, and bracing and refreshing his noblest thoughts.

Latterly he had allowed himself to rest a little on the hope that some day the promise of Fan's mysterious captors would be fulfilled, that she would be "heard of later." But at this moment all his old fears for her revived with cruel force. He must continue his search for her in a more active manner. If there were means for tracking her on earth, he must find them.

At all events, after his late conversation with Lisbeth he must feel constrained and uncomfortable in his intercourse with the baroness and Mr. Honeywood. He would speak to the latter of his desire to return to England, would ask his advice as to looking for employment in London; for the mystery that surrounded Fanchea seemed now to centre once more in that mighty city.

And if any shadow from his presence, any slight cloud of misunderstanding, had fallen between his friends, his removal must surely carry it away.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### IS IT SHE?

KEVIN fancied that he perceived a more than usual coldness between the baroness and Mr. Honeywood that day, and his own troubled thoughts made him grave and abstracted. All felt that their party had, for some unspoken reason, become suddenly a dull one, and Ida was the first to propose a remedy in the form of an amusement which had till now not been included in their programme.

"I hear that a new *prima donna* makes her *début* to-night," she said, "at the Teatro della Scala. Let us go and hear her sing."

Mr. Honeywood looked surprised at such a proposal from Ida. But the baroness was changed in more respects than one. She had become capable of much innocent enjoyment, and the wish for a little music had sprung up naturally, among many other sweet wishes, in her mind.

"It will probably be a disappointment," said Mr. Honeywood, who seemed to grow less susceptible of pleasant impressions in proportion as the baroness became more so. "All kinds of people make their *début* here, who are utter failures, and never heard of again."

"Ah, well, perhaps so," said Ida, "but I have heard that the Signora Francesca is a promising creature."

Kevin heard these words with a strange mixture of feelings. He suddenly remembered the old days when his nightly haunt was the theatre, when he never entered one without a hope of seeing Fanchea, and never left it without despair in his heart. He had long since made up his mind that not in such a place was he to look for the reappearance of the lost one. If Fanchea had been all these years receiving a musical education in Italy, he must have discovered the fact, considering all the inquiries he had made. Now the idea that this *débutante* might prove to be the little singer of Killeevy just presented itself to his mind to be coldly put aside. He had been too often beguiled by such fancies, too often and too bitterly disappointed to be able to tolerate such vagaries of hope any more. Yet he was willing to be of the party to the theatre. Any amusement must be good which would for a time completely divert the thoughts of each of their party from himself and his companions.

As they took their seats, our friends had no expectation of a brilliant entertainment; the vast house seemed but imperfectly lighted, and was still more imperfectly filled. They had not thought of inquiring what the opera was to be, and found it was Lohengrin. They had all heard Wagner's great opera in London, and expected but little excitement from the long performance.

Mr. Honeywood grumbled a little, but Ida declared she was willing to sit it out.

"The scenery, the accessories will all be so bad," said the fastidious Thistleton, "even if the *débutante* be equal to the part of Elsa."

"Ah, well, cousin, you must bear with them for my sake," said Ida, smiling in his face.

"I would do much with such a motive," he said, gently.

The performance began. The great crowd of chorus singers did their duty well; the scenery was better than might have been expected. Evidently every effort had been made to bring out this young *débutante* with *éclat*. Elsa herself was a slight youthful figure in white, with a mantle of dark hair hanging upon her shoulders.

"A fair Elsa would have been better," said Honeywood.

"She is fair enough, except her hair," said Ida. "Exceedingly fair and pale. Actresses generally put a little colour on their cheeks, but she has none."

"Probably we should see it if we had a glass," said Honeywood. So little had they intended visiting theatres during their travels that they had not thought of putting an opera-glass among the baggage. Of so little importance was their present visit that they had forgotten the desirability of procuring one.

"She turns her face too much from the audience," said Honeywood. "I can scarcely see what she is like."

"I think the voice is good," said Ida; "but it is difficult to disentangle it as yet from the chorus. Ah, the silver trumpets! Now we shall hear her."

At first sight of the slight, dark-haired figure Kevin had felt a quiver of agitation for which he was not unprepared. The old thought would occur to him, "Should this be Fanchea?" When they spoke of her hair he had said: "She is an Italian, of course. They will get her a fair wig by-and-by, if she proves worthy of it."

Saying this lightly, he tried to smile away the unreasonable fancy that was striving to gain sway over his mind. Nevertheless, he found himself comparing the features, and mien, and gesture of the youthful songstress with the ideal maiden into which Fanchea had grown.

That would be about the height he had imagined her. The face—ah, how could he be sure of her lineaments now? This face was fair and pure, with large dark eyes. The hair was not curled in little cloudy rings about the temples, the cheeks were not rosy, like those of the little girl he had known. The long waving tresses were swept back from the fair, childlike, and yet intellectual forehead, giving to the pale, oval face a dignified look which he could hardly associate with the winning and fantastic little peasant of Killeevy. And yet, and yet. Nay, what folly was this!

When Ida said, "Now we shall really hear her voice," he involuntarily closed his eyes, and held his breath to listen.

It was the moment when the last notes of the silver trumpet's call having died away, and no champion having appeared for the forlorn little maid, Elsa flies and kneels before the king, craving him to command yet another blast to be sounded in her favour, yet another aerial summons to be uttered by those silver throats, to bring the unknown yet confidently-expected hero in all his warlike splendour, and with all his chivalrous eagerness, to her side. A few sweet, tremulous bird-notes quivered on the ear, and Kevin turned pale. The notes reminded him strangely of the Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant, and the voice, ah, how cruelly like it was to the child-voice that so often

sung that song. He covered his face with his hand and listened. Ah, if it were Fanchea! But he had grown too wise by experience to give himself up to the thought that this dream, unlike all others that had gone before it, might prove true. He remembered how unusually occupied his mind had been with her all day, how he had striven to recall her face, her tones, and to bestow them on the ideal maiden whom his imagination had conjured to his side. All this had coloured his thoughts, had predisposed him to the peculiar torture which he was suffering now. No, it was not Fan; only some fair and rare Italian, who would yet make a sensation in the great world.

"It is a rich voice," said Honeywood. "Treasure-trove to some *impresario*."

The opera proceeded. Kevin sat forward now, gazing intently on the stage, hearing nothing through all the mighty storm of music but one voice, seeing nothing but the features and expressions of one face, the movements and gestures of one form. When the curtain fell upon the first act, a burst of rapturous applause told the satisfaction of the audience, and he lay back in his seat with a sigh of impatience at his own bewitchment. The Signora Francesca! Doubtless any one of the audience could tell him all about her. Well, he was not going to ask.

"She is a charming young creature," said Honeywood, "with a triumphant future, if I do not mistake. It is curious," he added, reflectively, "but I fancy I have both seen the face and heard the voice before."

Kevin started at these words and turned on him an eager look, which must have attracted notice, only that Mr. Honeywood had turned even as he spoke and was looking at the faces in the seats above them. His own memory suggested a meaning of this fancy of his friend—the gipsy entertainment at which Honeywood had been present, at which the child Fanchea had danced and sung! Completely carried away by this suggestion, he was about to start up and rush away to the green-room of the theatre to satisfy himself at once, when the curtain flew up once more and the opera went on.

The music-story proceeded and gradually unfolded its plot. Elsa saw her brother return, flew to meet him, and trilled her delight at seeing him again. Leading him by the hand, she approached nearer to the front of the stage than she had yet done, and Fanchea, who had been singing with a courage that astonished herself, now expressed Elsa's rapture with the most charming *naïveté*. This opera had been chosen at her own desire for her first appearance. The story of it had fascinated her imagination, and she did not feel herself alone in this vast crowd of singers, was not so nervous as she should have been in coming forth to sing solos, as in any other opera. She had readily

thrown herself into the part of Elsa. Something in the poetic story she had associated with her own in a way unexplained to herself; the loss of the brother, the loneliness of the sister; and the sequel of the tale she read by a peculiar light. As she drew the brother forward and sung her welcome to him, she allowed herself to look to where Kevin was sitting, where she knew him to be, though she had not ventured to turn her eyes that way before.

There he was with his beautiful baroness beside him. Her brother had returned; very soon she would take him by the hand like this; but her champion, her hero, had departed for evermore, even while she rejoiced over that brother's return.

Her glance directed towards himself (as he fancied), her smile, a peculiar note in her voice at the moment smote upon Kevin. Was he going crazy, or was it really Fan, and had she recognised him? He turned deadly pale, and from that instant till the moment when Elsa fell prone on the river bank while her hero sailed away, he scarcely drew breath nor removed his eyes from her face.

The curtain finally descended amidst the rapturous plaudits of the now well-filled house, and murmurs of delight were on every tongue.

"What is the matter with you?" said Honeywood to Kevin. "You look white. Are you ill?"

"I have got a surprise," said Kevin. "I think I have seen a friend."

"Ah, well. You will follow us at your leisure, I suppose," said Mr. Honeywood, wondering at his altered manner, and thinking he had recognised some acquaintance among the audience.

"What can be wrong?" he thought, seeing Kevin disappear with extraordinary quickness. "Something more has affected him than the chance sight of an acquaintance. Has Ida been unkind to him?" he added, as he wrapped the baroness in her cloak and led her away.

In the meantime Kevin had rushed out into the street and made his way behind the scenes of the theatre. He inquired for the *prima donna*, the Signora Francesca, and learned that she had already left the place. A carriage had been in waiting for her, and as soon as the performance was over, her friends had taken her away.

He asked for her address, and hurried along the street, passing through crowds of pleasure-takers who made the streets gay with a gaiety scarcely seen in Milan under daylight skies. Bevy of fair maidens met him, flirting their fans, laughing and chattering while the cool night air stirred their black lace mantillas and drew perfume from the roses that fastened the fluttering drapery to their still blacker hair. Crowds of lively people sat on the pavement at little marble tables, eating ices; the tall houses showed few lights; all the inhabi-

tants were abroad; but the lower part of the streets shone like a ball-room. Above all, overhead the dark lofty roofs hung the purple sky, alive with great palpitating stars. Kevin saw nothing around him as he hurried along the streets to the house that had received the Signora Francesca. Every obstacle in his way was maddening to him; yet the easy walk of the saunterers he met was no way disturbed; nobody save himself hurried along, nobody was in a state of excitement although it was possible that Fanchea was found!

Arrived at the house, he suddenly paused, with a shocked sense of his own rudeness, his own thoughtlessness. Every light was out; the house was apparently shut up for the night. What wild folly had brought him at this unseemly hour, to thrust himself in so excited a condition, perhaps into the presence of a stranger? The wearied *prima donna*, the youthful and lovely girl who had bewitched his fancy and entwined herself with his hopes, was probably already enjoying her hardly-earned rest. He turned away and began pacing up and down, determined to wait till morning should give a rational appearance to his visit. Hour after hour passed, and all the while he was trying to reason out the probabilities of the case, to persuade himself to take the matter quietly, to be prepared for a disappointment.

He would, of course, be denied access to the signora unless he could give a satisfactory reason for his visit. He must not rush in upon her like a wild man, exclaiming, "Is this Fanchea?" and so run the risk of being taken for a maniac by complete strangers. In a few simple words he must tell the story of his hopes and fears; and in fancy he now made his appeal to—Fan—or the unknown sister who had assumed her personality in his mind.

When morning appeared, however, and looking round he saw that the pleasure-takers of the night had vanished, and that quite another order of beings filled the streets, he felt suddenly conscious of what a strange appearance he would present in a lady's morning-room, in his evening dress, and with his pale and jaded face. He must return to the hotel and make himself presentable, deferring his visit to a proper hour of the day.

Carrying out this intention, he dressed, breakfasted, and tried to rest a little, but could not. The time seemed to lag wonderfully. At last he made up his mind that the moment had come when he might legitimately relieve his suspense. Setting out again, he paused before the house in front of which he had paced throughout the night.

"The Signora Francesca? Does she live here?"

"Yes," said the servant. She had been there, but she was gone.

"Impossible!" cried Kevin, with a sense of some overwhelming fatality.

"Oh, yes, gone. She and her lady friend left very early this morning for the country. The signorina suffered much from fatigue lately, and the departure was planned for the earliest moment after the performance."

"Where have they gone? When will they return?"

"They have not left their address. They wished to be unmolested for a few days to come."

"For a few days?"

"After that they will write here for their letters. The gentleman can call in about a week when we shall be happy to give him the address."

"One more word. Have you any idea of what part of the country they have gone to?"

"Somewhere between this and Pavia, I believe. More I do not know."

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## FORGIVEN.

BY JANET ELLIS.

O H! sacred joy, that Thou, dear Lord,  
Wert glad I kissed Thy feet;  
Would that I could, in fitting word,  
Thy gentleness repeat!

It was Thy wearied look that led  
My footsteps to Thy side;  
Trembling I came, with silent tread,  
Lest anyone should chide.

For long my life had wretched been,  
Because I left my home;  
But, when Thy dear face I had seen,  
I knew my hour was come:

The hour that brought me back once more  
From wrecking in the storm,  
And housed me on a peaceful shore,  
Away from cruel harm.

While Thy sad eyes look up to mine,  
I cannot choose but weep—  
My heart goes yearning forth to Thine  
With thrilling bound and leap.

Weep, weep, my heart, for sweetest ache,  
And bathe His precious feet ;  
Fear not the ointment box to break,  
Thy offering will be sweet.

My woman's hand can comfort give,  
Its touch may soothe and cheer :  
He will the service small receive,  
His love will banish fear.

Oh ! tresses mine, fall down and hide  
This happiness complete ;  
Cover me in, while I abide,  
Washing my Saviour's feet.

And thus shut in with Thee, dear Friend,  
My soul hath waxen white—  
That feeble soul, my God, defend  
Amid earth's dazzling light.

I fear the glare that waits for me,  
Once leaving this dear shade ;  
In deepest dark, O Lord ! with Thee  
I would not be afraid.

His voice now sends me forth, " forgiven,"  
And, when He sees it meet,  
'Twill call me home to Him in heaven,  
To rest me at His feet.



## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Song of Roland*. Translated into English Verse by JOHN O'HAGAN, Q.C. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.)

Our August issue will contain an extended review of this remarkable work, which has been eagerly expected in literary circles since the following announcement appeared in *The Academy*, so long ago as December the 13th, 1879:—

"Among the promised contributions from Ireland to the literature of the season, we notice with especial pleasure a metrical translation of the *Chanson de Roland* from the pen of Mr. John O'Hagan, Q.C. Although one of the ablest and most eminent members of the Irish bar, Mr. O'Hagan has long been known as a poet of rare merit. His original poems are distinguished at once by tenderness and power; and as his translations combine, in a most remarkable degree, elegance and fidelity, the *Roland* in his hands cannot fail to prove a success. It is looked forward to with great interest."\*

- II. *The Life of King Alfred the Great*. By ARTHUR GEORGE KNIGHT, of the Society of Jesus. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THE thirty-second volume of the Quarterly Series, which has appeared so punctually every three months for the last eight years and which has maintained so high an average of excellence, furnishes us with a very carefully compiled and very attractively written biography of the great English King Alfred. Father Knight undertakes to introduce us to the Alfred of genuine history, to whom, he contends, full justice has not been done even by the judicial impartiality of Dr. Lingard. He has fulfilled his purpose in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Without overloading his pages with antiquarian details, he gives in a deeply interesting narrative the results of a conscientious study of all the old and the new authorities. Nothing can be clearer or more unaffected than the style, nor are lively touches wanting here and there to brighten up the old story for us. The arrangement, printing, and other mechanical details are in the best style of the Manresa Press

\* As the premium-giving season, now raging, will have passed over before we return to this subject in our next issue, we may here at once call the attention of our Irish Catholic colleges to the singular fitness of this work of an Irish Catholic to be given as a reward to studious youth. We were prepared for its pre-eminent merit as a work of literary art; but in two respects, which are of great importance in the search for suitable premiums, "*The Song of Roland*" has fairly taken us by surprise. Though the original comes down from a simpler age, it is, in every line and every word, pure and refined enough to be offered as a prize by holy nuns to their innocent pupils; while, in another point of view, being choicely printed on that hand-made paper so dear to the hearts of connoisseurs, and clothed in very dainty and original binding, its exterior makes it sufficiently bright and attractive to be afterwards laid by proud mammas on the drawing-room table at home.

—and its best style is very good, indeed. Does the very full and lucid table of contents make an index superfluous? And is it not somewhat confusing to have the notes scattered through the volume, appended to each of the four divisions of the book, instead of keeping them all for the end?

III. *The Pen: A Journal of Literature*. (London: 22 Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.)

FAR be it from us to sit in judgment on our judges, or to criticise this newest critical journal; but, peering back into the dimness of a remote antiquity, we can recall the mingled feelings with which we ourselves read "No. 1, Vol. I." on the first-proof sheet of the *IRISH MONTHLY*, and the pathetic reminiscence makes us ready to patronise any deserving aspirant in the field of literature. There seems to be a place in that field for "The Pen." It intends to give an almost exclusive attention to literature; and we think it is right. Here again concentration is power. "Jack of all trades was master of none;" and it is not easy to join in one journal an adequate discussion of contemporary literature along with science and the fine arts. This new journal also proposes to give us original literary essays, literary table-talk, frequent reproduction of drawings from illustrated books reviewed in its pages, and "such full quotation of the representative passages of important works as will make *The Pen* a permanently interesting reflex of our literature." The conductors have so far carried out their plans very well. We have examined with a good deal of care the first three weekly parts (the first is dated May 22), and, if our certificate were wanted, it would be forthcoming to the effect that "The Pen" is good value for twopence.

IV. *The Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier*. By HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. (London: Burns and Oates.)

WE should have been glad to introduce this exquisite little treatise to the attention of our readers in time for Whitsuntide, which will be over before this notice comes under their eyes. But at all times of the year it will be useful to study so beautiful an exposition as Cardinal Manning has here given us of the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost, and of our relations to the Third Person of the ever Adorable Trinity. Each section is summed up with a very devout prayer. This is the fourth of the Little Books of the Holy Ghost edited by Dr. Rawes, and we prefer it to any of this or the companion series.

V. *The Faith*. By the REV. MARK M'NEAL. (London: R. Washbourne.)

THIS massive volume of four hundred and fifty pages is massive in more senses than one. The author, living and working zealously in London, understands those whom he addresses on the most momentous

of questions ; but there is need of a practical interest to carry a reader through the long unbroken sections which make up the book. The matter is solid and useful, and the questions are argued with earnestness and zeal. The pious writer will be rewarded for his costly labour if, with God's blessing, it help some well-disposed inquirer to embrace "The Faith."

VI. *Tried and not Found Wanting.* By LORD F. GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, M.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS story purports to be "a passage in the life of a London crossing-sweeper." It is very well written, and interesting, and, we need scarcely add, edifying ; but the interest and edification are not a little increased for those who remember what sacrifices the writer has made in embracing the faith of that humble crossing-sweeper.

VII. *Books of Piety.* (Various Publishers.)

CANON ULICK BOURKE, who is chiefly known outside his immediate sphere by his labours in Celtic literature, has published, through Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son of Dublin, a sixpenny edition of his translation of the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, which is the authoritative explanation, as it is the definition, of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Still more useful for popular reading is his sixpenny tract on "The Dignity, Sanctity, and Intercessory Power of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God." At the same price the same publishers give us a sermon of Canon Bourke's on "The Life and Labours of St. Augustin," which is made much more interesting by an account of the Augustinian Monasteries founded at various times throughout Ireland.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have just issued a new edition of "The Raccolta ; or, Collection of Indulged Prayers," conforming the English translation, by means of additions and corrections, to the latest Roman Raccolta approved by decree of 3rd June, 1877. There ought to be a copy of this book in every pious family and more than one copy in every religious community. The translation was originally made with extreme care by the "dear Ambrose St. John" of whom Cardinal Newman speaks so feelingly at the end of the *Apologia*.

It would be very hard to get a book more suitable for wholesale distribution among the simple faithful than a cheap, well-packed, but well-printed, well-arranged, and easily read little book by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, P.P., of Mountmellick, entitled "How to Live Piously: a Little Book of Simple Instructions, Exhortations, and Prayers, designed chiefly for the use of the Flock entrusted to his care" (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons). It is thoroughly practical, evidently dictated by great zeal and experience, and it is full of very striking and apposite sayings of the saints. We hope it is or will soon be as well known to our good people as it ought to be.

The Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., has published an "Answer to a Recent Sermon of the Protestant Bishop of Manchester" (London: Burns & Oates), in which a rash assertion of Bishop Fraser, whose energy is by no means "the energy of silence," gives Father Anderdon an opportunity of "slaying thrice the slain" by proving very clearly that the Church of St. Clement and the Early Fathers was certainly *not* the Church of Bishop Fraser and Henry VIII. It is a vigorous and triumphant *plaidoyer*, yet written with the charity and temperance which become a champion of the Truth.

The Rev. Daniel Ferris, a priest of the diocese of Down and Connor, has compiled with great care a "Manual of Christian Doctrine; or, Catholic Belief and Practice familiarly explained by Question and Answer" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.) Each chapter gives first the text of Butler's Short Catechism, and supplies from approved sources as much explanation and illustration as the subject may require. This little sixpenny quarto contains a vast quantity of useful matter.

VIII. *Emmanuel and Madonna*. By the REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THE pious reader is doubtless aware that among the dishes served up at the wedding at Ballyporeen the poet has enumerated "potatoes dressed two ways, both roasted and boiled." The same viands were presented in two different fashions. Somewhat thus, the volume here chronicled as a "New Book" is merely the union of two books which have already been served up separately, and about which this Magazine, without committing itself to any opinion as to their possible merits or demerits, has not observed that *disciplina arcani* which some circumstances regarding their authorship might seem to suggest.

IX. *Truthfulness and Ritualism*. By ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Second Series. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

MR. ORBY SHIPLEY's name is familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the literature of contemporary Anglican controversies. His earnestness and sincerity have recently led him into the one true Church. Many years ago, indeed, the late Father Daniel Jones, S.J., in his "Chapters on Casuistry" contributed to *The Month*, referred to "the Rev. Orby Shipley" in terms which make us feel less surprise at the grace which has been given to this able and conscientious searcher for the truth. Mr. Shipley does not forget those whom he has left behind in prison. He is devoting to the service of his newly-recognised Mother the energy of a renewed youth. The present work is one out of many efforts which he has already made on behalf of her children who know her not. We have read it with keen interest, which must be intensified greatly for those who know more of the curious phases through which some of the broken fragments of the so-called Anglican Church are passing in these days. The passage we quote might be

applied not merely to the petty sects of Ritualists but to all who ever, having once been loyal children of the Church, left her bosom through other motives than fierce pride or the grosser sins.

"Omitting out of respect for their exalted position and great and varied powers, two Princes of the Church who have been mentioned—where may be found among the Ritualist clergy or Ritualist laity, whether past or present, names which are comparable in their several excellences to Dr. Ward and Father Harper in philosophy and metaphysics; to Mr. Maskell in liturgiology and the late William Palmer in ecclesiology and Antiquities; to Professor Paley in classics and the late Mr. Seager in Hebrew; to Faber, as poet, director, preacher and devotional writer; to Pugin, as the father of revived Gothic Architecture; to Mr. Pollen, as an authority in many lines of art; to J. R. Herbert, B.A., and to Miss Thompson as painters; to the late Father Caswall, Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore and Adelaide Procter, as poets sacred and secular; to the late Archdeacon Wilberforce and Provost Fortescue, Father Dalgairns and Father Coleridge, Dr. Northcote and Canon Oakeley as theologians; to Mr. Allie, the late T. W. Marshall, and Mr. Colin Lindsay, as historians, controversialists, and essayists; to Professor Mivart, as a man of science, and Mr. Barff as a chemist; to the Marquis of Ripon, a cabinet minister, as representing the Upper House, and Sir George Bowyer and Mr. F. Lucas, the Lower House of Parliament; to Serjeant Bellasis and Mr. Hope Scott, as representing the law; to John Oxenford, the critic, and Arthur Sketchley, the humourist, and Jacob Omnium, the letter-writer, and Kenelm Digby, the man of letters, and, not to mention others, the Passionist Father Ignatius, the religious."

X. *Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. (New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1880.)

By far the prettiest and holiest book which the English language has lately added to the literature of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus comes to us from America. It is not made up of the reflections of any ordinary devout person like one of ourselves, but it is drawn with great skill and care from the highest and earliest sources. It is a collection of letters, maxims, and practices of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque herself—not mere fragmentary extracts, but the complete letters addressed to several of her religious Sisters of the Visitation and others, with a judicious selection of her own spiritual papers and devout practices. All these things are given to us in very free, pure, and unembarrassed English—(but we wish *opining* were banished from page 11)—such as Miss Donnelly's reputation led us to expect. It is another example of the polish and pliancy that the cultivation of poetry lends to a writer's prose style. Eleanor Donnelly has been called by American Catholics their Adelaide Procter—a title of which many poems in her "*Out of Sweet Solitude*" render her almost worthy. A new volume of her poems is about to appear in New York, the profits of which are given entirely to the Irish Famine Fund.

## ELSIE.

BY K. M. GREY.

## I.

**R**UGGED rocks, white cliffs clothed with trailing creepers ; exquisite wild flowers, scarlet, blue, and purple. Above all was the glorious summer sky, flecked here and there with white, fleecy clouds. Far below lay the blue sea. The tide was out, and only a line of foam marked where the waves broke in the distance. The laughter of happy children came from the shore, mingling with the shrill tones of a group of fisher girls. Great white gulls flapped their wings lazily, as they sailed slowly through the balmy air.

Elsie Garner stood on the high cliff, looking out into the hazy distance. Her eyes were fixed on a small, white sail which gleamed brightly in the sunlight as it crept slowly towards the shore. Below her lay the little village. There was always an air of general sleepiness and quietude in this little fishing place ; it looked too peaceful, too silent for this work-day world ; yet within that quiet English village many a stirring life-drama had been enacted.

Elsie was not beautiful, as beauty is commonly understood ; but her fearless, ingenuous features had a charm of their own which gave them the effect of beauty. Her chestnut hair was soft and luxuriant, brightened here and there by a glint of gold ; her eyes were large, deeply, darkly gray, and shaded by long, black lashes ; her form was slender and supple, of medium height.

Elsie loved the sea shore ; the greater part of her life had been spent within sound of the waves. She never tired of their murmur, and in wild weather when their monotonous song was changed to a mighty roar, and the white-crested billows dashed in wild fury against the beetling cliffs, she would stand watching the tumult with a certain rapturous awe expressed in her dark eyes.

Elsie's parents were dead, and she lived with her brother, who was seven years her senior. The young girl was awaiting her brother's return, as she stood on the white cliff, gazing over the ocean.

She remained some little time in her elevated situation, then turned and clambered down a rugged pathway leading to the broad, yellow sands. As she stood watching the distant fishing-smack, two hands were clasped lightly over her eyes.

She started, and turning, confronted Will Gladwyn. He was a comely young fellow of twenty-three, tall and broad-shouldered, his countenance bronzed and open, his eyes merry and dark-blue.

"Why, Will, where have you sprung from? I thought you were out with the boats."

Elsie extended a small, white hand, which he grasped in his large, brown one.

"The boats won't see much of me to-day; I've something better to do. Let me walk along to the old boat-house with you," said Will, pleasantly.

"I was waiting for Robert, Will, but he won't be back for a long time; I'll go along to the boat-house with you."

"That's right, lass," said Will, heartily; and they strolled on together, a comely couple.

Elsie's speech and intonation were above her station. For this she was indebted to a good lady of the neighbourhood, who had been struck with Elsie's intelligent face and gentle ways, so different from those of the wild fisher-girls. Mrs. Miller had managed to instruct her on various subjects, at the same time improving her manners.

The young pair reached the boat-house, and seated themselves on the upturned keel of an old boat that had done good service in its day.

"Elsie," said Will, suddenly, "it's but a lonely life you lead at the Crag; Robert's away all day, mostly, and you can't always be out."

"Oh, I manage to get along somehow, Will, though, as you say, it's dreadful lonesome at times."

"Elsie, you're a treasure to Robert; he would miss you awful, lass, if you—if you left him, got married, you know."

Will's hesitating speech sent the colour to Elsie's face, but she answered quickly: "I don't think he could manage so well without me; but what nonsense we're talking, Will; I'm not going to be married."

"Not now, perhaps, Elsie; but you will some day," he said, wistfully.

"Since you seem so sure of that, Will, it's but little use contradicting you; but the day's far off, I'm sure."

"Then I hope the *man* isn't," said Will, suddenly. He took her hands in his strong clasp and exclaimed, pleadingly: "I hope you will listen to me, Elsie. We have known each other since we were children; I have always loved you, dear; I'm plain spoken, and I can't put my feelings in fine words, but they're every bit as honest and true, for all that. Speak to me, lass; tell me you like me just a little bit—I have loved you so long."

There was pathos in his tones which went straight to Elsie's heart. She loved the stalwart young fisherman, and she told him so; loved him fondly and entirely, with all the fervour of her young heart. Will's honest face brightened with joy, and he looked a fit protector for the smiling maiden at his side.

So love's magic wand had touched the life of Elsie Garner, changing its sombre gray to gold.

## II.

When Elsie returned, she found her brother seated before his cottage door. He was a strongly-built man, with keen, brown eyes, a dark, grave countenance, and bushy, brown whiskers. His jaw was square and powerful, and his mouth large, with thin, cruel lips. He was not a general favourite with the bluff, free-spoken inhabitants of Easthaven, but this lack of popularity did not seem to affect him. He was very undemonstrative, but passionately attached to his only sister; and Elsie was quite aware of this. However sullen and taciturn he was to others, to her he was uniformly kind and gentle.

He was thinking of his sister as he sat gazing out over the blue expanse of waters, with a sad and troubled expression on his dark face. The hour and the surroundings were conducive to a peaceful frame of mind, but Robert was ill at ease. The evening breeze sighed gently round the little dwelling, which nestled snugly in its sheltered position. It was protected from the fury of the gales by the towering cliff, and only its two chimneys could be seen from the beach below.

Robert's present uneasiness was caused by the scene he had witnessed as he came slowly homewards over the sands. Elsie and Will were standing, hand in hand, on the shingle, watching the creamy waves breaking into foam at their feet. The glow of sunset illumined the sky, and shed a rosy track across the ocean; the sound of childish voices came faintly from the distant village; the lovers were conscious of nothing save their own bliss, lost in their golden dream of happiness.

"Adé! Adé! Adé!

Such dreams must pass away."

Robert Garner had stopped to look, and as he gazed, his brow grew darker. Then, unseen by the lovers, he had passed gloomily homewards.

He was buried in the reflections which this sight had suggested to him when Elsie came tripping up the rough pathway. She ran forward with a smile of welcome, and laid her hand on his shoulder. He did not move or look up, and she stood a while in silence.

"Robert," she said, softly, "how quiet you are! I've something to tell you, dear."

"Well, what is it? Some quarrel you've had in the village, maybe, Elsie."

"Oh, Robert, what nonsense! It's something *worth* telling; something about Will Gladwyn and—and me."

She could not see the anger that darkened his face at her words.

"Go on with the grand news," he said, with forced gaiety; and, reassured by his manner, she proceeded.

"I can tell it in a few words. Will Gladwyn has asked me to marry him, and I've promised I will. Oh, Robert dear, I want you to tell me how glad you are."



"Are you joking, lass?" he asked, sternly.

"Indeed I am not; Will is coming to-night to speak to you about it. Why don't you say you are pleased, Robert? I'm afraid you don't like Will; surely you have forgotten that foolish quarrel about the boat you had long ago."

At her pleading tones he rose and confronted her, his face set in hard, determined lines.

"Why don't I say I'm glad, Elsie? That's easily answered, lass. Why don't I tell you I'm pleased at the thought of losing you? That would be a poor compliment to you. I don't want to lose you, sister. I thought you were happy here. I'm not saying anything against your marrying; but you must choose another husband. You're far too good for a fellow like Will; you must give him up. I don't want to see you over at Shingle Cottage so often."

This was a long speech for Robert, and he paused, breathless. Elsie's face grew pale and troubled.

"For shame, Robert! You have no right to speak of Will in that way. Every one has a good word for him; every one speaks well of his mother. Whatever you say against them, I will not believe it."

"That's as you like, lass," he said, grimly; "don't be afeared I'm going to say anything without *proof*. Wait till I've spoken to Will Gladwyn; I'll not say another word to *you*. After I've told *him* one or two things, he'll be ready enough to give you up."

There was a curious significance in his tones, and his cruel lips parted in a sinister smile. Elsie's first feeling was astonishment.

"What can you tell Will? Nothing would make him change."

"Elsie," said Robert, in a gentler tone of voice than he had hitherto used, "I've always been fond of you, and kept steady for your sake. What would you have done with a brother like John Hawser? Why do you want to leave me?"

"Robert, I love Will, and I have promised to marry him; I shall keep my word," was Elsie's firm reply.

"By heaven, you shall not," exclaimed Robert, in cold, quiet tones, far more terrible to Elsie than his fiercest anger would have been. "Stop a moment, Elsie; I wouldn't have said a word if you'd taken Tom Williams, or Nat Peters; but you shall never marry Will Gladwyn, *never*!" And Robert glanced ominously in the direction of Shingle Cottage.

"Robert, I won't listen to another word. You are cowardly in trying to frighten me into giving up Will. I'll stand by him *always*."

Robert stepped forward, and his face grew darker still with angry passion as he laid his hand on his sister's shoulder.

"You *will* have the truth, I see," he muttered hoarsely.

"There's more in this nor you think. The sooner you know it the better."

"Don't tell me anything against Will," she cried, passionately. "Let me be happy a little longer; I love him and trust him so!"

The sound of a mellow voice floated to them on the evening breeze; a rich manly voice, withal, trolling a sea song. Will Gladwyn sprang up the rocky pathway, and stood before them, smiling and joyous. Elsie's troubled face grew glad again. Robert Garner did not change his position nor offer his hand.

"Well, Robert, you don't seem glad to see me. I suppose Elsie has told you all, and——"

"Drop that humbug, Will Gladwyn. I want a few words in private with you. I'll show you your mistake in daring to think of my sister as your wife."

As the slow, passionate words left his lips, Robert drew Elsie away from Will, and took the young sailor by the arm. "Come with me," he said, imperatively. Will obeyed mechanically, and followed him down the rude steps leading to the shingle.

The moonlight fell softly on the deserted shore; the lights of the distant village shone palely in the twilight. The sky was a deep purple, studded with silver stars; the waves broke with a subdued murmur, and the dark sails of some vessels far out at sea could be seen from the coast. The two men stood facing each other, and there was silence for awhile. At last Will spoke.

"What have you to tell me, Robert Garner? Do your worst; you cannot separate Elsie and me."

Robert regarded him with a contemptuous smile.

"It's quite time this nonsense betwixt Elsie and yourself was ended. You shall have the truth here to-night. After what I tell you, you won't *dare* to think of my sister again."

"Go on," said Will, undauntedly. He saw little cause to fear the stern-looking man before him; he could not guess the secret he was about to hear.

### III.

SLOWLY Will Gladwyn took his way homewards. His lips were set, his face white and drawn, and in his blue eyes a look of intense anguish. It was the face of a man whom a heavy sorrow had overtaken; for whom all things bright and hopeful had passed away; for whom life would never be quite the same again.

It was late when he reached his humble home. His mother sat dozing over the dying embers of a wood fire. She was a pleasant-looking old woman. Her face was a very sad one, but with a patient, resigned expression. Her blue eyes were the counterpart of Will's; her once fair hair was now silvered with sorrow or age, and drawn

neatly back under her snowy cap. Will closed the door, and went straight up to his mother. At the sound of his footsteps she raised her head and said sleepily, "You are late, Will; what has kept you? Is anything wrong, lad? You look pale and troubled like."

"Ay, and am likely to look troubled till the end of my days," he said, bitterly. "Mother, I have been with Robert Garner, and he has told me my father's history. O God! it *cannot* be true! Think what it means for *me*; the loss of Elsie, the loss of every hope in life."

A look of intense dread passed over the woman's face, but she was silent.

"Speak to me, mother! Tell me it is not true; I will not believe it," pleaded the young man. Her face blanched to a death-like white, and Will knew the worst.

"O my son, my son!" was all she said. He looked at her for a moment with dazed eyes, then turned and went out into the starlit night.

Will was out to his boat early in the morning. He looked pale and harassed, as from a sleepless night. On his way to the shore he encountered Elsie. She met him with a sad smile, and his own was quite as sorrowful.

"Will, what is the matter? What has Robert told you? I laughed at all his threats last night; he was very angry with me, and said it would be no joking matter for us both in the end. I asked him why he took you away to the shore, but he would not tell me. Oh, Will, I am so miserable!"

Will looked in her anxious, pleading face, and answered sadly:

"I cannot tell you, Elsie. I would spare you this trouble if I could; but it can't be helped. I will never forgive myself for bringing it on you."

Very pale and troubled grew the face of the young girl under his sorrowful gaze. "Tell me," she faltered, "it is right I should know; I can bear anything, dear, only don't tell me this awful secret is going to part us."

"It must, my love. It is my duty, and I must do it—must leave you. It isn't possible I can tell you what Robert told me. It is hard, hard for us both, God help us!"

He kissed her and walked away, leaving her dumb and despairing. Suddenly he retraced his steps, and taking Elsie's trembling hands, looked into her sorrowful, gray eyes, dim with tears. "Only say you trust me, Elsie. I'll bear anything that may come; but tell me you think I'm true to you."

Bitter tears came to Elsie's relief. She laid her head on his broad breast, and said, sobbing: "I *do* believe in you, Will; don't listen to what Robert says; he doesn't like you, and would tell you anything to separate us."

"But, Elsie, I *know* he has spoken the truth. It is a bad business for us both; we can't mend it."

"How can you prove it is true?" she asked, eagerly.

"My mother has not denied it," he said, bravely, though the words cost him an effort. "You shall know some day, Elsie. I cannot tell you, indeed I cannot. You must ask your brother. God bless you, my little love, for your true heart and your trust in me."

Then he left her standing by the old boat-house, where their first vows of love had been exchanged.

After this interview, Elsie was determined to appeal to her brother's mercy. With an aching heart, she took her way to the Crag Cottage. Robert was mending his nets, and looked up with a scowl, as his sister appeared.

"You are late to-day, Robert; all the others are out."

Robert threw aside the net he was mending and exclaimed sternly: "Have you been with that young ruffian? You had better avoid him for the future. It can do no good, you two meeting."

"Do you think I am a child, Robert, to be treated like this? I don't believe that Will ever did a dishonest or mean action in his life. Though he won't tell me what happened last night, I *will* find out. I cannot give up every hope without a good reason. Robert, dear Robert, *please* tell me what this horrible secret is."

She threw her arms round his neck. Robert was touched, and stroked her bright, chestnut hair, soothingly. "Don't take on so, lass; it's only for your own good I sent Will away. Don't trouble your little head about this. You must trust your brother, Elsie; he knows what is best for you."

Elsie stilled her weeping, and raised a pale, sorrowful face to his dark, anxious one.

"I don't want to argue about it, Robert. I came straight home to ask you what you told Will last night. Are you going to tell me?"

He removed her circling arms, and a frown gathered on his brow. "I see you *won't* have peace, Elsie. I'm not going to tell you. Will has left you; that ought to be enough, if you've any pride."

Elsie looked up into his stern face, and saw no signs of relenting. "You are very cruel," she said, despairingly, and turning, left his presence.

#### IV.

Summer waned, and the trees appeared in all their autumn beauty. Elsie carefully avoided Will; a meeting now could only be mutual pain. So the days went on, and golden autumn glided into dreary winter, with its darksome days and stormy nights. One wild November morning, Elsie wandered listlessly along the shore. The wind was blowing a stiff gale, sending the spray from the billows far up the

white cliffs. The sea-gulls wheeled overhead with loud screams, and the noise of the angry waves deadened every other sound. Elsie wrapped her shawl more closely round her slender frame as she struggled along. There was a tumult in her breast which made her forgetful of the war of the elements. Seating herself, she watched the waves curling and dashing at her feet. She derived a kind of gloomy satisfaction from the stormy sky and sea; their turbulence seemed to suit her own disturbed and unsettled mind. Chilled and weary, she was retracing her steps, when the sight of a stalwart figure sent the hot blood coursing through her veins. It was but a passing emotion; Will could never be more to her than he was now. She stifled a regretful sigh as she tried to pass her lover with a quiet smile; but he stood in her path and put out his hand, pleadingly.

"Surely we can be friends, Elsie. Don't blame me for stopping you, dear. I must tell you something, and I could not go to the Crag. I am glad we have met here, where no one can hear our good-byes, no one see our sorrow. Elsie, my darling, I am going away."

"Going away!" said Elsie, blankly, the colour forsaking her cheeks. "Oh, Will, you *must* not. What am I to do here alone without you? Oh, Will dear, do not leave Easthaven; it will be doubly hard for me when you are gone. Somehow, it's a morsel of comfort to get a glimpse of you now and then. While I talk to you, I feel as if things would come right again."

"Oh, my love, my love, if they only might!" said the poor fellow, as a sigh of misery escaped him.

Elsie laid her hand softly on his burning brow. "You have a great sorrow to bear, Will, and I am the right one to share it. Let me try to make it lighter for you."

But he would not share with her the secret. He had come only to tell her that he had secured service on board a merchant vessel bound for a three years' voyage.

The day before he left the village they met once more by the old boat-house. Will had come to bid farewell to the dear familiar spot, and Elsie had counted on the probability of his doing so. It was again a wild morning. The boisterous wind drove the ragged clouds across the sky and scattered the white spray from the billows. Elsie's hair fell loosely over her shoulders and was tossed about in the wind. Very beautiful she looked, as she stood by the trysting-place. Will caught her trembling hand, and their eyes met in a sorrowful gaze.

"I have come to say good-by, Will. This is the last time we shall meet," Elsie calmly said, though her heart was beating wildly.

"Elsie, won't you believe me? I should give the world to be able to tell you what is wearing my life away. After I have gone you will find out. If I was to marry you, I should bring a great trouble on mother. She is old, and she could never bear it; the—the dis-

grace would kill her. Your brother is my deadly enemy; he will never forgive me."

Suddenly Elsie's soft eyes filled with blinding tears. "You are cruel; you won't let me share your sorrows, and brave them all. I defy Robert to do his worst; I will bear anything for your sake."

"Oh, Elsie, darling, don't be so hard on me. You know I should only make matters worse by telling you. I'm awful troubled, lass, but I must do my duty. It's hard to bear, my darling; don't make it harder for me."

"So we shall never meet again—never again," she said, despairingly. And the waves went on murmuring and breaking at their feet. "Never again! Never again!" The waters took up the sad words, and the wind went wailing over the ocean with the same pitiful song.

"Will, you can't love me, as you pretend to, or you would never give me up like this. I'd have borne more for *your* sake. Good-bye."

"Don't speak like that, or you will break my heart, Elsie. God knows it's nigh broken already. Don't speak like that, love; don't send me away with those cruel words."

"Oh! Will, Will, what am I to do? What am I to think? You are giving me up for a fancy, and you won't tell me what it is."

Will's face grew white with pain. "Am I to go away with those words ringing in my ears, Elsie? Have you no comfort to offer me?"

"Forgive me, Will; I did not mean it. Oh, what shall I do in the long dreary days when you are gone?"

He kissed her, his blue eyes dim with unshed tears.

"Go," she murmured, with white lips; "this pain will kill me. Heaven bless you, my brave, true Will."

And he turned and left her, with bowed head and uncertain step.

And they have parted, these two; not for an hour—a day—but for all time. Yet not for ever.

## V.

ROBERT was out when Elsie reached home. She impatiently awaited his return, and paced restlessly up and down before the cottage door. The day was still wild and stormy. A moaning wind was sweeping over the sea, and whistling round the cliff.

Will was to leave Easthaven on the morrow. His mother had written to her nephew, a sturdy young fisherman who lived in a neighbouring village, and the lad had accepted the offer of a home in Easthaven. Elsie was thinking over these matters, when Robert climbed the rocky pathway, and stood before her.

She looked at him indignantly. "Robert, how is this to end? Will leaves to-morrow; he may never return; and I am no nearer the truth. I ask you for the last time, what is the secret of your power over Will and his mother? If you do not tell me now, I will leave you at once. Mrs. Miller has been very kind to me, and has promised to find me a home."

Robert looked at her beautiful indignant face with dismay. "What nonsense are you talking, lass? Let this foolish story alone. Will goes to-morrow, and has been ready enough to throw you off."

"It's not true," she said, vehemently. "If I can only swear that Will had no hand in this, I should rest easier. It may be some misfortune of his, for which he is not to blame. Speak and tell me, or I shall go mad!"

"I suppose I'll have to tell you?" he said, sullenly. "I hope you'll be the happier of it. You think a mighty lot of Will Gladwyn; perhaps you'll think a little less of him when I tell you his father was a murderer!"

Elsie's grasp on his arm tightened; there was scorn and incredulity in her glance.

"What wild story are you telling me? Do you think for one moment I'll believe such a horrible thing?"

"Of course not," he said, sneeringly. "It's so impossible, lass; couldn't happen nohow. It looks awful queer for Will, anyway. He's gone off and left you in a great hurry; so you see *he* believes it. Did you ever ask his mother? You've been precious quiet about it, lass; but you must have seen a change in Will. What rubbish you're talking, Elsie; do you think he'd have gone off like this if he hadn't known I spoke the truth?"

Elsie felt she was fighting against fate. "My mother has not denied it." Will's words rang in her ears.

"Well, Robert, supposing it is true? It's no fault of Will's or his mother's. I don't blame either of them, and——"

Robert interrupted her with an angry oath. "You're taking it mighty cool. Perhaps you'll alter your tune when I tell you how our father came by his death."

Elsie shuddered, and her face grew deadly pale, but she was silent. She could hardly remember her father. Robert had been greatly attached to him, and had inherited his violent temper and morose ways. He had felt his death keenly; and a dark, angry flush crossed his face as he spoke of it now.

"Listen, Elsie! Our father was found just below Sandy Point. People said he was drowned by falling over. I knew better. The day before he was missing I saw him and John Gladwyn go along the top of the cliff yonder. Father never got on with old Gladwyn; he was a bit sharp in his temper, maybe, and Gladwyn had a nasty plain-

spoken way about him. Father spoke to me as he passed; he was bargaining with Gladwyn about his fishing smack. I had some work to do down in the village; it was sunset when I took a short cut across the cliff. I had not gone far when I came across John Gladwyn sitting on a boulder. He had his face hidden in his hands, and was kind of moaning like. I touched him on the shoulder, and he looked up. I've seen many a guilty face, but I never saw one to beat *his* white scared face. I asked him what was the matter, and he said he had had a bad fall, and felt shook like. When I got him on his feet, he shook so that he could hardly stand. His story didn't seem impossible to me. He said they'd clinched the bargain about the boat; had gone off in different ways homewards; he had slipped, and got an ugly knock on the head from a bit of rock. Sure enough there was a blow on his temple, a long red mark. He begged me to help him home, and wouldn't hear of me turning back to see if father had gone down to the village. You remember he didn't come back that night; but, somehow, I didn't think no harm; he often stayed all night at the Mariners' Rest. His body was found next day. It was bruised, and the clothes were torn. John Gladwyn wouldn't go to the funeral. A few days after he was laid up with a bad fever. The doctor said he was out of his mind, and Mrs. Gladwyn tried to keep me out of the cottage. But I got into his room, and heard quite enough to tell me who had a hand in my father's death. John Gladwyn didn't know me no more than a babe, but he raved plenty about Robert Garner, and a quarrel he'd had with him; then he'd talk of a blow, and a body falling over the cliff. I knew now there had been a quarrel on the cliff, and Gladwyn had got the best of it. I swore to be revenged, but Gladwyn was drowned in a squall at sea soon after, as you know. I held my tongue about it, as I was only a lad, and my word would have gone for nothing. Gladwyn was a favourite; the folks would have said I was mad. I bided my time, and when John died I told his wife all I knew. She cut up rough-like at first; but I told her it was no use; I stuck to my story, and she wouldn't tell a lie. Now aren't you thankful I saved you from marrying the son of your father's murderer?"

Elsie had listened in silence, her white set face alone indicating her inward agony.

"I don't understand," she gasped; "it is all like some horrible nightmare. Even if it *is* true, Will is not to blame. Why has he left me like this? He could not help his father's sin, and, after all, it was only an accident."

"Of course you'll take his part, even though you know your father was murdered," said Robert furiously. "Don't you get it into your head that your fine lover's had any say in this matter; I sent him away. I told him that if he dared to marry you, I'd make Easthaven



ring with the story of his father's crime. He knew that if he got his mother to deny it (which wasn't likely) it would be a great trouble to her. It's all come off just as I planned. He wouldn't drag your name into the affair, and he has his old mother to think of."

"And you *dared* to do this cowardly thing? You dared to send him away—to threaten him into giving me up? Robert, you are a villain!"——

She could not trust herself to speak further, but hurried from his presence, leaving him with a dark, evil look on his countenance. The young girl hastened to Shingle Cottage. When she reached the humble dwelling, she paused for an instant before the little casement, almost expecting to hear Will's deep, sad voice. No sound came from within; she pushed open the door, and entered. Mrs. Gladwyn was sitting alone in the twilight, and there were traces of recent tears upon her cheeks. She looked up in surprise as Elsie entered.

"It's late for you to be out alone, my child; and Will cannot take you back."

"Where is he?" exclaimed Elsie, breathlessly.

"He has gone, a day before his time; he came in, looking so white and strange. He wouldn't stop a minute longer than he could help."

"Oh, mother, mother, I know all; Robert has told me; and I spoke unkindly to Will before we parted—my own brave, true-hearted love," cried the miserable girl, falling on her knees at the old woman's side.

Through the long, dreary night the two women sat by the fire, listening to the howling wind and the thunder of the surf along the shore. As the weary hours dragged slowly on, Elsie raised her head expectantly, hardly daring to hope that the sound of Will's dear, familiar voice would break the silence in the cottage.

"Ah, 'tis weary, waiting ever  
For the voice that cometh never."

## VI.

Robert Garner had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. He had counted on Elsie's indignation at the story of John Gladwyn's crime. He had firmly believed that she would think no more of Will or his mother; but he had deceived himself. When he walked over to Shingle Cottage in the morning, Elsie stoutly declared her intention of remaining with Mrs. Gladwyn till she could find a home elsewhere. In vain he stormed and entreated, Elsie's resolve was not to be shaken.

Of late there had been a great many wrecks along the coast. Elsie thought with sickening anxiety of what might be Will's danger; and at every blast which thundered round the cottage, she shuddered with an undefinable sensation of impending evil. Will had been gone three

days; Elsie had found a warm-hearted friend in Mrs. Miller. The wretched girl imparted her sad story to the sympathetic lady, who was loud in her denunciations of Robert's cruelty.

It was a tempestuous night. As Elsie stood peering out into the darkness through the open lattice, a rough figure stumbled against the door, and a friendly voice demanded entrance. Mrs. Gladwyn hastened to open the door, admitting a blast of wind and a burly form simultaneously. Elsie knew the man slightly. He was an honest, good-natured fisherman, and had been a chum of Will's.

Mrs. Gladwyn shook the hand extended to her. "It's a rough night, Hugh Anderson. I fear me there'll be a wreck or two along the coast before morning."

"Aye, that's truth, Mrs. Gladwyn; we'll hardly hear the guns to-night if some poor critters wants help. I just came along to give you a morsel of news about your son Will. I was at Newport yesterday, and I saw him off. She's a fine ship, the 'Hertford;' but she's a tough voyage before her."

Elsie's heart sank. So Will had actually sailed; was even now far from Easthaven. "Is she a big, strong ship?" she asked, anxiously.

"Ay, lass; but it'll want a good ship to hold her own in these gales: It's the stiffest gale there's been along the coast for nigh on three years: No, thank ye, I won't stop, Mrs. Gladwyn; thought I'd just drop in to let you know Will was off. He'll sight Easthaven on his course; they must steer clear of them rocks."

Mrs. Gladwyn thanked the fisherman for his interest in her son, and shortly afterwards Anderson took his departure. As the night wore on, the storm increased in fury. The waves thundered against the cliffs, and the roaring wind shook the cottage to its foundations. Elsie could not sleep, but lay awake listening to the tumult. Before the dawn broke, she heard the sound of a gun booming across the troubled waters.

She rose, and, dressing hurriedly, left the cottage. Down on the shore there was a crowd of men and women; the first face she saw was that of Hugh Anderson. "What is the matter, Hugh?"

"Matter enough, lass: There's a ship going to pieces on the rocks yonder, and not a boat can live in a sea like this."

"Poor souls," said Elsie, sorrowfully. She joined a group of fisherwomen, some of whom carried lanterns.

"This is just what I was afear'd of; none of them poor souls will ever see morning's light," said a woman of the group.

A rocket shot up from the ill-fated vessel, and its vivid light revealed the unfortunate crew clinging to her bulwarks and rigging. Then came a slight lull in the wind; the ship gave a lurch as the heavy seas swept over her; the cries of those on board were wafted to the ears of the shuddering fisher-folk on shore.

Elsie turned away with a cry of horror. "Oh, Will, my darling, that may be your fate some day." She hurried home, and found Mrs. Gladwyn sleeping peacefully: the poor woman was worn out with sorrow and fatigue. The hours passed wearily for Elsie; sleep would not visit her aching eyelids.

When it was broad day, she went down again to the shore. There were traces of the wreck along the coast; the timbers of the ill-fated vessel, which had gone to pieces in the night. Elsie hurried along to the old boathouse. The sand lay wet and shining; the sea-birds wheeled overhead; the fainter sound of the subsiding gale came like a wail to the ears of the desolate girl. Then her heart gave a great bound and stood still; for almost at her feet the waves had cast up the body of a man—a fair youth, beautiful even in death. His golden brown curls, matted and soaked with the sea-water, clustered over his forehead; and on his pale lips there was set a smile as of one who had gone gladly to his rest:

"So they met where they had parted,  
And she saw his face again;  
With its life gone out for ever,  
And its passion and its pain."

With a low, moaning cry Elsie fell on her knees to gaze on the dear, dead face. Those blue eyes would never again meet hers lovingly; those pale lips never more part in their old brave smile. Never again would the strong arms toil for love and home; weak and nerveless they were extended by his side. The finger of death had smoothed away the lines of care upon the broad brow. There was a look of rest and peace upon the dead face. Elsie raised his head and pillowed it upon her breast. Tears would not come in her great sorrow; but she kissed the marble face with lips as cold as its own.

"Oh, Will, Will! Speak to me, my darling, my heart is breaking; how am I to live without you?" And the waves danced in the sunshine, and the breeze, too, gently kissed the dead face, and stirred the fair hair resting on the breast of the stricken mourner. Then the tears came to her relief, and fell in a passionate shower on the face of the dead man.

"I saw you die, Will. O God! how little I dreamt it was *your* ship that went down last night." With dim eyes and aching heart she laid her cold cheek against his, and whispered softly: "I know you have forgiven me, Will, or you would not smile so sweetly. And the angels sent me here, love; they told me I should find you by the old boathouse, where we have been so happy together. Your trouble is over, darling; you are at rest. I have all my life to live without you. Oh, my heart, my heart!"

Thus they found her an hour later, with her arms round the form of her dead lover, and her burning tears still wet upon his cheek.

## VII.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Poor Mrs. Gladwyn sat calm and tearless by the bedside of her dead son. She had lost all; yet she made show of not repining. Husband and son had been taken from her; but even in her trouble she comforted poor heart-broken Elsie, who kept with her a dreary vigil. The corpse was laid out, and the miserable girl placed flowers on the breast and on the folded hands. Before the coffin was screwed down, Robert Garner stood alone by the bedside, haggard and remorseful. What he suffered in those few moments was known only to himself. Surely, of all punishments his was the most terrible—a life-long remorse. That same day he left Easthaven, and his subsequent fate remained a mystery.

On the morning of the funeral, Elsie went once more into the presence of the dead ere he was shut out from her sight for ever. Her voice was broken with sobs as she leaned over the coffin, and pressed her last kiss on his pale brow.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my darling, my dear, lost love! The light of my life has gone with you. Oh, Will, Will!"

So Will was buried in the little cemetery on the hill. Elsie bore up bravely till the earth had fallen on the coffin; then she fell mute and white at Mrs. Gladwyn's feet. A severe attack of brain fever followed; and for weeks her life was despaired of. When she recovered, she was but the shadow of her former self; she remembered nothing of the tragic event which had so recently occurred. The strain had been too great; and her reason had given way. She felt dimly that she was waiting for some one; and would talk of Will as a little boy she had known years ago.

She lived with Mrs. Gladwyn, and was very gentle and patient. She evinced a childish delight at sight of the old boathouse; and she would sit for hours on the shore, gazing into the west; always murmuring the same meaningless refrain, about a ship that the angels were steering for her love. Her brother she had completely forgotten. Every evening at sunset the crazed girl would climb the hill to sit by the grave of her lost love, feeling dimly that she had some duty to perform there. She would listen to the song of the surges on the shore; to the shrill cry of the seagulls, as the echoes of some well-remembered strains.

And the years are coming and going, the long years of unreasoning despair; but for her there will never be rest till she and her lover meet in that beautiful land, "where all tears shall be wiped away."

A MIRACLE OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

O ALOYSIUS, to my heart most dear  
Has ever been the music of your name—  
Dearer henceforward, since to-day I hear  
Of yet another most engaging claim,  
Which makes this grateful bosom thrill anew  
With joy that such a grace was sent through *you*.

A tiny maiden, seven sweet springtimes old,  
Was taking flight from this dark earth of ours.  
Ah! had she gone, our earth more dark and cold  
Would since have been, more bleak, more bare of flowers.  
But you, St. Aloysius, whispered: "Nay,  
The child must longer in her exile stay.

"The world has need of her. In years to come  
The old will find in her fresh heart a store  
Of filial piety; a true man's home  
Her love will bless, till angels hovering o'er  
Will mark with wonder 'mid the world's light throng  
Goodness and peace that to our heaven belong."

God yielded to our needs and to your prayer.  
How many since have blessed Him for her sake!  
Decrepit age revives beneath her care,  
Young hearts from hers a purer sunshine take.  
O Aloysius, only heaven will tell  
The fruits of this your gracious miracle.

We need her still. Oh! for a lengthened space  
Keep her, kind Saint! from her bright heavenly crown,  
While every moment adds its meed of grace  
And every moment finds you looking down  
With fonder love and more approving smile  
On her you saved from early death erewhile.

*July 6, 1880.*

## O'HAGAN'S "SONG OF ROLAND."\*

SIR William Blackstone's name is inseparably associated with legal lore, yet he wrote excellent verses, the best, indeed, being a "*farewell* to poetry." The fact that Thomas Noon Talfourd was a respectable second-rate poet did not hinder him from becoming a respectable third-rate judge. Barry Cornwall and Mr. Bryan Procter, the poet and the lawyer, were one and the same. In our own time and country Sir Samuel Ferguson defended Richard Dalton Williams as a barrister in 1848, and before and since he has shown himself to be a true poet like his client. It would be easy, by ransacking our memory or our bookshelves, to add many other instances of a union between law and literature. But none of these cases furnishes a perfect precedent for the one that makes us go in search of them. Certainly in none of the examples that we have cited was anything like supreme excellence achieved at once in both departments; whereas, in the volume named at the head and foot of this page, we have a busy, practising barrister of the highest standing in his profession producing literary work of pre-eminent merit and of a sort which requires many high literary gifts, controlled by a cultivated taste. We shall be surprised if it be possible to find, in English literature or in any literature, so distinguished and so devoted a lawyer as Mr. John O'Hagan, Q.C., enriching the human mind and heart with so noble a poem as "The Song of Roland."

We have purposely made this statement in a form which may seem to charge Mr. O'Hagan with the authorship of the poem. We accept the assurance with which he concludes his introduction, that he has "striven throughout to be as literal as difference of idiom and 'the wicked necessity of rhyming' would permit." Some specimens that are given of the original prove the exactness with which this version follows it line for line. But this very fidelity, taken in connection with the perfect freedom and flow of the narrative which seems unconscious of wearing the shackles of the most accurate rhyme and rhythm—all this only increases our admiration of the work as it now stands, forming henceforth a very notable item in the poetical literature of these islands.

Happy, indeed, for Tuoldus or Théroulde—if those two names be the same or if either of them be the name of Count Roland's laureate—happy for the old bard's fame was the moment when an article in

\* "The Song of Roland." Translated into English Verse by John O'Hagan, M.A., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster-square. 1880.)

the *Quarterly Review* for 1866 attracted Mr. O'Hagan's attention to the subject; and more fortunate still the chance which, only two or three years ago, placed in his hands a copy of the original "*Chanson*," when his mind was thus prepared for what might else have been thrown aside as if written in an unknown tongue.

The title-page of this volume does not state from what language it has been "translated into English Verse." Though we give it a French name, Frenchmen require to have it translated for them almost as much as we do ourselves. All the assistance which the ordinary reader needs to educate him for a due appreciation of "*Roland*" is afforded in the most complete and agreeable manner in the Introduction, which a master of style has pronounced to be "one of the most delightful pieces of prose writing in the language." Here and in the terse and scholarly notes at the end the writer has manifestly been obliged to practise stern self-restraint in condensing the too abundant materials at his disposal. We wish a table of contents had been prefixed to the work, giving the subjects of the various sections of this Introduction, which are merely marked in the margin—and giving also at one glance the three great divisions of the poem, together with the headings of the subdivisions of each part. Perhaps the next edition will supply us with this mechanical help, which has suggested itself to us at this particular point, because such a table of matter would show, even to the casual reader, how thorough is the Translator's treatment of the literature of his theme in these introductory pages. And as we have referred to a new edition, we may go on to express our hope that "*Roland*" may then be

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food"—

a book plain enough and handy enough to be carried into the fields and read aloud in the open air. In its present form, the fine typography, the rich vellum binding, and the austere beauty of the paper, with its ample margin and untrimmed edges, are such as to satisfy the most fastidious of book-epicures. Indeed its externals are too exquisite, rendering it liable to be mistaken for a mere drawing-room-table adornment, a book to be looked at rather than read; whereas there are very few poems in any language so interesting and so completely readable; and it is not without reason that one of the French translations of it has been issued in the series called *Livres pour Tous*.

In the Introduction, from which we must pass on rapidly to the poem itself, Mr. O'Hagan, after fixing in our memory Charlemagne as "a hero both of history and of fable," sketches rapidly and clearly the authentic and the fabulous account which has reached us of the "*Christian Achilles*," Roland. His dissertation on the external history of the "*Chanson*" is deeply interesting—a poem which, written about

the end of the eleventh century, had dropped out of sight utterly for many centuries, unread and unknown, existing in a solitary manuscript copy hidden away in an English library where no one probably who had access to it was acquainted with the dialect in which it was written. Its existence was hardly known to more than a few antiquarians fifty years ago. It was never published till 1837. And yet there is already in France and in Germany quite an extensive literature devoted to the *Chanson de Roland*. It is strange enough and certainly fortunate that it has been left to an Irishman, in so late a year of this century, to be the first to give "The Song of Roland" a place in English literature.

Before fulfilling the promise with which our preceding paragraph begins, let us give a sample of Mr. O'Hagan's prose.

"Such as it is, the numerous popular editions, and the continuous rendering of it into modern French, are a manifest proof that it has given delight to thousands of readers in our time. What must it have been in its own? Let us conceive the market-place of some French or Italian mediæval city, such as a whole world of art has made us familiar with. It is an hour or so after noon, when the morning's business and the midday meal are both well over, and the after-dinner time is weighing somewhat heavily upon the citizens. The rumour goes that the famous jongleur, or trouvère, who had been entertained the preceding night at the castle of the lord upon the hill, is riding thither, and means to give them a cast of his art. Soon the market-place is thronged, and, after a long period of expectation, their desire is gratified. The jongleur has come, and he and his attendant, having put up their horses at the hostelry, are making their way through the crowd, which eagerly separates to admit them. He wears a long mantle, cap, and feather, and his attendant carries a little triangular lyre. He mounts upon the *perron* of the Hotel de Ville, or upon some temporary scaffold, takes the lyre from his companion, and, striking a few preluding notes to mark the rhythm, commences the tale of the disaster of Roncesvalles. His voice, naturally strong and melodious (or he would not have chosen such a calling), has been cultivated with the greatest care, and he has formed himself to all the arts of an accomplished actor. The language he uses has nothing strange or antiquated: it is the very idiom of the assembly he is addressing. It is, of course, impossible that the whole poem should be recited in one day. He selects such parts as he deems will most captivate his audience, or, if he means to make a stay for some days, he gives it to them piecemeal, breaking off each day like a *feuilletoniste*, at some point of highly-wrought interest. But if we, after the lapse of centuries in a cultivated age, reading this as a mere fiction, in a language now grown wholly obsolete, cannot help being moved by its heroic and pathetic traits, what, I repeat, must it have been when declaimed in their own tongue, and by a finished orator, to a population who listened to every word with unquestioning faith, and whose hearts were on fire for the Christian cause? But the jongleur had other audiences dearer to his heart. From the city market-place we may follow him to the halls of princes and nobles. Imagine the long and weary evenings in a mediæval castle; then conceive what a delight and resource it must have been when fortune brought a minstrel who was master of the *chansons de geste*, and, above all, of the great 'Song of Roncesvalles.' High and low, baron, squire, and servitor, lady and damsel, would gather round, and hang upon the strain. And not for pleasure alone. Familiarity with such a poem must have formed no mean education in point of nobility of thought and greatness of purpose. It was romance, no doubt, but not the chimerical romance of knight-errantry. It was the story of brave men fighting to the last, against desperate odds, for their land and faith."



The three parts of the poem are "the Treason of Ganelon," "Roncesvalles," and "the Reprisals." The historical event on which the legend is founded took place just eleven hundred years ago, almost to the very year. In that real history the traitor Ganelon had no part, and the hero Roland very little. In the "Chanson" not only these, but the gentle Olivier, Archbishop Turpin, Charlemagne himself, and many minor characters, are brought before us with great vividness and dramatic vigour. This distinctness and variety of character, and the rapid variety of incidents, lend to this old ballad-epic a great deal of the charm of the best romance.

But the central figure of course is Roland, the Orlando of the Italian poems which take their inspiration from some form of this long-forgotten lay. "He is in the prime and the strength of youth, the bright, consummate flower of Frankish chivalry." Never more knightly or chivalrous than at the end, when Ganelon's treachery and his own proud self-confidence have cut him off from Karl's host, and left him at the mercy of the Saracen foe. He who has done so much for the fame of this brave Christian knight thinks that there "are few things in poetry more touching than the passage where Olivier, wounded to death and blinded by the blood which streams down his forehead, strikes out darkly and smites the helm of Roland who had ridden to his side. 'My comrade, thou didst it not wittingly, I am thy Roland who have loved thee so dearly.' 'I hear thee,' said Olivier, 'but I see thee not; God seeth thee. Have I then struck thee?' And they bent their heads and laid them together, and made their parting in great love." Let us cite the metrical version of the passage of which Mr. O'Hagan gives us this beautiful summary in prose. It will show the marvellous literalness of a translation, which nevertheless flows on as smoothly as if it were following its own caprice, instead of reproducing faithfully words and thoughts woven together many hundreds of years ago:—

"Roland looked Olivier in the face,—  
 Ghastly paleness was there to trace;  
 Forth from his wound did the bright blood flow,  
 And rain in showers to the earth below.  
 'O God!' said Roland, 'is this the end  
 Of all thy prowess, my gentle friend?  
 Nor know I whither to bear me now:  
 On earth shall never be such as thou.  
 Ah, gentle France, thou art overthrown,  
 Reft of thy bravest, despoiled and lone;  
 The Emperor's loss is full indeed!  
 At the word he fainted upon his steed.

"See Roland there on his charger swooned,  
 Olivier smitten with his death wound.  
 His eyes from bleeding are dimmed and dark,  
 Nor mortal, near or far, can mark;

And when his comrade beside him pressed,  
 Fiercely he smote on his golden crest;  
 Down to the nasal the helm he shred;  
 But passed no further, nor pierced his head.  
 Roland marvelled at such a blow,  
 And thus bespake him soft and low:  
 'Hast thou done it, my comrade, wittingly?  
 Roland who loves thee so dear, am I,  
 Thou hast no quarrel with me to seek.'  
 Olivier answered, 'I hear thee speak,  
 But I see thee not. God seeth thee.  
 Have I struck thee, brother? Forgive it me.'  
 'I am not hurt, O Olivier;  
 And in sight of God, I forgive thee here.'  
 Then each to other his head hath laid,  
 And in love like this was their parting made."

This extract shows the metre which Mr. O'Hagan has used. After giving cogent reasons for not attempting the assonant rhyme of the original—in which Mr. M'Carthy has succeeded so wonderfully in his "*Calderon*"—he says:—

"I adopted the mixed iambic and anapaestic metre, which '*Christabel*' and the '*Siege of Corinth*' and the '*Bridal of Triermain*' have made so familiar to us. It has, I know, fallen into much discredit as a liting metre. Mr. Conington speaks very disparagingly of it, in the introduction to his translation of Virgil. And yet I doubt if I could have chosen better. One can certainly imagine the story of Roland beautifully rendered in heroic numbers. Not, perhaps, in the couplet of Pope, but in the free, sweet, and dignified line of Chaucer and Keats, of which in our day Mr. Morris has shown himself so complete a master. Still more perfectly could it be conceived as another idyll, in the exquisite blank verse of the laureate. But I dared not attempt either, and I perceived that one advantage lay in a metre so facile, viz., that many of the proper names, especially among the heathen, were 'strong and unworkable,' not easily got into verse, unless the verse were of a somewhat elastic character."

We are strongly of opinion that any one who knows anything of the different characters and dispositions of the various metres, and a little of the exigencies of such a work as the one before us, will agree very heartily with the foregoing remarks, and decide that Mr. O'Hagan could not possibly have chosen better. In the execution of his enterprise he has shown consummate skill in versification, and a very uncommon mastery of pure and refined poetic diction; and especially of that diction which suits best so noble a strain of mediæval chivalry. No tame echo of Scott's ballad-epics, but the true spirit of Scott in some of his best moods both as a poet and a romance writer.

A contributor to this Magazine\* has given a curious list of the many dedications in which various works have been presented by their authors to Cardinal Newman; and a writer in another periodical remarked lately, that the Cardinal is himself one of the few to keep

\* IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iv., p. 660.

up the graceful custom of dedications. One of the friends whom he thus honoured was again honoured thus for the last time on the first page of this "Song of Roland." Mr. O'Hagan has left unchanged the words he addressed to the late Dr. Russell in one of the closing months of his life.

"But for the great interest you took in it, your generous encouragement, your acute and scholarly criticism, I am sure I should have never ventured to publish it. Your kindness to me in this regard has been but the sequel of a lifetime of kindness. It is truly a great happiness and privilege to be enabled to subscribe myself your affectionate friend."

And then he adds, a month after his friend's death :—

"When the above dedication was written and in print, I little thought that Dr. Russell would not live to see the publication of a work, with every page and almost every line of which he is associated in my memory. In love, sorrow, and reverence I dedicate it to him anew."

It was remarked lately by a distinguished authority how singular it is that two Irishmen should have adorned English literature with the best translations of the two great Catholic poets of Spain and Italy. And now a third Irishman has come forward to add to our repertory of translated poems, another as perfect in its kind as Cary's *Dante*, or M'Carthy's *Calderon*. The unknown author of the "*Chanson de Roland*" may not rank for genius with the authors of the *Divina Commedia*, and the *Autos Sacramentales*—though even Mr. Matthew Arnold has only a mild rebuke for the French critics who boldly compare their newly discovered poet to Homer; but assuredly he has produced a true masterpiece of another sort, which, worthily transfused into the noble language which we write and speak, enriches us all.

On the whole, considering the unique interest and worth of this recovered relic of a bygone age, and considering the thoroughly satisfactory form in which it is now for the first time presented to us, may we not confidently predict that in this form it will long survive the poor score of years that remains of our proud nineteenth century, and that, when the "popular books of the season" will long have perished as waste paper, the libraries of a remote future will still keep a corner of their shelves for Mr. O'Hagan's magnificent version of "The Song of Roland?"

## DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY ANDERDON, S.J.

THE Agora, or market-place in Athens, like the Forum in Rome, was the scene of the city's general public life. Business of every kind was carried on there, and careless talk and amusement, all under the glorious cloudless sky of Attica, an atmosphere that seemed to sparkle with brightness and exhilaration, making it a pleasant thing for the populace to lounge about, hearing or retailing any trifle of news. For "all the Athenians, and strangers that were there," says the Inspired Word,\* as well as the comic dramatist,† "employed themselves in nothing else but either in telling or in hearing some new thing." A fickle, light-hearted, quick-witted race, with a keen sense of beauty in the physical order, and the intellectual sphere; witness their statues, friezes, temples, porticoes and colonnades; witness their glorious dramas, choruses, orations. You might trust them unhesitatingly for a just and acute criticism of a passage in Æschylus or Sophocles, of a flowing oriental description from Herodotus, a terse historical epigram in Thucydides, a metaphor of Pericles, an indignant period of Demosthenes, closely reasoned, yet melodious withal. Only, do not trust them with your purse, nor rely on their plighted word.

"What news, what news?" twittered the busier quidnuncs, up and down the agora, in the midst of gossip, and laughter, and chaffering, buying and selling, politics, poetry, scraps of philosophy, light-hearted scepticism, and all the small talk of a cultivated heathen city. "Anything fresh to-day?" drawled out, here and there, a lounging fop of the Alcibiades type, with a pet quail or dove nestling in the ungirt folds of his tunic. "Anything from the East, or from Rome?"

"The newest thing I've heard for many a day," said young Aristobulus to Perdicas the tragedian, "is what yonder strange man is saying; there, look, beyond that pile of olive-baskets. Do you see him?—well, you hardly can, for he is not great of stature, and those Epicureans and Stoics are crowding so round him. I made one of his audience yesterday, for he has been disputing in the agora these several days past. Such wonderful things, and all new!"

"You make me curious," said the other. "What is his philosophy? A new system? That's delightful. Anything in *my* way, to work up into a drama?"

\* Acts, xvii. 21.

† Aristophanes, *passim*.

"Well, yes, dramatic enough; for he says (if I caught his meaning rightly) that all the dead are one day to burst out of the earth again. Think of that! Couldn't you hammer a tragedy out of such materials? Agamemnon comes back with his gashes; Medea's children rise and shriek at their guilty mother; Clytemnestra glares on Orestes, not as a pale film of a ghost, that can only frighten, but with a very material, vengeful dagger in her Amazon grasp—"

"Stay," interrupted Perdiccas, "stay a moment; I have it!" And with foot advanced, gazing into vacancy, chin resting on one hand, elbow on the other, the tragedian began to sketch out a play, on that strange, weird notion of the dead rising again. To his heathen mind the vision may have presented itself, in some of its features, as it was shown to the inspired eye of Ezechiel, more than six centuries before. With the difference, of course, that to the prophet it was not fancy, but inspiration. To Perdiccas it was not revelation, but tragedy, dark as the "Eumenides," imaginative as the "Prometheus."

Meanwhile, there was a movement among the crowd that Aristobulus had pointed out. Men were directing their steps, in a body, towards the Hill of Mars, so well known to us as the Areopagus. The philosophers with knit brows, the sophists with sneers, the light-hearted multitude with stare and with laughter, hitherward they come.

In the midst of them was he, whose words have made all this stir. A man of now some fifty years, or more, if the tradition be true that he was born about the time of the Divine Nativity, and was also coeval with St. Stephen, whose blood he had helped to shed, when he kept the murderers' garments. That sanguinary deed, however, was full eighteen years ago; and, since his conversion, and retirement into Arabia, St. Paul has made heroic reparation. He has spent the interval in suffering for and "preaching the Faith which once he destroyed."

For it is the Apostle of the Gentiles who is the nucleus of that crowd; his burning words that have excited his hearers in various degrees—some to mere gaping wonder or shallow mockery, some to anger, others to "oppositions of falsely named science," some few to the preludes of faith. They bring him now to the Areopagus, because that court, as the highest tribunal in Athens, a court of equity, of final appeal, was the most fitting place and audience for such unheard-of things as he had propounded.

Let us gain some idea of the locality, if we would understand one of the most remarkable addresses ever made, and in one of the most striking of places.

St. Paul before the Areopagus. Few can read the words, and not be carried back in thought to the *chef d'œuvre* in which Raphael has attempted the scene. We have all seen it, whether in the tapestry

at the Vatican, or the original cartoon drawn for that tapestry, once at Hampton Court and now at Kensington; or we hang it on our walls as an engraving, or have it in a family bible. A great work of art, no doubt: but it conveys a most inaccurate idea of place and scene.

What is the historic reality?

You have to figure to yourself three rocky eminences, rising from the plain of Attica, of unequal height, but all very defined: the Acropolis, the Areopagus, the Pnyx. All were included within the walls of Athens; but only the first-named had any buildings on it, to speak of. The Areopagus was marked, and is so to-day, with seats for the judges, under the vault of the Attic sky, with an open space for the accused, or whoever stood there to plead before them. The seats are roughly hewn in the limestone rock, which otherwise is nearly shapeless. Sixteen steps, likewise cut in the rock, led up to its summit from the Agora, which lies north of this low hill. Up these steps St. Paul is now conducted by one of the officers of the Court, followed by the mixed multitude, all alive to hear him propound (as they anticipate) a theory, or a worship, of some "new gods" to be added to the Hellenic mythology.

The Pnyx, which lies westward of Mars' Hill, may be dismissed in a few words; its memories are of an unmixed pagan kind. Very momentous, however, in the history of Athens and the neighbouring republics of Greece. It was from the *bema*, or rostrum, of that rock, rude and simply hewn, as it may be seen to-day, that the most finished, powerful, heart-stirring orations were poured forth, of which the melodious Attic Greek was ever made the vehicle. For the Pnyx was resonant to the voice of Demosthenes; and the efforts of that impassioned pleader and powerful reasoner have only been exceeded by the highest, rarest efforts of some Christian priest, a Chrysostom or a Basil, speaking in *His* Name who to Demosthenes was an unknown God.

But the Acropolis—at once the citadel and (to misuse terms) the cathedral-close of Athens—how to describe the accumulation of art-splendours and imposing architecture that rose upon its brow? The Parthenon, the Doric temple of Minerva, formed a tiara to its marble crown; the topmost gem of that tiara being the statue of Victory on the pediment, driving her four-horse chariot, and looking out straight to the Piræus, the chief port of Athens, from which her navies made sail for Ægina, the Peloponnesus, and the other enemies of the State. Before the temple portico stands forth the colossal statue of Minerva Promachus, the supposed "Defendress" of her city. The image is of ivory and gold, the masterpiece of Phidias, at least twenty-six cubits in height. A second statue, by the same master-hand, to Nemesis, the Goddess of Vengeance, was formed of marbles brought into Greece

by the Persians, in their confidence of victory, and left behind in their disastrous retreat. Other shrines, to other demon-powers, flank the presiding temple; but we are only concerned with such features of the scene as have any relation to the Gospel, to whose sounds they are now unwillingly to echo.

All these outward things appeal forcibly to the heathen mind. They speak of war, of proud triumph, and self-reliance, national glory, and a multitude of false gods. It was this sight that moved the apostolic heart of St. Paul with a burning zeal to announce the Truth amid these splendid homes of error. "While Paul waited for" Silvanus and Timotheus "at Athens, his spirit was stirred within him, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry."\* Who, indeed, that loved the Name and the interests of our Divine Lord, and the souls He bled to redeem, could withhold the word that is in his heart as a burning fire, shut up in his bones?† Who could wander among those temples and theatres, with their stately, beautiful idols, and see the altar of Jupiter Olympius under its lofty colonnade, and the multitudinous superstitions of the Pantheon, where "all the gods"—excepting only the True—received their incense—who could come and see these things, and not be set on fire to proclaim the Sacred Name? Here, in this very "Greece of Greece," there was concentrated work to be done, and the sooner Silvanus‡ and Timotheus come from Berea to help him, the better. The great apostle "disputed therefore in the synagogue with the Jews, and with them that served God:" going first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; then, extending his sphere, according to the tenor of his mission, and knocking at the lofty gates of the cultivated paganism in this its cherished home, "in the Agora, every day, with them that were there."

They now lead him up the rock-hewn steps, and place him on the narrow level space, surrounded by those distinguished citizens who bore the honoured name of "Areopagites." These have already assembled; for St. Paul's preaching during the previous days has not failed, at least, to awaken public curiosity. Moreover, it is a question of religion, therefore under the special cognisance of this high court. Dionysius the Areopagite is seated there, with his compeers. We may be sure our acquaintances, Perdiccas and Aristobulus, are among the audience; but we are not much further concerned with them, only to hope they may have been among the few converts made by the apostle.

And now, imagine that you stand there, by St. Paul's side. Study the scene awhile, before he opens his lips. The foreground, a half

\* Acts, xvii. 16.

† Jer. xx. 9.

‡ "They that conducted Paul brought him as far as Athens; and receiving a commandment from him to Silas and Timothy, that they should come to him with all speed, they departed" (Acts, xvii. 15).

circle of grave and thoughtful faces—the judges of the Areopagus were not mere newsmongers: they formed an audience that Pericles or Demosthenes might have addressed, with confidence that their arguments would be appreciated and weighed. Behind these, a curious multitude of “the general,” to whom such words are very much “as caviare.” The sea of heads, as far as the rock allows room, hides from the apostle’s eyes that part of Athens which is built in the plain. To his left, however, beyond the Agora, rise the columns of the Poikile Stoa, or Porch of Varied Colours, a sort of national picture-gallery, dedicated to the achievements of the Republic. Nestling under Mars’ Hill, but almost concealed from view, is the Temple of the Furies—an unlovely, yet in some ways wholesome worship, that brings, after a heathen fashion, a shadow of judgment to come, over the gay inhabitants of this bright ætherial clime. But before him, ay, right in front, where he stands facing the East, rises the Acropolis. Minerva’s golden helm and shield are flashing the evening sun on the face of the apostle of truth.

One moment yet, to complete the picture: it enters into the address he is about to deliver. The breath of divine inspiration breathes where it will; yet at times it would seem to take its course in the channel of outward surroundings. So the prophet Jeremias\* was sent down by inspiration to the potter’s house; and, while he mused on the absolute control of the workman over the clay, the word of the Lord came to him, and bade him preach to Israel the Divine Supremacy over all His creatures. So, while we read St. Paul’s words, embalmed for us in the Acts of the Holy Apostles, we cannot but recall the scene that presented itself to his eyes at the moment. Like all who walk by faith, he “endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.” To a heart in union with God, the sights of nature represent the verities of grace: “for the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.”†

Beyond the circuit of the city walls, the plain of Attica, dotted and laced about with gray olive plantations, undulated smoothly up to the spurs of the surrounding mountains. Hymettus lay to the south-east, murmurous with its bees, whose honey rivalled that of Hybla, and was rivalled, if you will believe Horace, by that of his own Sabine form. North-west lay Parnes; north-east, again, the marble quarries of Pentelicus; while through the defiles of that mountain wound the rocky road, not safe from brigands or broken knees, that led to Marathon. Behind St. Paul, that is, to the West, extended the silver sea-line of the gulf of Salamis, now transmuted into evening gold. Above it, robed in the changeful purple and rose-tints which make up the everyday costume of the isles of Greece, was to be seen the rocky out-

\* Jer. xviii.

† Rom. i. 20.



line of Salamis itself. Earth, water, and every green thing, and the clear sky above, and the matchless works of man below.

Then came the immortal words. May we be acquitted of irreverence, or of mere fancifulness, if we suppose a running commentary to have passed through the minds, and partly overflowed on the lips, of his hearers?

"Men of Athens"—thus the great apostle opened his message—"I consider you to be in all respects greatly given to a reverential fear for superhuman powers."\*

"Ay?" thought Nicias, a leading Epicurean in the city, "and why should men be affected by such reverential fear, when the superhuman powers, or Power, have no concern in human actions?" Then he muttered to himself the sublime but dreadful lines of Lucretius:

"From our low cares remote, unknowing pain  
Or peril, self-enrich'd, the Power Supreme  
Nought needs of us; nor any act of good  
Wins Him to bless, nor evil moves to ire."†

"Superhuman powers—hm!" murmured Crito, a Stoic; "that is to say, Nature, or Fate. If he means anything more personal, he is as much at sea as the ignorant multitude."

At the same moment, Dionysius was musing with himself, as the words fell on his ears, and reawakened within him the former preludes to faith, of which he had been conscious during the crucifixion of the Lord. Then, amid the portentous darkness, that had shrouded the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour, he had cried out, in wondering awe: "Either the God of nature is suffering, or the frame of nature is being dissolved!" Now, with his wife Damaris, and some few others, he is to be a disciple of the great exposition of truth, and respond to its personal appeal:

"What, therefore, you worship without knowing it, this I preach to you."

\* Cornelius a Lapide *in loco*, especially the note from Kuinoelius, for this meaning of St. Paul's phrase *θεοδαιμονεστέρους*.

† "Divina potestas,  
Semota a rebus nostris, sejunctaque longe:  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nil indiga nostri,  
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur irâ."

## REVERIES.

BY ALICE ESMONDE.

'TIS June in tender summer skies,  
 'Tis summer in this cool retreat,  
 Where bending birch and osier meet  
 O'er leaves whose greenness never dies.

The heron's favourite haunt is here ;  
 Her foot is in the brook all day ;  
 Through dampest swathes of new-mown hay  
 A hundred sweet, dead flowers appear.

On hill-sides far, the dry heath lights  
 Where silver waves of smoke float low,  
 Here happy children to and fro  
 With bare feet wade on summer nights.

Sweet Mother, 'tis a peaceful hour—  
 And peaceful hours grow full with thee—  
 Recalling favours shown to me,  
 With richest mercy, love, and power.

My words are weak. What can I say ?  
 My Mother sweet! God's Mother dear!  
 'Twill be heaven's deepest joy to hear  
 God call thee Mother, yet one day.

I knelt in dim cathedral aisle  
 An August eve before thy throne—  
 Knelt long, and prayed, almost alone,  
 The organ pleading on the while.

And memories from a sorrow past  
 Rushed round in every mourning strain ;  
 I heard each note grow sad with pain,  
 Till through my prayers the tears came fast ;

And thoughts that could but speak in tears,  
 And grateful love that found no word,  
 Went out in trembling chords that stirred  
 'Mid all my lost, unmindful years.

*Reveries.*

The aid oft sought, and oftener given  
With full, and prompt, and gentlest hand  
(Though I should fail to understand  
The wise ways of the Cross and Heaven).

Ah! words are cold to speak of thee,  
My mother sweet! God's Mother dear!  
What other friend was e'er so near,  
So patient, kind, and true to me?

Beyond those skies and planets fair,  
Beyond the countless seraph throng,  
Beyond the highest angel's song  
Thou hearest the poor sinner's prayer.

Thy throne is near God's throne above :  
Full mercy near the judgment-seat ;  
When I shall come before his feet,  
My sweetest hope is in thy love.

But, ah! there's many a darkest day  
Between this hour and my last breath ;  
There are temptations, doubts, and death—  
A long, and hard, and unknown way.

The fragrant blossoms deck the grass  
The mower laid in damp swathes low ;  
Sweet Mother! let my life shine so  
When death's strong scythe by me shall pass.

With some fair bloom that thou may'st prize,  
Some passion-flower or violet sweet,  
Or lilies to lay at thy feet  
Beyond those tender, summer skies.

## BRACON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

DOWN TO THE SOCKET.

"I AM glad," resumed Lord Wellealey, "that our friend Canning has just got in for Liverpool, and beaten that dangerous radical, Harry Brougham. It was a representative contest, in every sense."

"Why," observed Eustace, "you yourself, my lord, must be called a Liberal, and Canning as well, since you are both bent on liberating our reverend friend here, and those who think with him."

"Ah," said the Marquis, gravely, "there is a vast difference, Eustace, between seeing the political necessity, as well as justice, of a measure of relief for an oppressed class, and a disposition to throw open a door to all the ragamuffins in the country to scramble to place and power. Brougham would invite a tinker or a tailor to sit for your seat in Parliament. Stultz, sir—no; he's a foreigner and can't be elected. But his foreman, his chief cutter, prosperous and retired upon his money, might become the Honourable Member for Gatton, or old Sarum, or—Sudbury. I am a sort of Liberal-Tory, if you will. Then, remember that I am also a born Irishman. It needs but a slight acquaintance with the circumstances of that country (*my* country) to see how the great majority of the people have been down-trodden, through generations, not by civil disabilities alone, but by the most oppressive domination of a privileged few. Not the French nobility under the old *régime* (no irreverence to your grandfather, Eustace, who must have been a great exception, to have so good a fellow for his descendant), not the Spartan handful, lording it over their helot population, were more absolute masters of the situation, or abused it more odiously. I have seen enough of that, though I have been more in India than in Ireland. As every abuse has its Nemesis, though it may seem to limp after the malefactor with slow foot—Horace, you remember, Mr. Morton—so you will see Orange Ascendancy will bring about Catholic Emancipation as surely as ——"

He hesitated, as feeling that he had got into the meshes of the parallel he was going to draw, and with a fear of any apparent discourtesy to Morton.

"As the *ancien régime* brought about the French Revolution," supplied the priest, good-humouredly. "Do not fear, my lord; I shall not be hurt at your analogy. Moreover, that convulsion under

which Europe still reels was the result of many causes; the oppressions of the nobility, tyrannous as they were, being only one. There were evils that gathered round the altar as well as the throne."

"Ay?" inquired the Marquis, with some little surprise.

"Most assuredly," continued Morton, "though it would take us beyond our present range of thought, and bring us quite out of Hyde Park, to develop the strong conviction I entertain. The Bourbon rule so unduly exalted the *Regale* as to produce one manifest result, which tended to that Nemesis directly. It procured the appointment to bishoprics and other spheres of Church influence of men who would second the crown in its encroachment on the privileges of the Holy See, no less than on the rightful liberties of the people. What was the result? The Church in France, under the *Grand Monarque* and his immediate successor, with their two protracted reigns, became as national as was possible, short of actual schism from the centre of Catholic unity. Wherever the power of the Holy See has been unfettered, there has been wholesome centralisation, together with local freedom. Where it has been thwarted or weakened by the jealousy and the pride of kings, whether in France, Portugal, Austria, or elsewhere, you have had regal despotism, paralyzed church action, courtly, subservient prelates, and peoples oppressed."

"Pardon me," interrupted Eustace, while Wellesley listened, "but is it not an advantage to a church to be national?"

"I keep to politics, as far as the two questions can be disjoined," answered Morton. "You will agree that it is more than a mere *advantage* for a church to possess the sympathies of the masses, and a moral hold on their conduct."

"It was the want of this that brought about the Revolution. Now, the want of it was produced by the rigorous doctrines which are known as Jansenism; and Jansenism grew and gathered strength in France, like a carbuncle, for want of fresh and vigorous life-blood from Rome, excluded, as it had been, by the Bourbon policy. It was of no avail for Louis XIV. to deal trenchantly with Port Royal while he insisted on carrying out his *Regale*, and becoming all but a rebellious son of the Church. This was a mere local treatment and empiricism, instead of improving the circulation itself: and thus I sum up. French nationalism, under its kingly head, produced rigorism of teaching, partly as a reaction from the corruptions of the court and its thousand dependencies, partly by excluding (to repeat my metaphor) the healthy and genial life-blood from the centre. Rigorism resulted in alienation of the people from the clergy. This, combined with the secular oppressions of the nobility, developed into a settled hate of altar and throne alike, which had become associated in the popular mind. "*Priests and aristocrats à la lanterne!*" And thus, when the evil was ripe, and the well-meaning but feeble king showed him-

self incapable of interpreting a revolt into a revolution, throne and altar have been overturned together before our eyes."

"This is a very interesting topic," said Wellesley, "and leads to other thoughts beyond what you have expressed. But I must be off. Mr. Morton," he added; "do you ever do so secular a thing as to dine out? Will you honour me by joining my family party to-morrow? Lady Wellesley, as perhaps you may know, belongs to your faith, and would be very happy to receive you. Friday shall be no bar to your finding something you may touch with a safe conscience. Yes?—well, thank you sincerely. *Addio*, Eustace; I shall be under the gallery to-night. No chance of hearing you speak, you disciple of Harpocrates, the god of Silence? That ought to be as much a matter of conscience as Mr. Morton passing by the best efforts of my *chef* to-morrow."

So saying, he raised his hat again to the priest—those were days when men did not account it a sign of belonging to high society to be nonchalant or supercilious—touched his noble animal with the spur, and sprang away.

The new friends rode on for a space in silence. Then Eustace said: "Will your leisure serve you to come with me two or three miles, and visit a kind of villa that belongs to my cousin, whom you heard Wellesley mention? He is lying there, poor fellow, in a sad state of health, and is cheered whenever I can go and look in upon him."

Morton assenting, they struck out of the Park in a north-westerly direction, towards those pleasant Middlesex lanes which had not then been devoured by the great monster of brick, though it has since made havoc among them by absorbing large portions into its huge self. Half an hour's riding brought them to the lodge-gate of a villa, on which Mr. Robins the auctioneer might have expended his flowery rhetoric without much exaggeration. It was a gem among residences of the class to which it belonged. A trim lawn, mown like the cheek of an "exquisite," some large drooping lime-trees, that yielded both shade and perfume, and were "musical with bees," led up to the villa of two storeys, embosomed in the shade, which afforded a pleasant relief from the dusty road.

Eustace dismounted, and gave his horse to the lodge-keeper, saying to Morton in a lower tone:

"Poor Riversdale is in such a nervous state, and so sensitive to the least sound, that I want to spare him even the trampling of our horses on the gravel."

They proceeded on foot to the hall-door. Eustace rang the bell cautiously, and when Lord Riversdale's valet appeared behind the footman, asked in French, still guarding his voice:

"How is he to-day, Lejeune?"

"Milor finds himself no better sir," answered the valet, in his native speech: "*affreusement* low and desponding—but he has asked several

times during these two days for Monsieur, whose visits always do him so much good."

Eustace motioned to the man to lead the way upstairs; then, turning to Morton, he whispered: "Can you amuse yourself in the library for a short time? I will not detain you long. I am afraid," he added, smiling, "the shelves are filled with lighter stuff than form your habitual studies—but the infliction will be a brief one."

Morton entered the cool little library that looked, through a window opening to the ground, on a fragrant garden, beautifully kept. All the arrangements of the room denoted taste and luxury. On the richly wrought mantelpiece was a marble copy in miniature of the *Läocoon*. A few cabinet pictures of the Flemish School, *chefs d'œuvre* in their way, occupied the spaces left free by the book-cases of costly workmanship. These latter were chiefly filled, as Eustace had said, by such works as demanded no great mental exertion on the part of the reader: French romances, Italian poetry, memoirs and books of travels, all splendidly bound; here and there among them editions of standard English authors, but all of the lighter kind. Madame de Stael's *Corinne*, Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall," and the "Rejected Addresses," all of them recently published, were ranged side by side. "Childe Harold," too, of course, and Scott's early poems. Not a trace of anything that implied study or earnest thought: not a few, indeed, that would have been much better behind the fire.

"What a contrast," said Morton to himself, as he surveyed these means and appliances for trifling away time; "what an emphatic, melancholy contrast between all this and the lordly possessor, stricken apparently, in mind and body alike, to whom such things can hardly afford more than a passing solace, to be succeeded by a deeper gloom!"

He took down a volume of Molière, richly bound, with the exquisite French typography of the reign of Louis XV. "It is no *Malade Imaginaire*," thought he, "who lies in the room above!" As he opened the book, a paper fell out of it. Morton raised it from the floor. It contained, apparently in Riversdale's handwriting (for the note-sheet was blazoned with his coronet), an epigram, stated as being by Mathurin Regnier, one of those unhappy writers who, in every country and age, from Horace downwards, have swelled the tradition, only too acceptable to man's natural heart, of living carelessly, and justifying it with misapplied wit, in prose or verse.

*J'ai vécu*—thus ran the lines, which the satirist and scoffer left at his death, in 1613, to serve as his own epitaph:—

"J'ai vécu sans nul pensément,  
Me laissant aller doucement  
A la bonne loi naturelle;  
Et je m'étonne fort pourquoi  
La mort daigna songer a moi,  
Qui ne songeai jamais à elle."

"One cannot refuse to this," pursued Morton, meditatively; "the poor praise of having turned with some neatness a thought not destitute of wit—as far as that mere quality may deserve praise. Wit may be here, but certainly no humour. Nay, there is a ghastliness about the notion of this poor child of the grave, ready to descend into his kindred earth, yet sporting on the edge of it, ay, dancing in his very shroud, with such an empty play on words. What an effrontery of acknowledgment that time and gifts have been misspent, and conscience deadened! This is more ghastly by far," he pursued, "than the skull on Eustace's shelf. The death's head may be destined to be clothed hereafter with a glorious immortality; but in these lines—stay," Morton added; "what have we here? Apparently his lordship's own translation of this precious piece." And he read on:—

"Thoughtless, I liv'd at ease; each bent  
Obeying, while they came and went  
As natural as breath;  
And it does seem surprising, why  
Death should have thought of me; for I  
Had never thought of Death!"

"The lines are not to your taste, I am sure," said Eustace, who had entered unperceived, and overheard him read them in a low voice. "Nor to mine either," he added: "and, if one needed a warning commentary, it would be furnished by what I have just seen above stairs. Such a wreck—such a wreck! Poor fellow—and I remember him a boy of so much promise, the joy and hope of his father, who lived in him over again, and would hardly let him out of his sight. Aye, *la bonne loi naturelle*!" continued he, with some vehemence, as he glanced at the paper. Nature! much-abused name—he tore the writing indignantly, and threw the shreds into the fireplace; then turned to Morton, and looked at him fixedly.

"Most true," answered the priest; "for they who speak thus of nature, forget that by our very constitution is secured to us the supremacy of conscience; and that to dethrone that power is to revolutionize the true nature of man. Those miserable lines bring to my mind a sort of antidote to their falsehood and their poison, in the shape of a Spanish proverb. You know the language, probably? In their thorough-hearted way, the Spaniards tell us that

"Chi neciamente pecca  
Neciamente.va al inferno."\*

"A bad prospect for Regnier," observed Eustace, gravely; though his mind was bent upon one nearer to him than the French *insouciant* of two centuries back. "Meanwhile, I have been talking too loud

\* "He who carelessly sins,  
Carelessly goes to hell."



for the neighbourhood of a sick-room. Let us go; our horses are waiting."

They left the house as quietly as they had come, and made for the lodge-gate. A figure stole after them, and, unperceived at first by Eustace, touched Morton's arm.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE WRONG BROTHER.

It was Lejeune, the French valet.

"Lord Riversdale's compliments, and he would be glad to see Monsieur l'Abbé, if his leisure served." This was delivered in an under-tone.

The priest looked at Eustace, who was already mounting his horse, and waved his hand to him. "Do you dine at Lord Wellealey's to-morrow?" he asked. "Do come, if you are not pre-engaged. I have seen and heard enough to know, of course, how that house, like all others, welcomes you whenever you enter it."

"Are you not going to ride home with me?" asked Eustace, with some surprise, looking from one to the other of the two men who stood within the gate. Lejeune advanced, bowed, and explained that he had milor's commands to request the favour of a few words with Monsieur l'Abbé.

Eustace appeared struck with astonishment, and leant for some moments with both hands on the pommel of his saddle, looking straight before him. Then he saluted his companion rather more stiffly than was usual with him, turned his horse's head in the direction of London, and rode slowly away.

"Riversdale wish to see a priest! What freemasonry is here—that fellow Lejeune!" Such were the fragments floating in his thought, clashing, as under the influence of counter currents. His former kindly feelings for Morton seemed on the point of vanishing. Then he went on further. "All Catholics seem to understand each other; they have first principles in common. What does it mean? Lejeune, now, had never seen the priest before; yet, how do I know even that? Had they arranged the meeting? no, I asked him to come; so far it was a chance. Now that he is there, what is he going to do? What does that poor boy want with him? Confession—ah! to smooth his passage. What shall I have to smooth mine, when my turn comes?" This brought his mind back to the sick-room he had quitted so lately, and *that* suggested death, and—and the dead. His mother—her practice, her hopes in life, her death-bed, at which he had knelt, a weeping boy. How her portrait had struck Father Morton!—well, a man must be a good man surely, to speak of it as *he* had done. By this time the

slight resentment he had been under on parting with the priest at the lodge-gate had passed away. His thoughts took a tenderer turn. Then, from his mother to Helen, the transition was easy. Helen, too, was a devoted Catholic; and yet, he had cast the die. He had pledged himself irrevocably to unite his heart and fortunes with one of that faith. The decision was in her hands. How would that have gladdened the heart of his mother, had she been in life! Between that cherished memory, and the Helen of to-day, there were certain points of resemblance:—

By this time, he is fairly off in the land of reverie.

He was destined to another surprise, however, before regaining the Park; and that of a ruder kind.

Highwaymen and footpads were almost an institution in those days. The period of our tale stands midway between the time when every man wore his sword and defended himself, and our own, when an organised police interposes, or is credited with doing so, to protect the peaceful citizen from the outlaw. Finchley Common, Hounslow Heath, and other suburban tracts of waste ground were then so infested by well-mounted highwaymen, that the traveller whose way led him across those lonely places after dusk, would have been thought foolhardy, if he neglected to stow away a brace of pistols in the "sword-case" of his post-chaise, or in the holsters of his saddle. The severity of the laws, which decreed death, in case of capture, as the consequence of the malefactor's lawless deeds, rendered their enterprise the more hazardous, and thus increased the probability of fatal violence in every encounter. The wayfarer who was bidden to stand and deliver had the alternative of instant surrender of his purse, or of engaging in a hand-to-hand struggle for life with a well-armed and desperate man.

At this moment, however, such perils of the road might have seemed sufficiently remote. The afternoon was, indeed, far advanced; yet enough remained of the summer day to promise that the quiet lane through which Eustace was riding, wrapped in thought, with his bridle lying loose on his horse's neck, would prove as safe from lawless violence as the Park itself. A man more apprehensive of danger than our friend might have ridden there with every sense of security.

Eustace had not gone a mile, however, from his cousin's villa, when, at a point where the lane dipped between high banks and hedges long untrimmed and overgrown, casting a deep shadow over the road, a man, active and athletic, with crape on his face, emerged from a gap above the horseman's head, swung himself down by the branch of a tree, and stood suddenly before him. With one hand he grasped the bridle of Eustace's startled horse, with the other he menaced with a bludgeon the head of the rider.

"Your purse," he said, hoarsely—"your watch. Give them at once. You are in my power, and I'm not to be trifled with."

The man of fashion, it has been mentioned, was an adept in the manly science of self-defence, and those white and well-formed hands were capable of administering severe punishment to an adversary.

"Not yet, my friend," cried he, swiftly hitting out from his shoulder with all his force, while his other hand caught the rude weapon that threatened him.

The blow was resistless; the foot-pad reeled under it, let go the bridle, and fell heavily into the road. The crape visor, at the same moment caught and torn away by the hand that had prostrated him, dropped aside, and revealed—

"Bracton!" cried Eustace, in astonishment and horror. "Sir Edward! no; it cannot— Speak!" he continued, almost shouting at him, while his assailant, dazed and unnerved by the force of the blow, slowly gathered himself up, and knelt on all fours in the road, only half-conscious. "Speak!" again cried the other, almost as bewildered; "say this is some hideous error, or ill-timed jest! And yet——"

He scanned the features; what doubt could remain?

"Sir Edward Bracton," he then said, much agitated, "I cannot guess—how should I?—for what purpose——"

At that moment, the loud voices and careless laughter of some horsemen on their way to London announced that in a few moments this strange interview would be interrupted. Eustace instantly thought of aiding his assailant's escape.

"Away!" he said in earnest tones; "up with you again to where you came from; there is just time. Quick, I say, and conceal yourself! None shall ever learn a whisper of this from me—but make more haste, or you will be too late!"

Then, seeing that with considerable difficulty, carrying on his now unveiled features the swollen and discoloured marks of Eustace's "bunch of fives," the unpractised foot-pad had regained the gap, the rider set spurs to his horse and rode towards London at speed.

Half a mile further, Eustace flung the bludgeon, which he had retained, over the opposite hedge, as far as he could send it and spurred into town at an unabated hand-gallop.

Down the Edgware Road, whose straight line marks the course of the old Roman way; and then, leaving to his right that Tyburn turnpike, with its strangely varied memories of felons executed, and martyred priests bowelled and quartered, he galloped along the Oxford Road; then, forced to ride at a slower pace, threads the carriages in Bond-street.

He is making for Crockford's, and for Bracton. Sir Edward is constant to that time and place, and Eustace will read the mystery of his late adventure, if it is capable of being read. His proposed father-in-law! what a hideous revulsion from the thoughts and day-dreams that possessed him a few moments before! All the blood in his

veins seemed to rush into his face, as he thought of *Disgrace* being associated with the name he had proposed to ally with his own. Bracton a robber! he doubted the evidence of his senses; but he spurs madly on, with looks disordered, and his dress splashed with hard riding.

Men turn round from their lounge on the pavement, to look at him with surprise. Eustace, calm and measured in all he does? Eustace, the man of habitual self-command? What does it mean? It means one thing, in the opinion of most among those who observe him: the readiest, the most probable theory in the England, and in the London, of that day. He has evidently been drinking, they opine. Whether he therefore rises or falls in public estimation depends a good deal on the disposition of the individual spectator. There are some, no doubt, who triumph in winning (so they deem) George Eustace, "that supercilious sobersides," to their view of life, and rejoice that he can prove himself a good fellow after all.

Meanwhile, heedless, unconscious of these favourable opinions, he presses on. He skirts Burlington House, almost the last remaining mansion of the lordly London of Hogarth's pencil. He emerges on Piccadilly, urges his horse a short distance down St. James'-street, and springs to the pavement opposite the great portal of Crockford's noted gambling-club. Now for the solution—is Bracton here?

# REGINA ANGELORUM.

WHENE'ER I doubt if one so base as I  
 Shall share with heavenly choirs their joys serene,  
 This thought brings sweetest solace to my soul,  
 That thou, my Lady, art the Angels' Queen.

No seraph-form, to human weakness strange,  
 The regal sceptre holds in that high place,  
 But at the right hand of the King of kings  
 Thou sittest throned, a daughter of our race.

Mother of God, creation's star-crowned Queen,  
 Heaven's mightiest spirits worship at thy feet,  
 Yet 'mid the splendour of thy pomp divine  
 Our Mother and our Sister still we greet.

Shall I then fear to face the glittering ranks  
 That guard from step profane heaven's dazzling scene?  
 Their flame-tipped swords shall lower at the cry:  
 "Angels of God, my Mother is your Queen."

E. G. S.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBERKEEVIL," ETC.

## BOOK SECOND.

## CHAPTER XX.

## LISBETH AGAIN.

FAN had passed through her great trial in the most triumphant manner, giving entire satisfaction to her guardians. The success of her *début* was unquestioned, and already she had received the offer of a first-rate engagement to sing in Paris. But before this matter had been fully discussed, before Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had met on the day after the performance, early in the cool of the morning following that exciting evening, Fan and the Signora had stolen away from the city to a little country retreat that had been prepared for them. At Fanchea's earnest request, arrangements had been made for this hasty flight after her public appearance. She had been living in a fever of excitement for some time before the event; as the day approached, she had felt more and more unwillingness to appear on the stage, and her success had been bought by a tremendous effort at self-conquest.

"Let us get away the moment it is over," she had implored the Signora, "away into the green country, away from all the crowds of faces, where we shall not know whether I have failed or succeeded."

She had not told the Signora that part of her excitement was due to the fact that she expected to see Kevin among the audience. She felt that until the great trial was over, she could not speak on the subject of her meeting with her childhood's friend. She was already devoured by more excitement than she well knew how to master; and felt that to speak, or even to think much of Kevin, would be to give way and break down. Nevertheless, she had expected to see him on the terrible night, and she had seen him. Her friends, Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler, had seen him, too, recognising him through his companions; and each had thanked heaven that Fanchea had been left in ignorance of his presence at Milan. They were also pleased that her request had been acceded to, and that she would at once be removed from the likelihood of a meeting with him.

"He is really a distinguished-looking young man," said Lord Wilderspin. "My mind misgives me for keeping them apart."

"You cannot keep them apart longer than fate wills," said the Harfenspieler, mournfully. "Up to this, I believe, your action has produced nothing but good to both. What I would give now to know that he is really married to the baroness!"

"I always thought that an unlikely story," said the old lord, who, somehow of late—ever since he had seen her eyes so red with crying, had begun to think that Fan was not the sort of creature to be happy on a stage, and that home was the best place for a woman, after all. As for his own hobby, had he not ridden it to his heart's content? He had proved his discrimination in discovering a first-rate voice, and forcing all good judges, as well as the public, to acknowledge that it was so. She had the world now at her feet, if only she would choose to live for the world.

But the old musician took a different view of the case. He had laboured not for the gratification of a whim, but that art might be glorified through his means. So far from being content with the result, and willing to turn from this achieved success, because the crowd had approved his work, and he saw himself now only on the first step towards attaining his desire. The long, famous, brilliant career which he saw opening before his pupil could alone repay him for the efforts of the last seven years, and that she should pursue it every step of the way, ever improving, ripening, gathering fresh power as she went, and pouring out the riches of her maturity and experience on the altar of art, for the increase and exaltation of its worship, was the burning desire of his soul. He turned away from Lord Wilderspin with an impatient frown, as his lordship's eyes kept flitting restlessly from Elsa on the stage to Kevin sitting wrapped in his corner among the audience.

"By Jove, I think he recognises her!" muttered his lordship; and Herr Harfenspieler could bear it no longer, but went off to mount guard and prevent the possibility of Kevin's sudden appearance behind the scenes. And Fan, holding her own secret, and keeping her own counsel, had made it easy for him to hurry her away the moment the performance was over. She would choose her own time and place for the meeting she longed for, and which her friends so much dreaded.

Her plan was to rest for a few days in her country retreat, and when she had gathered strength and courage, make her discovery known to the Signora. Then she would write to Kevin and ask him to come to see her.

As they stepped into an early train the next morning, they found the carriage already occupied by a little elderly lady of peculiar appearance. It was Lisbeth, bent on one of her solitary and erratic excursions. Hearing her travelling companions speak English, she immediately addressed them.

"It is so pleasant to hear even English spoken," she said; "I am so sick of that tiresome Italian, which I never mean to learn."

"Are you English, then?" asked Fan, with an arch glance at the Signora, who was looking fierce at this attack on her beloved mother-tongue.

"I am German," said Lisbeth. "I would not be anything else. English people are so provoking—English or Irish, it's all the same."

"Do you know much of the Irish?" asked Fan, with quickened interest.

"Enough," said Lisbeth. "One of our party is an Irish gentleman. I must say he is a favourite of mine; but wrong-headed."

A light came into the minds of both Fan and the Signora, faintly foretelling what was to come. Fanchea became eager to continue the conversation; but the signora, warned by Herr Harfenspieler, was anxious to put an end to it.

"My dear," she said, "do not fatigue yourself talking any more. Think of what you have gone through."

"But it rests me to talk about my country-people," said Fan, smiling; and then turning to Lisbeth: "'Wrong-headed,' I think you said?"

"As poets will be. But I cannot allow anyone to abuse him except myself."

"If I do not know who he is," said Fan, smiling, "I cannot injure him."

"And I am not going to betray his name. But he is a young man, himself humbly born, though full of genius, and he might marry a lovely lady—a lady of wealth and title—if he would. Yet he has no mind to do it. You could never guess why?"

"Never!" said Fanchea. She was quite sure that Kevin was the young man alluded to, and she had almost exclaimed: "Is he not then married to her?" but checked herself, and merely said: "Never!"

"Why, all because of a craze for searching the world over in quest of a little girl he lost on an Irish mountain some seven or eight years ago. I can hardly believe it, and yet it is forced on me. As you do not know the people at all, I may speak, and it relieves my mind to talk about it to somebody. The girl must be grown up now, and a nice young woman he will find her, if ever he does find her, which he won't."

"Then no harm will be done," said Fan, radiantly.

"Oh, but it will. He will have lost wealth, ease, a beautiful castle on the Rhine, and a lovely lady for his wife."

"True," said Fan, trying to realise all that Kevin was losing for her sake.

"You may well say 'true,' and all for a baggage like that!"

"But how can you be so sure that the girl will be objectionable when found?"

"She will never be found."

"I should have said 'if found.'"

"How do I know the sun will rise to-morrow? The child was stolen by gipsies, and has, of course, been brought up in their tents. What a charming wife for a man of refinement!"

"He may not think of that," said Fan, softly. "He may not intend to marry at all."

"My only hope is that he may never meet her," said Lisbeth.

"I cannot say that I sympathise with you in that wish," said Fan.

"Why?" asked Lisbeth, in surprise.

"Because I am Fanchea; and I shall be glad to meet him. If you see him before I do, tell him so."

Here the train stopped at the station for which the signora and her charge were bound, and before Lisbeth had collected her senses sufficiently to speak again, she saw her pretty fellow-traveller smiling and kissing hands to her from a receding platform.

The signora had sat in silent dismay while the above conversation was being carried on to its conclusion; and as she and Fan walked along the bowery road that led to their cottage retreat, she still kept silence. The blow she had long dreaded had suddenly fallen. Of what further use to advise, to remonstrate, or to be cunningly prudent? Her only hope now lay in the faint chance which remained—the possibility that Kevin might prove more sensible than had been supposed.

"Mamzelle!" said Fan, as they walked along, "you must have got a great surprise. I have known for some time past of Kevin's presence in Milan. I saw him in the cathedral, but I did not speak to him. I intended to tell you all about it this evening. To-morrow I will write to my friend."

Mamzelle bowed her head. "Fate has been too much for me," she said.

"Now, dear Mamzelle, you must not call it an unkind fate. Did I not sing my best although I knew Kevin was listening me?"

"Ah, if you will continue to sing," said the signora.

But Fan promised nothing. She said in her heart that she would do whatever Kevin might approve.

They found their country hiding-place a little house wrapped in vines and roses; and that evening Fan wandered about the garden pondering deeply on the news she had heard. Had that good old lady who belonged to his party, and seemed to know him so well, spoken truth? and did he still love her, Fanchea, better than anything else in the world, still think of her with the old romance, the old delight? She wondered if he recognised her in the theatre last night, when he had gazed at her so fixedly, so constantly. How noble, how handsome, how good he looked: just as her dreams had so often pictured him to her! And



then her thoughts went back to their distant island, so distant both as to time and place, to the birds, to his mother's house, to Killeevy mountain. She remembered Killeevy as she had seen it last, with the moon overhanging the cliffs, the ocean; the lighted gipsy tents, the red shine glowing out of the shadows under the crown of the hill from hearthstones of humble though dearly-loved homes.

Only eight years ago, and yet what a lifetime it seemed to Fan. What a wonderful Fate it was that had withdrawn them both from that lowly peasant life, to educate and place them in a completely different sphere in the world. That they never could be peasants on Killeevy mountain again she knew too well; but they could visit, and cherish, and love those who had long ago been good to them there. And if she might only have Kevin to bear her company through life she need never again regret, as she had of late been tempted to regret, that the precious boon of culture had been so marvellously bestowed upon her.

Her whole past life lay before her as upon one curious page, and musing over it she easily believed herself a child again.

"And is this indeed me—little Irish me—the person who has been singing, not to a gipsy's crowd, but to a world of great people in a theatre in Italy, who has been promised fame, success, wealth, such as few ever attain to? Ah, how will Kevin ever believe it? I wanted to sing for nobody but him; and I am still the very same. I would rather keep singing to him in a little quiet spot like this, with the flowers, and the birds, and the stillness all around us, and the heavens over our heads, than make ever so great a sensation among the finest people in the world. But what will Kevin think of such wishes now? He may believe I ought to continue on the stage."

Here, growing restless, she went into the cottage, and set herself to the task of writing her letter. After many attempts she could produce nothing longer and fuller than this:

"DEAR KEVIN,—I am here, safe and well, and quite grown up. I hope you will come to see me soon.

"FAN."

"If I were to begin to talk to him on paper," thought Fan, "I never could come to an end. Let him come and hear my story from my mouth, and let me hear his. What listening and talking there will be for both of us!"

The deed being done, she went out again, for by this time a radiant moon was hanging high in the deep-blue heavens. Now, with hands locked behind her back, she paced between rows of flowers, her face dripping with happy tears; and now she was wheeling along on tip-toe, trilling out the gipsy's tarantula.

"After all," she reflected, "is it not better we did not meet while I was still with the gipsies?"

The next morning she said : " I must go and post my letter. And, Mamzelle, let us pay a visit to the Certosa ! It is not far from here, and I want to see it."

She calculated that Kevin could not come till the next morning, and she had hit upon a method of passing the time that must intervene before his arrival.

Mamzelle yielded to her desire with the passiveness of despair. And to the Certosa they went.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### LA CERTOSA.

WHEN Kevin turned away from her deserted apartments in Milan, he felt that it would be very hard indeed for him to live through the time that must elapse before he could learn any further news of the Signora Francesca. All that day his friends wondered at his abstracted air. Mr. Honeywood put his own construction upon it, and therefore did not question him as to the cause of his anxiety.

So completely had the events of last night and this morning driven all thoughts of Lisbeth's conversation out of his mind, that he remembered no more the fears it had aroused, the possibility of Mr. Honeywood's displeasure, the embarrassment that had tortured him in consequence of the extravagant suggestions which had been made; and that evening he seized an opportunity to make known the cause of his excitement to his friend.

After the baroness had retired for the night, he said, in an agitated voice :

" Dear friend, dear master, I have something to say to you. Give me your attention for a few moments."

Honeywood started. " Now it is coming," he said to himself, and made an effort to nerve himself, to bear with patience what must almost drive him wild—to endure the consequences of his own folly. He threw the window wide open to give himself more air.

" My moments are not precious," he said, a little stiffly. " Say anything you please."

Kevin was too full of what he had got to tell to notice the coldness of his manner, but continued to speak, in an eager and excited tone :

" I have some news which I think will surprise you. I have reason to hope that a great piece of good fortune has befallen me."

Honeywood made a slight sign bidding him proceed.

" You have always been so kind, so sympathising," said Kevin, fearing for a moment, from the want of warmth in his friend's face that he was thrusting his own affairs unwarrantably before him; " you have always taken so lively an interest in all that concerned me,

that I am anxious now to let you know my mind, even before I am sure that a bitter disappointment is not lying in wait for me."

"Then it is not all settled," thought Honeywood, and began to pace up and down the room.

He strove to make some cordial speech, but could not.

"I am all attention," was the utmost he could say.

"I have some reason to hope that—Fanchea is found."

Mr Honeywood stopped in his walk and stared at him, and drew a long breath.

"Is this all?" he asked.

"All! ah! well, excuse me. You had taught me to think, to feel, that I had your sympathy on this subject, else I would not have mentioned it," said Kevin, in a hurt tone. "That is indeed all if you care to hear no more."

"My dear fellow," said Honeywood, laying his hand heavily on his shoulder and trembling, "you do not understand me. I—well I, too, had an anxiety on my mind; but believe me nothing can ever lessen the sympathy I feel for you on that subject. Tell me fully what reason you have to hope."

A glow of delight suffused Kevin's face as he grasped his friend's hand. "Forgive my petulance," he said; "I am suffering keenly from suspense, which must last some days longer. I think, I hope, that Fan and the Signora Francesca will prove to be one."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Honeywood; "how little I expected this. And I feel that your suspicions may be right."

"Even you fancied you had seen the face and heard the voice before? Did she remind you of the child whose performance you witnessed at the gipsies' entertainment?"

"I believe so; though at the time I did not think of it. But, my dear fellow, do not let hope take too strong a hold of you. Remember it may, as you have said, end in disappointment. I had no idea that the memory of this child still clung to you so closely latterly. Forgive me, I thought you had forgotten her."

Kevin smiled. "I have not spoken of her," he said, "perhaps because I felt her growing into womanhood. I have thought of her more as a woman than as a child—my ideal woman, the love of my life; and I have been more reticent in consequence. I know of no other reason why I seemed to dwell upon her less."

Honeywood looked in his face with a long, searching gaze. After a struggle with his pride, he said: "I had thought you wholly absorbed in the Baroness Ida."

"Yes," said Kevin, "outwardly so; because fidelity to my master's instructions required it. And all the more so, because an older and dearer friend kept himself strangely aloof from that noble lady, and left her almost entirely to my care."

A flush and flash of feeling, part pain, part displeasure, but most of joy, crossed Honeywood's face. He accepted Kevin's rebuke for the sake of what it implied, wrung his hand, and dropped it, and turning away, paced several times up and down the apartment. Hurriedly reflecting over his own conduct, he condemned it, and upon his own humiliation built up a delightful hope. Returning to where Kevin stood, he said in his old, genial way: "Now, my dear fellow, why do you delay about this matter? Why not seek this charming Signorina, and put an end to your suspense?"

Kevin then related his experiences of the night and morning, showing that there was no cure but time for his suspense. "Meanwhile," he said, "I am not fit company for anyone, and I think of going off to-morrow to wander about the country all alone. I will take the train to Pavia, and get out at some of the intermediate stations for a ramble. It is somewhere in that direction that she has made her retreat."

Accordingly, when Lisbeth appeared the next morning with her wonderful piece of news, prepared to deliver the message given her by Fan, but also to declare that she believed the young lady's statement to be untrue, she found that Kevin had left the hotel in the very early hours, and was already many miles away upon his solitary excursion, and alone with his impatient thoughts.

He had thrown himself into the train going to Pavia, without having made up his mind at what intermediate station he would get out.

"What is there worth seeing between this and Pavia?" he had asked of a fellow-traveller, and received for answer:

"Why, the Certosa, of course. Unless you are in a very great hurry, do not pass it by."

"The Certosa," said Kevin; "how could I have forgotten it?" And thither he resolved to go.

Leaving the train at a station within a few miles of Pavia, he took his way along an avenue which led him out into an open, flat country, covered with rice-fields and mulberry-trees. A little streamlet tinkled alongside of him as he went, but there was scarcely a habitation to be seen. A blue dragon-fly, flitting from spear to spear of the long, lush grass, beguiled his attention for awhile, and then his eye, suddenly raised, caught sight in the distance of the light pinnacle on the summit of the magnificent cupola of the monastery.

Like the enchanted palace of fairy tale, suddenly rising before the traveller, a solitary wonder in the wilderness, so this ancient Certosa surprises the eye that is seeking for it, springing up in the midst of the flat and featureless country which was a forsaken swamp before the labour of the monks converted its marshes into fertile fields.

Pausing before its royal and forlorn entrance, Kevin's heart stood still with amazement. The echo of his solitary footsteps rang through the arched gateway with vaulting all painted in fresco by

Luini, pictures still fresh and bright and full of sweetness; and thence he passed into the great quadrangle, coming face to face with the exquisite façade of the church, on the lonely splendour of which the sunlight fell, deepening the colours of the rich marbles, bringing into striking relief the encrustations of delicate sculpture, and kindling strange fires in the jewelled windows. On either side of the quadrangle were the bake-houses and brew-houses of the monks, the apartments where were lodged the poor travellers who knocked at their gate, and the doors whence they distributed the food which the hungry came to claim. Such busy scenes are in the past. Silence now reigns in these deserted buildings; the sound of labour no longer disturbs the air; the hum of voices, the melody of bells are hushed; and this magnificent centre of prayer, charity, and toil stands mute like a great heart that has ceased to beat. The men who risked their lives, and toiled without counting cost to put wholesome meadows where the poisonous swamps had been, are driven from the home that sheltered them and their poor. The Certosa, in all the dream-like beauty and splendour of its spires, towers, galleries, and cupola, stands there for no purpose but to astonish the traveller, like a pile of jewels forsaken and forgotten in the desert.

Two or three Carthusian monks are suffered by the Government to live here as mere caretakers of the place, and allowed to show the treasures which in former days were the glory of their Order to the lover of art who occasionally leaves the beaten track of the tourist, bent on beholding them. At Kevin's summons, one of these men appeared, and unlocking the great doors of the church, led him into a region of solemn splendour, of magnificent tranquillity, where beauty and peace sit for ever wedded and enthroned smiling in God's face, witnesses of the fidelity of the soul of man to its Maker, of the faith of time in eternity.

Step softly, Kevin, and hold your breath in wonder and deep joy, for your wandering feet have now reached the holy and beautiful spot that is to witness your attainment of the desire of your heart. You do not yet know why this glorious sanctuary seems to smile upon you like a home known in some other existence, and welcoming you back to its shelter. How can you guess that only a few minutes ago Fancher's little footsteps were falling on the very pavement where your own feet are treading now, her eyes turned where your eyes are resting, her whispered questions rustling through the echoes of the place?

After kneeling in prayer, giving thanks for he knew not what benediction that he felt to have descended upon him, he passed on through the church. On either side brazen screens of exquisite and fantastic workmanship separated him from innumerable chapels, each a jewelled shrine, the wonders of which it would take a day to explore. The poet's lines on "Maidenhood" floated through his mind as he

peered through the mysterious gleaming tracery, so light, so beautiful, so strong.

"Bear a lily in thy hand,  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand."

And again Fanchea rose before his eyes. The gates of brass unlocked, all the treasures of the chapels were laid open to him, and from the deep-blue roof sown with stars that hung like a twilight heaven over all, to the altars encrusted with precious stones, and the precious pictures unveiled for his gaze, all was a vision of wealth inexhaustible, and beauty not to be told. Earth and sea had given their richest colours and gems to create bird, butterfly, flower, spray, set in undying brilliance and freshness among the creamy marbles of the altars. Faces of angels with gem-encircled throats looked from the corners, visions of bliss and loveliness unspeakable were revealed to him as the curtain was silently withdrawn from canvas after canvas. Standing in the great choir, before the high altar, he heard the story of crime and repentance that told how the foundations of this palace of religion had been laid in blood and tears, and his heart ached and marvelled at the thought of all the sorrow and evil that go to make and mar the sweetnesses and the splendours of human life. The forlorn majesty of that great altar shorn of its sacrifice, the lofty shrine robbed of its Jewel, touched him to the soul, and he knelt at its foot, struggling suddenly and terribly to resign himself to the will of that great Creator who holds the threads of all destinies in his hands, and so often chooses to fill the pure heart full with woe, that the wicked heart may revel in delight.

"Come joy or come sorrow," was the cry of his will, "let my feet still keep the upward path!" And then a deep and tranquil joy took possession of him. It seemed to him that before this lovely altar his soul had been wedded to some high ideal purity, and he arose and turned away with a paler lip, but with a more steadfast reliance on the law of the Supreme Director of his fate.

Glancing upwards he was startled to catch the eye of a monk in white garments, who was peering down on him from a small window in a gallery above his head, as if silently and secretly witnessing the compact that the stranger had made with his God. A second and more attentive look discovered to him that it was only the picture of a Carthusian, a cunning fresco, the whim of a painter, who had placed this monk on guard, never to be released from his watch till the walls of the Certosa shall have crumbled into dust.

Having visited the refectory, sacristies, lavatory, chapter-room, and other parts of the monastery, all rich beyond description in marbles, painting, sculpture, Kevin found himself at last treading the great cloister, round which stood the monks' dwellings. Each Carthusian

had a little house to himself, four chambers in each, two above and two below, and a sweet little garden, now a wilderness of weeds and flowers, with grapes hanging unplucked from the walls. Here he worked at the particular trade or industry cultivated by him, tended his vine, his bees, his flowers, taught the birds to feed from his hand, and meditated on death and eternity. All was now empty, silent, deserted. As Kevin stood with folded arms at the window, looking down into the neglected garden, the secret of the lives of such men as those who had dwelt here seemed made known to him. Overpowered with affliction, crushed by the loss of some one too dearly loved, he imagined the sick heart turning away from a world that could not comfort it, and finding here peace, toiling for the good of others in silent self-effacement, praying, dreaming, with eyes fixed beyond the grave, caring only for the poor, and taking no natural pleasure except from the flower he coaxed out of the earth at his feet, or the bird he had lured to his window.

"Poor soul!" he thought, "that hid its struggles here. What was the sorrow that drove it into such shelter?—where is it now reaping the reward of its patient toil? How long the time must have seemed! As for me, I would rather take my burden out into the world, and falter and limp with the disabled and the halt; I should want to hear the world's great voice in my ear, even its groans and cries, and coin my own woe into language that might bring assuagement to its pain. Neither the needle nor the loom would content me. I should want to speak, to sing——"

Here a sound like the echo of a soft, rich note of music, just broke the stillness to his ear, as a star will gleam and vanish; and Kevin caught his breath with an impatient sigh, thinking his imagination had deceived him.

"It is the old story," he said, as he listened in vain for a repetition of the sound. "Every note in nature disturbs me with the echo of her voice. So easily beguiled as I am, how slender is the hope I am clinging to now. Let me take warning, and nerve myself for the disappointment that awaits me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Fan and the Signora had arrived earlier than Kevin, and having explored all the wonders of the monastery, were now lingering about those spots which interested them most. Mamzelle was deeply engaged in studying the meanings of strange paintings in an arched gateway leading from one part of the building to another, while Fan, having left her to her reflections upon the same, was flitting up and down and round the Cloister of the Fountain, breathless with excitement and joy. Standing under the shadow of one part of that arched gateway, she had seen Kevin pass with his guide. He had passed without looking up, but she had easily recognised him. He was on the spot, in

the very building. She had only to run after him, call out his name, stretch forth her hands, and end the long separation of years. And yet she hesitated and lingered, possessed by some feeling which she could not understand, which made her hands tremble and her feet refuse to run. She shrank from flying in search of him, from seeing him start in surprise, perhaps perceiving a look of disappointment flash into his eyes at the first sight of her. How did she know that he would not be dissatisfied with the girl, the woman who had now taken the place of his little Fan? She would rather see him coming to meet her, prepared to behold her, getting a glimpse of her in the distance, and then seeking her of his own accord. Without having shaped such a feeling into thought, she acted upon it, and flinging herself upon the low wall of the cloister, looking into the garden, and supporting herself by an arm twined round one of those exquisite pillars that support the arches of lovely terra-cotta work, she opened her lips, uttering a few rich, sweet notes, like the beginning of a blackbird's song.

"He said he should know me by my voice," she thought. "Now, if his memory be so good, he will come."

Then she paused to gather courage and breath for a louder, longer song, a fuller, clearer message to the friend she was going to summon to her side, and in a few minutes the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" broke the solemn stillness, rang through the ancient cloister, and floated with all its tender supplication, its quaint, wild grandeur, away through the old, startled passages, and across echoing walls, till it fell mysteriously, pathetically, urgently, like a call from heaven, upon the ear for which its message was intended.

At the first notes of the hymn Kevin gazed at the old monk beside him, and the monk gazed back at his companion with a slight pallor on his withered cheek.

"What is that music?" asked Kevin, scarcely daring to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"I cannot say," said the monk, with a happy smile flitting over his grave countenance, "but I have often at night heard heavenly music resounding through these ancient walls. Many saints have lived and died here, signor, and it would not be wonderful if sometimes the angelic choirs should descend to praise God in this now silent and deserted shrine. But I have never before heard them in the day-time."

"That is no angel's voice," replied Kevin, "unless, indeed, a woman may be an angel!"

And with these words, which rather shocked the good old monk, he dashed away and left him.

As he hurried along the quadrangle, and threaded the passages that led to the Cloister of the Fountain, the psalm of Killeevy, the



hymn of his native mountains, swelled fuller and clearer on his ear, and beat more urgently on his heart. He followed the sound, and, guided by it, drew nearer every moment to the singer.

"Ah," he thought, "what bewitchment is this!" remembering the night when the same voice, the same strain waking him out of his sleep had hurried him out into the midnight streets of London, only to fade away as he pursued it, and to lose itself in the noises of the thoroughfare. "Am I waking or sleeping? Has an angel, indeed, descended out of the heavens to mock me?"

But the voice did not grow fainter as he proceeded; on the contrary it swelled richer, fuller, more soft and sweet, and following it he entered the Cloister of the Fountain: a delicious, dreamy spot, a tangled garden where tall plants and flowers grew in wild luxuriance; in the centre the wide white marble basin of a fountain, its carved urn crowned with the blossoms of the cactus; here and there a straight reed-like plant covered with bloom, shooting high above the rest, and catching the broad sunlight that fell full upon this wilderness of beauty and dyed to a richer coral-colour the sculptured arches of terra cotta upon their light pilasters, which, springing from a low wall around the garden, formed the shady red-roofed alleys of the Cloister.

With one hasty glance Kevin took in the entire scene: the wild, green garden, the light, fairy cloisters, with their coral glow, and high above, soaring in the clouds, the wonderful cupola, circling upwards with its airy galleries and spires and its delicate varieties of tint. But the voice he pursued did not come up out of the fountain, nor did it descend from the heavens. It was coming from a slight dark figure leaning over the wall in a nook by one of the pillars, the head and shoulders in the light, the dark draperies flowing back into the shade, a young, upturned face, with wide, arch blue eyes and a cloud of soft curls over the forehead, a fair and rosy face, as sweet, as saucy, almost as childlike as the face that had vanished from his home one night and which he had been longing for and dreaming of ever since. It was not Elsa, it was not Francesca, but it was the very little Fan lost from Killeevy mountain long ago.

With a slight spring she came to meet him, flying with outstretched hands, and was caught in his arms.

"Oh, Fan! oh, Kevin! is it you? Is it really true?" Weeping, laughing, stammering, clasping and unclasping hands, they knew not how the first minutes passed over their heads.

"My darling, my Fanchea, you are exactly the same; but with what a difference! Half a yard more height, and all these black gauzes; but that is not it all. What the half-blown rose is to the bud, that is what you are to the little one of my memory. And, oh, my darling, how beautiful, how lovely you have grown!"

"Have I?" said Fanchea, glowing with delight; "I was afraid I might not be nice enough to please you. And, oh, Kevin, do you know how changed you are? If I had not caught a glimpse of you and been able to piece you together, and make you out to be really Kevin, I should have been afraid to introduce myself to so elegant a gentleman."

"You saw me, then, before to-day—lately?"

"I saw you in the cathedral, and in the theatre; and you passed me in the cloisters a little time ago."

"You let me go past; you did not speak to me!"

"I had to get up my courage. I think I never could have spoken to you, except by singing. I thought, 'he will remember my voice,' and I sang our hymn. I knew if you were within hearing, it would bring you to me."

"Had I been dead, it would have called me out of the grave," said Kevin, and then broke into further extravagances which it is unnecessary to record.

And then, walking up and down the old cloister, hand-in-hand, like a pair of strayed children, who had lost each other in a wood, been frightened at the loneliness, and found each other before the night came on, they told each other their separate stories, of all that had befallen them during the passing of those eight eventful years. After that they were on the island again together, with the sea rolling in their ears and the white birds circling above their heads. Fan forgot that she had sung upon a stage, and Kevin that he had given poems to the world. They were boy and child again, on the rocks, amid the sea-foam, with Nature's inimitable music ringing in their ears and in their souls; till the sun began to burn redder on the cloister roof, and Mamzelle came from out of the shadows somewhere, in search of her charge.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Katty the Flash. A Mould of Dublin Mud.* By SYDNEY STARR.  
(Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.  
1880.)

As this picture belongs to the Dutch school of painting, it is fair to begin our criticism by confessing that we are prejudiced against this school. It seems to us that genius and art ought to seek worthier subjects than drunken old boors with pipes in their mouths. The very skill with which the ugly details are realised aggravates our grievance. Our new acquaintance Katty the Flash was not a drunken old boor with a pipe in her mouth; but her (or rather *their*) social position was even less respectable. We do not object to writers seeking heroes and heroines in rags and filth and Dublin mud; but the human soul ought to shine out through all. One of the best literary sixpence-worths we are acquainted with is "Rab and his Friends," of which the hero is only a dog—but what a dog! and what exquisite pathos lies in his relations with his human friends! No doubt the biographer of the two Flashes intends to convey an impressive lesson concerning the degradation in which many of our race are plunged, not far away in Kaffraria, but at home and quite near to us; but the ugliness of the picture ought to be relieved by bright touches, which are just as real. For instance, the good Matron and the Sister of Mercy who come on the scene are not so efficient as they would be in real life. In this and other respects "*Katty the Flash*" will remind some readers of a certain clever sketch of the lowest grade of juvenile beggardom in our metropolis, which we do not choose to name on account of some undesirable associations. This sort of work, however life-like, is rather photography than painting. We think Mr. Starr's style would be better if he aimed at greater simplicity of expression here and there, and were content to be a little less learned and clever. The piece of logic, for instance, which introduces us first to this worthy mother and daughter, is not a happy opening. And on another score we do not like the manner in which we part with *Katty mère* at the last. Even so light and external a sketch might appropriately end with a deeper and more tender tone of sympathy.

- II. *Ibemia Ignatiana: seu Ibernorum Societatis Jesu Patrum Monumenta a P. EDMUNDO HOGAN, Ejusdem Societatis Presbytero.* (Excudebat Societas Typographica Dubliniensis, MDCCCLXXX.)

THIS handsomely printed quarto contains the history of the missionary labours of the Jesuit Fathers in Ireland from the year 1540 to the year 1607. Future volumes will, we trust, continue the narrative

down to our own day. Except occasional extracts in Spanish, Irish, English, and other languages, the work is written in Latin, which has the great advantage of at once making the fruits of Father Hogan's researches accessible to many outside these islands. We are not without hopes that in the pages of this magazine and elsewhere, many biographical sketches in a less learned tongue may be formed out of the materials here for the first time amassed. At present we are only able to announce the issue of tome the first, and to wish our annalist strength to persevere in labours that are prompted by patriotic feeling and by filial duty. In such departments of out-of-the-way erudition, especially in our time and country, literature, like virtue, must be content to be its own reward.

III. *Songs for Freedom and other Poems.* By the Rev. M. J. MacHALE. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH once thought of becoming a parson, and Gerald Griffin of becoming a priest. An Irish working priest, with the genius of the author of "The Collegians," or perhaps better still, that of the author of "The Deserted Village," might find many a theme for beautiful poetry in his ministry among the Irish people. Father MacHale has not taken as much advantage as he might have taken from his priestly character to let us feel the pathos of the Celtic heart. His muse cherishes a fiercer mood. We think this is a pity; for he seems to us to be best where he is most priestly, and worst where he is most political—if the old commonplaces about shackles and tyrants can be called politics. These "Songs for Freedom" take a great many freedoms with metre and even with pronunciation, and occasionally with sense. The poet frequently "rides in the whirlwind," but he does not always know how to "direct the storm." The daring mastery of rhyme shown in some pieces makes us wonder at the dearth of rhyme in many others. There is unmistakable talent in the book, but the effort after originality results often, we fear, in grotesqueness, which distresses one most when the themes are sacred. We could single out many lines for praise, and some separate stanzas, but not many poems which are not marred by words and phrases used in ways which seem to us utterly indefensible. But in order that our first hurried paragraph of criticism may not end with that last strong epithet, we repeat that these "Songs of Freedom" are by no means commonplace, and show that the author might, in a sunnier clime, have been a fluent *improvisatore*. Of more than one poet of the day it might be said, as was once said of a "brilliant" speaker: "He has not so much a great command of language, as language has a great command of him."

IV.—*Other New Books.*

THOUGH we are obliged to postpone our notices of them, we wish to mention the publication of Sir William Wilde's *Memoir of Gabriel*

*Beranger* (M. H. Gill & Son); of a new volume of poems by Mr. Thomas Irwin (same Publishers); of a new and greatly enlarged edition of Dr. Fitzpatrick's "Life of Dr. Doyle;" of a Second Series of the Rev. Thomas Meyrick's "Lives of the Early Popes" (Washbourn); and of the "Life of the Venerable Father Libermann, Founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost" (M. H. Gill & Son.)

"King Rodolpho's Will" (Burns & Oates) is a drama of the time of the Crusades, by the Rev. H. C. Duke. There is plenty of striking incident in it, and it may be effective for representation by young amateurs, especially as no *amateurs* are required in it. But we cannot approve of the author's system of blank verse. Repeated according to the sense, the lines generally cease to be verse at all, even of the very blankest kind.

Mr. Charles Walker, a recent Anglican convert, has reprinted in a cheap pamphlet some useful controversial letters on "The Superiority of the Catholic Church" (J. Duffy & Son). Messrs. Gill & Son have published for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," the original, with a translation, vocabulary, and notes. Mr. Chamney of Ormond-quay has published, under the auspices of the Gaelic Union, "The Lay of Oisín in the Land of the Young," with a literal translation and a vocabulary.

Messrs. Burns & Oates of London are agents for a beautiful picture, printed by xylographic process in fourteen colours on a gold ground. The subject is the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, after a painting in the church of St. Mary Major, attributed to St. Luke.

Professor Glover has published, for the three grades of the Intermediate Education Examinations, a shilling treatise on the Theory of Music, with an epitome of Musical History (M. H. Gill & Son.)

At the last moment we have received a highly interesting volume, by Mr. John Oldecastle, called "Journals and Journalism," of which we shall have a good deal to tell anon. At present we can only say that it will be read with pleasure and profit by many beside the literary beginners for whom it is intended as a guide. It has been compiled with great care by one who has evidently at his command a very unusual amount of information about literature in its practical and professional aspects. The book is published in noteworthy fashion by Field and Tuer of Leadenhall-street, London, at the price of three shillings and sixpence.

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY.

A TALE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF "HESTRA'S HISTORY," "THE WICKED WOODS OF TORKERREVEL," ETC.

## BOOK SECOND.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## TWO MORE HAPPY HEARTS.

THE morning after Kevin's departure on his solitary excursion Mr. Honeywood went out early alone, that, before meeting Ida again, he might think over his conversation with Kevin on the evening before.

So completely had he made up his mind that she and Kevin had become attached to each other in such a way as to prevent his own happiness, that he now found it difficult to persuade himself of the true state of the case, and was still tortured by the fact that, with regard to her feelings at least, his jealous suspicions had a foundation of truth.

How happy she had grown in these later days. How gladly she had listened to everything Kevin had to say to her. All the latent beauty of character that Honeywood had long ago discerned in her had developed and ripened in the past few weeks with a rapidity that seemed almost like magic. And was it not indeed magic that had influenced her, the spell of a pure love, warming and mellowing that heart of hers, always so good and noble, but hitherto so unnaturally cold?

Returning from his walk with his mind still troubled and perplexed, he turned into the Duomo, with a half-unconscious desire to subject his disturbed spirit to the hallowing influences of the place. Wandering through the great cathedral he came upon a solitary figure, in a secluded chapel, wrapt in meditation, with eyes fixed upon a picture of the Madonna and her Child.

Quickly perceiving that it was Ida, he moved to her side and remained gazing on her uplifted face for some moments before he spoke.

When he did speak, she looked round with a startled and questioning glance as if anxious to know in what mood he was seeking her, a glance which conveyed an unintended reproach. Meeting his eye, however, she gave him a happy smile, and a sudden thrill of hope quivered through him.

"What a fancy you seem to have taken to pictures of this particular

subject!" he said, glancing towards the canvas that had absorbed her attention.

"Yes, they fascinate me," she answered, her smile deepening and brightening till she seemed to have caught a reflection from the face of the heavenly woman in the picture. "The perfect union of the human and spiritual here satisfies me in a way I have no words to express. The sight of that human mother with the God-Babe in her arms simply overwhelms me!" said Ida, big tears suddenly brimming up and dropping from her eyes. "As I gaze at the pair, my heart seems to deepen and widen till it grows great enough to take in the whole world. I do not know what has come to me," she added, smiling still, though her tears fell faster, "but I, who never wept, even when I was most miserable, feel now as if I could weep all day; and yet I am not unhappy. Bear with me, Thistleton, as you have always borne with me!" And she extended her hands towards him.

He took it reverently and tenderly, feeling that he had not always been patient with her of late in his thoughts, and trying vainly even now to stifle a jealous fear as to what this softening and sweetening of her nature might portend. But he spoke as his nobler nature prompted him.

"Such tears need not be checked," he said. "They are a dew that ripens all that is best within us. I, too, have felt the solemn and softening influence of these old churches with their legends of love and charity, and their record of holy and heroic lives. As for you, Ida, I have seen, I have known—it is love, divine and human, that has waked at last within you. God grant it may be the herald of true happiness."

Ida trembled and turned her head a little aside. Honeywood noticed the movement, and all his forbearance suddenly giving way, he felt that he must know his fate at once.

"You have had an advantage over me," he said, abruptly, "in your wanderings through these regions of poetry and religion—the constant services of an interpreter, one who understands, who is initiated—"

"Ah, yes, Kevin," said Ida; "I do indeed owe him a debt of gratitude."

"You call him Kevin?"

"Yes, to you. It seems natural to speak of him as a boy, almost a child, though heaven knows the wisdom of his simplicity has often made me blush. Do you not feel in him a strange mingling of characters, part child, part angel; and yet in all that is most noble, wholly a man?"

"I have thought of him only as a man," said Honeywood, becoming more disturbed.

"Exactly as I have thought of him least," said Ida.

Honeywood drew a long breath, and felt a little more comfortable.

"Have you any idea of where he is gone to-day?" he asked.

"I fancy he is making inquiries about the Signora Francesca."

"You know of all that?" said Honeywood, in surprise.

"Do you think I could live in the atmosphere of such a romance as his," said Ida, "without being aware of it? That proves to me how thoroughly unsympathetic I must have been in the past. Believe me, I am now alive to the sorrows and joys of my friends. I hope with all my heart that the long-lost Fan may be found."

Honeywood felt as if a flood of light had suddenly fallen around them. Basking in it a few moments he sat silent; rose and took a few turns up and down the pavement, and then came back and resumed his seat.

"Ida," he said, firmly, "I cannot any longer bear the suspense that is devouring me. Tell me honestly at once if any of that love so warmly and newly awakened in your heart can be for me."

She turned her face radiantly towards him. "All for you, Thistle-ton; if you care to have it!"

"Care!" He seized her hand and held it close. "My Ida, my wife! have I won you at last?"

"Ah, Thistleton, I have felt so afraid that I had lost you by my coldness. If you had not been so true, so constant, how terribly I should be punished now."

"And I have been so jealous of—Kevin."

"There was no need. On the contrary, we both owe our happiness to him. Looking back, I can hardly see how he gradually drew my mind away from the images that had always filled it with terror, and led me, step by step, into the beautiful region where his own thoughts always dwell. It seems to me that I have been born over again, and have existed years since I left the Rhine; although I feel that I am only as yet on the very threshold of a blessed and happy life which I have yet to live."

"Let us begin it together," said Honeywood, holding her hands fast in his own.

"It includes more than mere human bliss, dear Thistleton," said Ida, gazing wistfully in his face. "I do not quite comprehend it yet; help me, you, to enter upon it safely. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think I can guess."

"The life which can alone make you and me happy is associated in my thoughts with all the stories of the beautiful lives I have been studying in painting and in marble, in sacred scroll and legend since I first became acquainted with the history of Christ and his saints. Without religion you and I cannot be happy."

"You give words to the thoughts that have been growing in my own heart," said Honeywood, simply.



"Kevin carries about with him a sacred fire—*Faith*, he calls it; and it lights him, and warms him, wherever he goes. Let us beg a little of this fire——"

"And burn it on our hearth for evermore," said Honeywood.

"And let us never go with the world, dear Thistleton, but only along the narrow way, and through the narrow gate. I am sure that though the road is steep, and worn with pilgrims' feet, yet it is bordered with flowers for those who are thankful, and keep singing as they go."

Honeywood looked in amazement at her glowing face, her beaming eyes. Truly in winning her he had found more than he had ever in the past dared to hope for.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### CONCLUSION.

"So this is you, sir!" said Lord Wilderspin, glaring at Kevin. "You are the Kevin who has been keeping us all in fear, holding a sword over our heads for the last seven years, obliging us to resort to dark plots and heartless advertisements lest our little prima donna should be snatched out of our fingers. And here you come, confound you, just in time to destroy all our prospects!"

"I am delighted to hear I gave you so much trouble," said Kevin, smiling. "It would hardly have been fair if the pain had been all on my side."

"Impertinent rascal. You are as saucy as the minx herself. Hallo, Fan, this fellow will beat you!"

"My lord," said Fan, gravely, "I have promised Herr Harfenspieler and Mamzelle—and Kevin, and I have resolved that I must not disappoint you. I will keep the engagement that you made for me."

"You shall do no such thing, you monkey. Those two old people will have to be put in prison! I tell you you are as free as air, and shall do only what you please. As for me, I am not the least disappointed. I have known for a long time that you were only a wild bird fit for a hedge, that you would never do to sing in a cage. Now, I have already bought a hedge for you in your own country, and you can fly off and sing in it as soon as you like!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Fan, colouring.

"I mean that I have looked on you as my own child, that is all. Every bird needs a bit of green sod to sing on, and I have bought you a little territory of your own, in the neighbourhood of your beloved Killeevy. Mind you have a room always ready for me, for I mean to pay you visits."

"Lord Wilderspin," said Kevin, "we cannot accept so much. You have already been only too generous to Fanchea. We can never forget——"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go on writing your poetry, which by the way is extraordinarily good. I tell you this girl has been my daughter for seven years, and you not only come and dare to take her from me, but you presume to dictate to me as to what I am to do for her. If you do not like her with the fortune I choose to give her, you can go and seek a wife somewhere else."

So that night, when "*Lohengrin*" was performed at Milan, saw Fanchea's first and last appearance upon a public stage. The two wild birds, after their long flight round the world, winged their way home to Killeevy at last, and took possession of the little kingdom Lord Wilderspin's thoughtful generosity had bestowed upon them. Kevin works hard with his pen, and his name is every day becoming more and more honoured by the nobler and purer-minded section of the reading public. Fanchea, in his home, singing over her womanly tasks by his side, is the inspiration of his genius, even as she was in the old childish days when she sang to him on the island and he saw pictures in her songs.

Connor Mor did not long survive his delight at seeing his son return, and at finding him a "clerk and a book-learned man" after all; but the good old mother lives with the young people in their pretty house, and tells her beads, and spins and knits as she used to do in her humbler home. Her joy in the success of her children is unutterable, and she often bids them pray that after all the toils of her life "pride may not keep her out of heaven at the last."

Shawn Rua was at first very shy of the handsome young lady and gentleman who claimed his old acquaintance, but he is now a frequent visitor at their fireside, and Kevin takes greater pleasure than ever in drawing forth the poetic and legendary treasures that are stored up in the memory of his childhood's friend.

Lord Wilderspin keeps his promise of paying frequent visits to Killeevy, and is fond of appearing there suddenly, scolding every one within reach vehemently for an hour or two, enjoying himself thoroughly, and in the end going away perfectly happy. His present craze is enthusiasm for Kevin's poetry, though all his life he had prided himself on being a hater of poets.

Herr Harfenspieler still walks his chosen way, with a heart modestly and ardently worshipful of music, cheering himself on with meek and heroic maxims. He has so far forgiven Fanchea as sometimes to come and see her in her home; on which occasions delightful concerts may be heard by the birds that flit about Killeevy mountain. He loves to wander away alone among the great rocks, and sitting on

some airy perch, with his violin upon his shoulder, to pour out delicious wailings that mingle fitly with the piping of the winds and the booming of the ocean-waves at his feet.

Mamzelle has been the slowest to forgive, and is still beating about the world, still subject to fits of the old madness, when she dreams that she may yet paint wonderful pictures which shall be as the works of another Raphael or Fra Angelico. But Fan hopes that when she grows old and weary she will come to her for shelter, and die in her arms.

We will now take leave of our hero and heroine on a summer evening after sunset as they sit in their own little territory—a garden of roses extending down to the cliffs, with the crimsoned ocean at their feet and all the hundred isles they know so well burning on it like so many jewels, set with amethyst and amber and gold.

Kevin has just finished reading his new poem to Fanchea. Her hand is in his; her eyes are full of tears. She is not thinking of the applause of the world which may follow this work, but of the higher audience that have been present at the reading, the choirs of angels that have witnessed this new utterance of a strong man's soul. "Let them be the judges" is the thought of her heart; and she smiles, feeling conscious of their approval.

A cloud of sea-birds rises from their favourite island; they circle and wheel, and fly off in a trail towards the glory of the sun.

So wing all white souls to a happy eternity.

THE END.

## MARGERY'S DREAM.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

PRETTY, fair-haired Margery, sitteth on the cliff,  
 Watching, waiting anxiously for her father's skiff;  
 He hath gone to old Boulogne, o'er the waters gleaming,  
 Like a mystic city drawn in a midnight dreaming;  
 Went he to that far Boulogne on a breezy morning  
     Three long sunny days ago,  
     And his daughter watcheth on,  
 For his safe returning.

Wealth of wavy hair unbound, wreathing brow and cheek,  
 Dimpled arms caressing wound 'round the rugged peak;  
 She doth seem a marble naiad, dreaming o'er the water,  
 Rather than a mortal maid and a fisher's daughter.

Grieving eyes fringed round with gold, grieving lips apart,  
 Cheeks, like lilies, pale and cold, tell the anxious heart.

Pretty, sad-eyed Margery,  
 With the earnest brow,  
 Emblem of our life art thou,  
 Watching by the sea;  
 Watching, waiting on the cliff, with suspended breath,  
 For the coming of the skiff, and our father—Death!

Fresh the breeze blows o'er the maid, as the moon rides high,  
 But the sleep begot of shade weighs her weary eye;  
 Claspings still the rugged peak, in her troubled dreaming,  
 Slender hand upon her cheek, flaxen hair wide-streaming—  
 O'er her, like a silver pall, pallid moonbeams flow,  
 Or, like broken arrows, fall in the bay below.

And there come, as well there may, to her soul a-dreaming,  
 Visions of that little bay and the white sails gleaming;  
 And she walks the lower sands with a heart at rest,  
 And her snowy maiden hands crossed upon her breast—  
 Walks unto the water's edge, in the vision mocking,  
 And below the shingly ledge sees a white skiff rocking.

Father's gallant form is there—how her heart rejoices!  
Through the sunny evening air, thrill the sailors' voices,  
'Ringing up the frowning cliff, lay of love and honour—  
Father in his dancing skiff, turning, looks upon her,  
With the fond, strong arms apart, and the fresh lips smiling:  
Why shouldst shrink, O timid heart! from such sweet beguiling?  
Hark! the manly tones up-whirl, night-clouds dissipating,  
"Come, my Margery, my pearl, I am weary waiting!"

Little space for vain alarms! Potent bliss of meeting!  
Down she flutters to his arms, with a cry of greeting.  
Like a shining autumn leaf blown unto the shade,  
Like a star, the bright, the brief, falls the fated maid;  
None might hear the startled scream, winds are wild and free,  
And the waking of her dream is—Eternity!

Pretty fair-haired Margery! never on the cliff  
Shalt thou now a watcher be for thy father's skiff;  
But an old man, there alone, wanders to and fro,  
With his eye all frenzied grown, 'neath his locks of snow,  
And he murmurs, as he goes, trembling, broken-hearted,  
Words which wooed thee to repose, in the days departed:  
With the fond, weak arms outspread, voice to whisper sinking,  
"Come, and ease this aching head of its endless thinking;  
Wide the blessed gates unfurl, heart and spirit sating,  
Come, my Margery, my pearl! I am weary waiting!"

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## A FLOURISHING OFFSHOOT.

BY THE EDITOR.

**A** FLOURISHING offshoot speaks well for the vigour of the parent-stem. It is for this reason that we desire to call the attention of our readers to a flourishing offshoot which the *IRISH MONTHLY* has sent forth.

We might, indeed, use the plural number and speak of the many independent volumes which have already been reprinted from the pages of our Magazine. The first of these was Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Sketch of the Life of the late Father Henry Young of Dublin" (London: Burns & Oates), which has made a remarkably saintly soul better known to strangers than to those at home. Of the tales that have run their course through our successive volumes four or five have been already reprinted: "Jack Hazlitt," by the Very Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick (Dublin: James Duffy); "The Chances of War," by Mr. A. Whitelock (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), "A Pearl in Dark Waters," by the Author of "Tyborne," and "The New Utopia" by an author who has recently made a splendid addition to her many great services to English literature. The last, indeed, of these cannot yet be said to have reached the separate existence which it eminently deserves to attain; for it has only been reprinted in America in a very unwieldy and unsatisfactory form; and "The Pearl in Dark Waters" has modestly hidden itself in its new life by allowing "The Wise Nun of Eastonmere" to usurp the honours of the title-page. To these reprints we may add "Aline," which, after appearing in our pages, reappears in Miss Kathleen O'Meara's last collected edition of "Bells of the Sanctuary" (Burns & Oates.)

The foregoing enumeration does not exhaust the list of offshoots from the stem of the *IRISH MONTHLY*, even when we add the one on which we wish to dwell particularly, namely, "The Lectures of a Certain Professor," by the Rev. Joseph Farrell (London: Macmillan & Co.), of which our readers are aware that every paragraph appeared in our Magazine, from almost its first number, at not very distant intervals during two or three years.

One likes to have one's own opinions confirmed on any subject by others who view it from very different standpoints. If "a man's enemies are those of his own household," a man's hardest critics belong often also to his own fireside circle. The friends of many a gifted person have been astonished at the esteem in which their gifted friend has been held by strangers who have thus helped them to discover what lay under their eyes. These observations have only this amount

of relevancy to the present case that the welcome which greeted these meditative essays, called somewhat whimsically "Lectures," when gathered into a substantive book, was a delightful confirmation of the feelings which they had at first inspired individually.

We think it well to preserve in this place a few of these testimonies, or rather a few phrases culled from a great many lengthened criticisms. To save space, we group crudely together a few expressions of opinion from critics who may be supposed to rejoice at being able to praise so warmly an Irish Catholic writer, but who certainly could not conspire to give such praise to any writer but one of manifestly remarkable merit:—

"Full of life and happy illustrations. A great many good things are said, and they are said cleverly and forcibly. The free admixture of grave with gay disarms these lectures of dryness or monotony for any reader."—*The Month*.

"This is just the sort of book that people want now-a-days. It is most entertaining, and will be a very pleasant addition to libraries. The Certain Professor's lectures evince a highly cultivated intellect and a very considerable knowledge of men as they exist in the nineteenth century. Going on a journey, one could have few more entertaining companions than this book."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The titles of the lectures give no idea of the interesting, instructive, and always elevating and refining themes on which they discourse with every possible beauty of thought and with exquisite grace of language. With the exception that their aim is higher and their purpose always a holier one, they remind us immensely of Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers,' and display many of the delicious quaintnesses of sentiment and expression which cast such a charm around these graceful emanations of the great novelist's pen."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"Full of thoughts, showing a good and wholesome mind considerably cultivated, and yielding us chapters of very pleasant, gossiping reading—pleasantly playful and pregnant with matter."—*Dublin Review*.

It is curious to notice of how many different essayists Father Farrell reminds different reviewers. The *Freeman* is reminded of "Roundabout" Thackeray; while the *Irish Times* says that "the mingled wit and wisdom of these 'Lectures,' the ripe learning, extensive acquaintance with men and books, and their easy, colloquial style and refinement of thought, remind us not a little of the gifted American essayist, Oliver Wendell Holmes." The *Mirror of Literature* in its turn makes the "Certain Professor" out to be no less than three single essayists rolled into one: for it tells us that his Lectures are "full of quiet wisdom. With something of Ruskin, something of the late Sir Arthur Helps, and something of Mr. Samuel Smiles in his style and tone, this lecturer discourses very pleasantly not on—that would be too scientific—but about a great variety of topics." The *Irishman* does not thus split its vote, but plumps for one of the *Mirror's* selections, namely, the thoughtful author of "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and some other good books. But let us give a longer extract from the excellent critique which *The Irishman* devoted to our flourishing offshoot.

"There is no class of books more agreeable than a collection of instructive lectures, or essays in monologue, like the above, which treats of a number of subjects of moral and practical interest in life, and which addresses the reader not with the formality of an author but with the familiarity of a friend. The work is very valuable from its matter and very engaging in its style, which is just like the conversation with which a genial and cultivated man, with a large experience of life and of books, would entertain a companion, young or old, during some quiet stroll of a summer's day, or beside the winter fire. Mr. Farrell's mind is one of wide sympathies. In the discursive tendency so natural to a mind full of information and active in reflection, he reminds us sometimes of old Montaigne; but, unlike the Frenchman, the Professor is too earnest ever to lose sight of his subject. In the pure and homely Saxon simplicity of his style he sometimes reminds us of Helps, the author of 'Friends in Council.'"

We find we were in error a moment ago in saying that the critic just quoted confined himself to a single parallel for Father Farrell; but the *Pall Mall Gazette* does. Here is what this fastidious organ of opinion, the journal "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," says about this literary work of an Irish priest:—

"These 'Lectures' are in reality essays, and remind us of the writings of A. K. H. B., although, for the most part, they are less wordy and of a higher stamp. The writer undertakes to talk with his readers, and his gossip is always agreeable and sometimes suggestive. Some of the papers are clever, some of them abounding in good feeling, and all worth reading in a leisure hour. For the most part the writer's judgments are sensible and manly."

It will be noticed that this *Pall Mall* critic considers the slender octavo which is the subject of these remarks as "for the most part of a higher stamp" than the multitudinous writings of the Scotch clergyman who is familiar to few as the Rev. A. K. Hutchinson Boyd and familiar to many by his initials or as the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." The *Saturday Review* is of a different opinion. For it will be candid to vary the monotony of this chorus of praise by the solitary hiss of some Saturday Reviewer, who, we are sure, was not the author of a certain article on the poet Tupper in the same journal; for *that* was really clever. Some one sings of a workhouse funeral:—

"Rattle his bones over the stones,  
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

The *Saturday* scribe took the Professor to be an Irish parson; he tells us so himself. "This is only a disestablished Irish parson, not known to any member of our little clique—so here goes for a spicy article!" But he had forgotten to catch his hare; the spice was not forthcoming. The only ingredients that keep the dish from being altogether insipid are the quotations. M. Dufaure said in reply to an onslaught from M. Jules Favre: "Les injures sont comme les corps pesants, dont la force dépend de la hauteur d'où ils tombent." The insults of this critic do not fall from any formidable height. Can one without moral fault read such a book as attentively as this writer seems



to have done, and then sit down and write and publish the account that he gives of it? We ask the question somewhat doubtfully, for very worthy people can bring themselves to say and write and even print things which others, hearing or reading, consider outrageous. But we have little doubt about the moral guilt of that critic (for instance) who in *Vanity Fair*—if we remember rightly—set himself to ridicule one of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poems by such devices as attributing to the poet as his personal opinion sayings which he had put into the mouth of a half-converted pagan, the Bard Ethell. To eke out a man's proper quantum of penny-a-lining such expedients may be excusable within certain limits; but when they regard serious matters and tend to pain a refined and sensitive nature, to injure a good reputation or a good book—when such dishonest literary artifices are carried on persistently, are they anything better than a very ill-natured and cowardly form of lying? and may they not denote as much malignity as, under favourable circumstances, might have led the guilty party to pick a pocket or cut a throat? These questions, however, apply only partially to our friend of the *Saturday Review*. A friend, indeed, to the "Lectures of a Certain Professor," for which he predicts a wide popularity—helping the accomplishment of the prediction by three columns of jibes, more, perhaps, than even a journal of such worth and authority as the *Spectator* by the following judgment:—

"This is an agreeable little volume of essays on a variety of subjects, and well deserves to be the companion of those who are fortunate enough to have the luxury of a few leisure hours. The author tells us that 'if he were allowed to choose a place in the temple of fame, he should select the quiet and comfortable corner in which the Essayists congregate.' He loves the gossip of Montaigne, would like to take the arm of 'Elia,' and leave a book behind him like those charming 'Essays.' In fact, he does not aspire to write for busy people, but would rather wait for the well-earned holiday, and then ask his reader to come out, as it were, for a walk. We can assure such a reader that he will find his walk a very bright and pleasant one in such companionship. We can promise him that he will not feel himself fatigued, but that, on the contrary, he will be considerably lightened and refreshed. 'The Professor's lectures' touch on those old, familiar topics, such as books, happiness, sympathy, success, character, about which a really thoughtful and observant man has always something new and interesting to say. As persons grow old, books of this kind become more and more welcome companions. One can enjoy them without the mental effort which a good deal of the best and highest literature demands from us, and at the same time have the satisfaction of feeling that one's time has been by no means wasted. The Professor, we sincerely hope, will have a good audience; he certainly deserves it."

A good audience he certainly has had, and his circle of readers is widening. A separate issue of the "Lectures" has been required for the United States. We have had no means of following the criticisms which the book has called forth from the American press; but the *Boston Pilot* describes it as "a volume of essays of extraordinary diversity and excellence, which will certainly take rank among the classics

of the language;" and it adds another term of comparison to the many discovered by the many critics on this side of the Atlantic, saying that "the subjects, which are mainly secular, are touched with a playful and fanciful delicacy that recalls the best work of Charles Lamb, of which, however, it is by no means an imitation."

We must bring this litany of praise to an end, though we have not given all our brief samples of the Certain Professor's critics, many of whom also, no doubt, have escaped our watchfulness. It speaks well for the general candour and discrimination of the literary press that an author utterly unknown to them should, with no introduction but his own merit, have been at once received with such wide and generous appreciation. Besides all that we have quoted, the *Scotsman* says that these "Lectures" are "marked by broad and cultured thought and considerable originality," while the *Academy* finds in them "the wisdom of a pure, refined, tender, cultured nature, which holds in reserve a certain quiet strength under its tenderness," and even *John Bull* considers that "many of Mr. Farrell's remarks exhibit a sound judgment and an evident habit of reflection," and *The World* says "his judgments are for the most part based upon clear knowledge and intelligent comprehension, and are expressed in easy and temperate English."

We have confined our citations, for obvious reasons, chiefly to English criticisms. Among the many Irish ones which we have passed over, we must, in conclusion, refer to two which will commend themselves to any reader of taste as unusually well conceived and well expressed. The *Northern Whig* says:—

"These papers are characterised by many quiet touches of power and many felicities of expression. The intellectual qualities of our author are his shrewd turn of worldly observation, condensing itself sometimes into very pithy and striking expressions, and his light and playful humour. The same sensitiveness, grace, and nice discrimination which mark his intellectual apprehension throughout, rule also his language and give it its delight and felicity. There is a chastened glow of feeling warming and animating every page, a vital pulse beating in his most soft and level utterances."

Finally, the *Nation* brings out a point to which we have adverted earlier—namely, that the volume, of whose brilliant success we wish these pages to contain this slight record, is almost unique in its own kind among the contributions of Irishmen to English literature, almost the only representative of Ireland in the department of essays:—

"A book of essays by an Irish author is somewhat of a novelty. In various other departments of literary exertion our countrymen are heard of from time to time; but the essay, rich and delicate fruit of culture and tranquil thought, does not flourish, as yet at least, on Irish soil. We extend a thoroughly hearty welcome to the charming book of essays before us. The author is a man of keen and eager habit of mind. It is a wholesome, instructive book, directed to high aims and stimulating to salutary thought."

Before bringing to a conclusion this mosaic of critical extracts, we may lay claim to a certain disinterestedness and magnanimity in our anxiety to put on record the impressions made on utter strangers and utterly unsympathetic critics by the volume which has been so often named in this paper. The fact is that we owe it a grudge, inasmuch as the publication of that volume defrauded our Magazine of many essays which would probably have been added to the series if that definite goal had not been reached too soon. But we do not claim complete disinterestedness for the joy with which we have observed that Father Farrell has lately flung aside the "cold chain of silence" that has hung over him too long. The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for June contains a brief dissertation of his, introducing a new translation of the *Adoro Te devote* of St. Thomas Aquinas. He asks the interesting question: "What kind of fame is best worth having?"

"We know the fundamental answer which so few of the famous have seemed to remember. To be kept in memory; yes, but in a memory that never faileth. 'In memoria eterna erit justus,' and only he. Humanly speaking, one would perhaps desiderate a fame that would be something more than admiration for achieved result, with which would mingle some warmer feeling of something as nearly like personal affection as can be given to a man who has long been in the grave. And perhaps from this point of view the fame of the poet is the brightest and the best. Only *he* seems to live in the heart of the future, kindles eyes, draws tears, lives again in the hearts which he touches into a life that is, for the moment, like what his once was. To be the author, not of a long, elaborate poem, which everyone would feel bound to admire, but which very few would care to read, and these few only as a duty due to their own culture, but the author of a short, sweet, heart-touching poem, that would force itself upon the human memory in spite of its feebleness, and rise to the lips whenever the occasion of which it was born repeated itself in the daily story of men's lives, and make us long in those hours when the words would seem to express our own mental moods, and open a way for the blind groping of our own hearts, to know the spirit that must have been so strangely like ourselves; this would seem to be, of all kinds of fame, the most precious and the most desirable.

"Now, suppose that such a poem was also a prayer. Suppose that the lips which first chanted it were touched not only with the inspiration of human genius, but also with fire from a far more sacred altar; suppose that the repeating of it stirred that thought of God that lies deep down in all the hearts He has created; could any fame be purer or more holy than the fame of him who, having spoken in the silence of his heart to God, found his thoughts turning to music upon his lips, and flying off beyond his reach to the ears of men whom he never saw, never would see, till they came to him in heaven to thank him for his prayer-poem?"

Father Farrell proceeds to apply this to the *Rhythmus S. Thomæ* in which so "many priests fresh from the altar, with the glow of the great sacrifice upon their souls, and the fire of the altar hot upon their lips, have found expression for their devotion. Like all St. Thomas's hymns (he adds) it is, however apparently slight and fragile, the blossom of that theological tree that strikes its roots so deep and wide, and that lifts its spreading branches to every quarter of the surrounding earth and the overhanging heavens."

Of the few words which the Certain Professor gives "by way of grateful commentary" on this consecrated hymn, we are able only to quote this suggestive passage:—

"Underlying it all, by way of *motive*, is the great theological truth that, as the Incarnation is, so to speak, at once the crown and the epitome of creation, so the Blessed Eucharist is the crown and epitome of the Incarnation. Any one who has ever dwelt on this great thought will know how analogies spring up in hosts along the path of reflection, surprising one by their subtlety and their simplicity, till one ceases to wonder, remembering that the same Holy Trinity is the cause and the model of all worlds of nature and of grace.

"If you remark, the first verse of the 'Adoro' touches on a most obvious and most fruitful thought—the awful hiddenness of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. And is not *that* merely a fuller and more special carrying out of that awful hiddenness which seems to be one of the characteristics of God in his dealing with men? He that is everywhere, living with an intensity, working with an efficacy, energising with a force for which human language has no expression, and doing all this in a way that, nine times out of ten, nay, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, nay, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, absolutely escapes the notice of his own creatures. Can anyone who thinks about the hiddenness of God in his own world of nature wonder at the hiddenness of Jesus in his own kingdom of grace, as He sits enthroned in the Sacrament of the Altar? St. Thomas passes on with the tread of a theologian, with a brevity, and at the same time a completeness, which few but he could so well combine, to give the answer to the objections commonly urged, and constantly urged from the first day of promise at Caphernaum—'How can He?' Sense may deceive, or rather be made by false inference to seem to deceive, but full in our ear sounds the voice of Him who said in the beginning—'Let light be.' Who can—we do not say with any pretension to faith, but even with any pretension to reason—who can refuse to assent when Christ says—'This is my body.'"

To return now to the previous question and the main object of these remarks, and to wind them up peremptorily: it is plain that the book which, under all the circumstances, has been able to furnish materials for a paper like the present must be no ordinary book; and the warmest friends of this Magazine can utter no better prayer for it than that it may long continue to have vitality enough to throw out from time to time some such flourishing offshoots as "The Lectures of a Certain Professor."

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## THE POETRY OF HUNGER.

BY ANNIE ALLEN.

I HAPPENED one day to take up a novel—which, by the way, I am not given to doing—and my eyes fell on the following phrase: “The poetry of hunger.” Whereupon I angrily threw down the volume with a muttered exclamation, “Stuff and nonsense! As if anything so intensely animal could be poetical! Picture a schoolboy over roast beef and plum-pudding, or an alderman at a public dinner, and then talk of poetry.”

My artistic feelings were wounded, and I am, moreover, of an irritable temper; so I strolled out into the gay streets of London to recover my equanimity, carefully avoiding looking at anything that might recall that stupid phrase. I had already passed butchers’ and confectioners’ shops by the dozen without deigning a glance, when I stumbled over a little pale-faced urchin who was gazing mournfully and lovingly at a penny loaf in a baker’s window. I am afraid I trod on his toes; but he did not seem to mind, so intently was his attention fixed on the tempting object. At last he heaved a deep sigh. “Why, what’s the matter, my little man?” I asked, kindly; and then the little fellow looked up into my face.

“I dunno,” said he. “Mother says I’s hungry.”

“You don’t know!” I exclaimed. “Why, you *must* know. What do you feel like?”

“I feels tired and queerish-like in here,” and he laid his hand pathetically on the usual receptacle for penny loaves.

“I suspect your mother’s right,” said I, with a tear twinkling in my eye. “Here, take this penny and buy some bread.” He seized it eagerly, and I watched him make his purchase, and then come out of the shop, munching away at the loaf as if he hadn’t tasted food for a week.

“Mother was right, sir,” said he, with a grateful look in his black eyes.

A kind of feeling came over me that my meeting with this little ragged boy had some connection with the sentence that put me out of temper, and that Providence had a meaning in it; and in this frame of mind, I began to retrace my steps when a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was my old friend, Vivian.

“Look here, Horace,” said he, “Mrs. Campbell sent me an invitation to dine with her to-night. This I flatly refused, being under the doctor’s orders, who has put me on a diet to which I keep scrupulously. But though I have a strong will in most things, salmon completely unmans me. I feel like a bird before a snake. Even the sight of one

of those fishes in the Aquarium is too much for me. I always think how far more lovely it would look pickled, and in company with a cucumber; so I must keep out of the way of temptation. Unfortunately, however, I met the dear lady this afternoon, and she insisted on my dropping in after dinner; and as I happened to mention you in conversation, she included you in the invitation."

"Why, my goodness, Vivian," I exclaimed, "I don't know the woman!"

"No, but she heard of you—ahem!—as an author, you know, and so you must expect to be trotted out."

"I'm not in the humour for a party, Vivian. I have to get an article ready for the next *Supernumerary Review*."

"Bless you, that's the very reason you must come; you'll get fresh ideas. Miss Davenport is to be there, the belle of the season. Such eyes—oh, dear! it makes me feel all-overish when I think of them."

"Anything like a salmon?" I asked, mischievously.

"Horace, shut up; she's lovely, bears looking at in a strong light. Not the slightest trace of bloom of Ninon or any of those horrid things."

"Well, well," I said, laughing, "I suppose I must come; but I shan't talk much."

"So much the better, they'll think you're composing."

At nine o'clock that evening I entered Mrs. Campbell's drawingroom in company with my friend, and was soon introduced to Miss Davenport, who, however, seemed as little disposed to be talkative as was I myself. I sat by her for some time with only an occasional remark on the music that was going on. At last I was rather startled by a deep sigh that sounded so like the sigh I had heard that afternoon from a little chest in Upper Oriol-street that I looked round.

"I hope you are not ill or in trouble," I said.

"Oh! no," she replied, turning on me those eyes that Vivian raved about, and in which, to my surprise, I detected the same hungry look that I had seen in my little ragged friend. "Only I'm tired of everything, and—and—I don't know what I feel."

Here she laid her hand on her heart.

"Why!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, "you must be hungry"—and I really think I should have suggested a penny loaf, but she broke into a merry laugh.

"I've just had my dinner," said she, "so that won't do." And then becoming quickly grave, she added, "But perhaps you are right; there are two kinds of hunger; the one I never suffered from, but the other has been a life-long hunger, and it seems strange that no one can satisfy it."

"No," I answered, sadly; "it's easy enough to feed the body, but penny loaves won't help the soul."

"Hush," said she, "we never own to such things in polite society. The soul indeed! I am surprised at you, a literary man, talking such nonsense."

Why did the words of the prodigal son flash before my mind, *Fame perece*, "I perish with hunger?" I know not, but I found myself repeating them constantly all the evening, and I also discovered that I was getting into a habit of staring into people's eyes to see if all had the same hungry look; and when I detected it, I was oppressed with a sense of my inability to satisfy them. This impression remained with me for some months after Mrs. Campbell's party, but was beginning to die away, when I chanced one day to be passing by one of the Catholic churches in London, just at the conclusion of Benediction; and as I stood by the entrance, watching the people as they came out, I perceived to my astonishment that Miss Davenport was amongst them. She recognised me at once and shook me warmly by the hand. "I have so often thought of you," said she; and then she added, with a sweet smile, "I am not hungry now, but you were right—it was hunger I suffered from."

"Well, and what has cured it?" I asked.

"*Panis Angelorum*," she replied. "That is the only cure for the hunger of the soul."

"Do you think everyone is hungry, Miss Davenport?"

"Everyone," she answered, "only they do not always know it."

"Am I hungry?" I murmured, as the possibility of such a thing flashed across me for the first time.

"Oh! yes," she said, earnestly, "and for all such hunger, believe me, there is but one remedy."

## BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

CAPTAIN EVELYN TO THE REV. BASIL MORTON.

"JERONYMITE MONASTERY, MADRID,

"August 14, 1812.

"What a responsibility for you, my dear Morton, if priest, recluse, student, that you describe yourself to be, you have actually stirred my soldierly blood to the pitch of volunteering for the Peninsula! But do not let me alarm your clerical conscience, though I give you full leave

to 'stare and gasp' like a very Quintilian—(*vide* Milton—this parenthesis merely to cap your Reverence's learning)—full leave, I say, to be astonished at the date and address of my present letter. What?—this head, already sprinkled with gray beneath the shako in John Company's service, must needs thrust itself into the European quarrel, and run a chance of being taken off by a ball from Marmont's artillery? Yet so it is: and my old friend, the Basil of those school-days he describes in such detail, was actually despatching to India the news of an engagement in which the rough-and-ready soldier it was written to had already taken part in Spain.

"Here we are, then, in Madrid, after a triumphal entrance, amid drums and colours, shouts and enthusiasm of the populace. We came on the twelfth, the day when your neighbours at Ernhem are marching after the grouse. From my comfortable quarters in a convent of the Jeronymite monks, I indite these few lines, brief as a word of command, unless I can steal another moment before sealing my despatch. Let me at once explain how it is you receive so prompt an answer to the letter you supposed to be toiling on its weary voyage round the Cape. In truth, the ship that carried your greetings was destined never to touch at Madeira, nor to sight the Table Mountain. The mail-bag in which it journeyed came, with other missives for the seat of war, to Oporto, and was thence forwarded to us here in the capital that has received us, conquering heroes, with open arms. By what magic, do you ask? Now, upon the honour of a volunteer, I am half disposed to mystify you. I am come from India, you must remember, where juggling is as common as the bull-and-bear business on the Stock Exchange, or the thimble-rig on Epsom Downs. Why should not some Pacelot, some Ariel, have obeyed the whisk of my magic wand?

"Well, there *was* an Ariel in the matter, and his name is little Jemmy Dobson, our quondam school-fellow, now rather high up in the Post Office. He chanced to be on duty—what a word for a civilian's employments!—when yours arrived at Saint Martin's le Grand by the Stourcheester mail-bags; and, happening to know that I had applied for leave to volunteer for the Peninsula—(you, as a student, are privileged to be a little behind the age in such information)—he took upon him to forward it hither to head-quarters. How that small Dobson came to know that I was probably here, is more than I can say; but a man in such an office as his, who keeps his eyes open during these stirring times, picks up much weightier intelligence than the chances and changes affecting an old shikarry like myself. Post-office and Horse Guards must be now in active communication.

This gossip has kept me from giving you any account of the doings of our army—*quorum minima pars fui*—and of its chief. You remember the terse fable: 'A fly sat upon a wheel; what a dust do we raise!



said the fly.' There is the great wheel of a warlike movement, presupposing, as it does, a wonderful combination of military qualities in the man who causes it to revolve. Sagacity, patience, firmness, hawk-eyed perception of the moment and the conjunction favourable to some point to be made for; a grasp of details, and power of applying them, that goes well nigh as far as human doings can, to *ensure* success as well as deserve it. You see I am growing enthusiastic in middle life; but I assure you, this expresses the universal feeling of the Peninsular army. Officers and men are animated by a confidence in Wellington, as unshaken as his own firmness; and we all feel that, should we suffer even a considerable reverse (a catastrophe which the vexatious delays and niggardly spirit at home seem to invite), he would secure for us, as at Torres Vedras, a retreat as honourable as a victory.

"So far for the wheel. As to the fly, he has got a touch on one of his wings, that has made him rather a maimed specimen. A bullet, caught at the rebound, has considerably puzzled my left shoulder—happily the left one, or I could not have sent you this answer to your friendly greeting. Meanwhile, I am in the best of hands. A lay brother of the Community here was a physician before he took to being a Jeronymite, and is now exercising his skill upon the English heretic with as much assiduity and tenderness as if I were one of the Pope's body-guard—ahem! Your letter, old friend, invites me into the region of controversy; but just now I may plead, like a retired student I once heard of—a sort of Basil Morton—when challenged to a duel:—'I have neither time nor spirits for such an employment.' Let me rather speak of a visit I have paid to the picture-galleries here—a subject which you and I can enjoy in common: for while to you it is the expression of your faith at every turn, it brings back to me the memories of former days spent in Italy, where (in truth) I dabbled a little in oils, and succeeded in smearing not a few square feet of canvas, to my own delectation and the horror of bystanders. My one and only connection with the Vatican, observe.

"I have been wandering, then, with my arm in a sling, through the two royal galleries here, in the Palacio Reale, and the Buen Retiro. I do not know whether your picture experiences have been much among those of the Spanish school; to me, their peculiar *timbre* of painting has always had a supreme attraction. There is a gravity and lofty thoughtfulness about their sacred pictures, and a breadth and *bonhomie* in those of a more familiar kind, Murillo's ragged beggar-boys and shrivelled old hags to wit, that strike me with an impression of *nerve* beyond anything the Italians have to show. These pictures are often preternaturally dark and sombre, yet the figures stand forth from the background enough to suggest, where they do not manifestly express, the artist's idea, and—on sacred subjects—his ideal. I have always heard it said, and can now realise the truth, that you must

come to Madrid, and also see the Escorial, before claiming to know Murillo.

"The worst of it is, that some of those masterpieces have been packed up, and sent to—Paris! Joseph, the puppet-king that was, as but yesterday, catered, during his little brief authority, to the vanity of his imperial brother, and has decorated Bonaparte's brand-new throne with some of these *plus belles choses du monde*. When we kicked him out, the other fine morning, after his four years' playing at king here, we found empty frames in the palaces, that had been occupied by some of the grandest efforts of Murillo, Velasquez, and *El Divin Morales*. Old Soult, they say, appropriated the 'Assumption' of Murillo, one of the finest efforts known to art, and took it away with him, rolled up like a large atlas. But, indeed, that is only one among his thefts; he has emptied the frames of many altar-pieces among the Andalusian convents. I thought of Schiller's indignant lines on a similar spoliation—the removal of the treasured sculptures of the Vatican to the aforesaid banks of the Seine. Thought? nay, the stanzas ran so strongly in my head as I walked through these rifled museums of glorious art, that they actually came out in English doggerel; and so, without competing with the school-boy lines for which I thank you with all a schoolfellow's ardour, I venture, with the modest diffidence of a *debutant* poetaster, to offer you mine in return. Tell it not in Gath, and, above all, send them not to Weimar! Here goes:

*"Was der Griechen Kunst erschaffen,  
Mag der Franke mit den Waffen—"*

you probably know the rest.

"Now for your humble servant:—

"From Grecian art they sprang to life!  
In vain the Gaulish sons of strife  
Drag them in triumph home:  
In vain shall wondering Paris crowd,  
And Louvre ope wide her galleries proud  
To greet the spoils of Rome.

"Mute will they stand, each captive form;  
No victor's homage e'er shall warm  
To life the shapely stone:  
He owns the Muses, only he,  
Whose love is true and pure—from thee,  
Vandal—their life has flown!"

"All the self-conceit of a first excursion into the flowery meads of poesie, fails to console me for so poor a rendering: especially of the last line, which is grandly indignant in the original:

*"Dem Vandalem sind sie Stein!"*

"Meanwhile, in comes Fra Pedro with my infirmary supper. They feed me, I assure you, with the best they can procure, though their own table is meagre enough; to-day they are all in strict penance, for some great feast or other to-morrow, for which the sacristan is specially preparing. Notwithstanding which, I have my capon and *olla podrida*, as usual. You should see the good-hearted, portly Fra Pedro, with shaven crown and dark scapular. I tell him, I am writing to a Catholic priest, a great friend of mine. 'Ah, Señor,' he answers, 'I am sure that Cura desires, as much as we all do here, that Usted should become a *hijo* (child) of the holy faith.' Usted, you must know, if you do not already, is a courteous phrase employed at every moment throughout Spain; a contraction of *Vuestra Merced*—'your Gentleness.' The good Jeronymites are not strong in their Greek, which some of them, I believe, regard with a pious horror, as an infidel importation into the country by the Moors: otherwise I should point out to them, as old Sykes would have told us at Whippingham—had he known Spanish—that it is the very idea of the *ἐπιεικής*, the gentleman. That subject, however, is rather a hobby of mine, so I spare you. Cheer my hours of recovery (I have been rather sharply hit, do you know?) by another letter, and send us, for our mess, any stray newspapers and pamphlets you can lay hands on. We are in great dearth, and have to resort to strange fountains to assuage our literary thirst. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' lies cheek by jowl with some trashy French novels, and 'Don Quixote' with one or two ascetic treatises from a convent library, which *messieurs nos ennemis* sacked and dispersed. I have rubbed up what little Greek has not evaporated under the suns of India, and am deep in Saint Chrysostom's Homilies. The good monks, when they look in upon me in their library, nod to each other, as having some hopes of my final conversion. They little know the dogged obstinacy of a true-born Briton. One of their novices here was a French officer of artillery, wounded in a skirmish between this and Salamanca, whom they half cured, and quite concealed; then shaved him, shrived him, scapularied him, and finally got the Commander-in-chief to ignore his remaining *sub rosa* in the community as a neophyte. I suppose Wellington felt it was a good thing for a man to obey orders of any kind, and that a prior was a commanding officer in his own way. The artilleryman, moreover, put himself *hors de combat* by entering religion. I have seen this *çi-devant moustache* once or twice; the last time, he was washing the dishes. He seems now very meek, and quite happy; but, then, his name is not (nor his nature) that of

"Your affectionate old chum,

"WALTER EVELYN."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

THE principal saloon at Crockford's was brilliantly lit, as it was, night after night, through the season. Its night, indeed, was unbroken; the light of day was never admitted there—a characteristic of the place which made its popular name of *Hell* still more appropriate. It was far from being dark, except for the nature of the transactions carried on beneath those gilded cornices; but its brightness borrowed no ray from the pure sun in heaven. Not only the great room in which fabulous sums, and even whole fortunes, were ever changing hands, but the ante-rooms also were carefully shuttered, and lit with waxen sconces. They who staked at the tables, and lost or won, who raked their winnings towards them with a hardened smile, or saw their heap of gold depart with a pallor of gentlemanly despair, might, for all outward seeming, be unconscious of the passage of time. Stories were circulated that would have been incredible, had they not been true, of the length of hours during which some untiring votaries of fortune had sat at those tables. A brilliant debater, an orator of large, impulsive heart, to whom, whenever he rose in his place in Parliament, the House listened with rapt attention, had squandered a large fortune in Crockford's while he was swaying the councils of the nation. He was said, on one occasion, to have remained at play during twenty-two consecutive hours, and to have lost money at the rate of five hundred an hour. When at length he rose from the table, he was a loser to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds. And yet one or two of his intimates, who called next morning in some apprehension whether he might not have blown out his brains in the night, found him idling on his sofa, over an eclogue of Virgil. To set their anxieties at rest, he avowed the conviction that, next to winning at hazard, there was no pleasure in life to be compared to that of losing.

Bracton was not a gamester of a type so magnificent—if the term may be applied without a culpable misuse of language. There existed in him, together with a passion for the excitement of hazard, a prudent self-control that seldom deserted him in pursuing it. The intoxication of the one never overcame the sober restraining sense of the other. He was no Phaeton, to be dashed headlong from the chariot, by the unrestrained steeds of a wild passion for play. Holding the reins firmly in hand, he was not more affected by the inevitable reverses of the changeful game, than the steady coachman of that day by the ups and downs of the road along which he worked his daily team.

A confused medley of a sight was that large saloon, with its lofty proportions and gorgeous furniture. Servants in the rich livery of the club were passing and repassing continually, with such refreshments

as were either to stimulate to a false courage men who might otherwise hesitate to take the reckless plunge, or to moisten the parched lips that were gasping in the excitement of the desperate play. Ranged round the walls, under the brilliant light of waxen sconces, numerous small tables were set for the private play of those who elected to fleece and be fleeced more scientifically, at whist or piquet. The centre of the great saloon was occupied by the principal table devoted to the unmixed hazard of *roulette*, or *rouge et noir*. This table was surrounded by a thickly-wedged crowd of what our modern parlance would designate as the "upper ten thousand." Some were in the ordinary morning dress of the period—blue coats with brass buttons, buff waistcoats, frills, hessians, or top-boots—yellow, not brown—and other wonderful things that have long disappeared from the earth; including the large gold repeaters, with chain and bunch of seals, depending from the "fob"—a word whose very meaning is all but lost among their great grandchildren. Other gamblers appeared in full evening dress, with tights and silk stockings: a certain proportion in uniform, in spite of the Peninsular war; and some, both officers and civilians, wearing their stars and ribbons, as having come immediately from the presence of royalty.

Over the shoulders of those who occupied the well-stuffed, luxurious chairs round the table, later comers leaned, and staked their money. Little was said among them. The rolling of the little ball that decided so many fates, the chink of the rouleaux of gold that were incessantly changing hands, dexterously raked hither or thither by the *croupier*, at the mandate of the little ball, were almost the only sound. A deep curse would occasionally be muttered, as a gamester suffered a loss more than usually severe; but in general, it was esteemed a point of honour that gentlemen should accept their misfortunes in silence, as a pugilist undergoes his "punishment," or a patient submits to an operation, with all the endurance he can bring to bear.

Amid all this polished exterior, masking the very passions of hell that raged within, there is a commotion at the door, and some who were lounging thereabouts are rather unceremoniously pushed aside—By whom?

"Eustace?" men cried to each other, at first in surprise, then in some anger, but with surprise predominating—"George Eustace?"

"Mr. Eustace! what does this mean?" asked Major Fitzosbert, a noted duellist, as this usually calm and courteous man jostled him, all but pushed him aside. "What do you mean by it, sir?"

Fitzosbert had, in his day, challenged a fair proportion of the Club, and some of those he challenged had gone out with him. To their own detriment, mostly; for he could snuff a candle with his bullet, or pink the ace of clubs, at the usual duelling distance. His list of victims, therefore, included the killed as well as the wounded, and of

both not a few. Eustace had long been among the gallant major's special aversions. Our friend was somehow known to have given a black-ball when Fitzosbert had stood his election for Crockford's. If other members of the Club had been equally courageous, that splendid and vicious saloon would have been unconscious of the major's hessians or military stride, and of his hectoring demeanour. But the duellist and bully had been so profuse in his assurance that he would reward every black-ball he could discover with a "blue pill," that men shrugged their shoulders, and let him in on sufferance, with a feeling in which contempt and dread were mingled in strange proportions. The moment had now come that seemed to promise to this Lucius O'Trigger of 1812 his revenge, long thirsted for.

Meanwhile, Eustace, unconscious rather than careless of the offence he was giving, and of the surprise with which all who observed him—and that included half the room—were following him with their eyes, strode up swiftly to the great table. His eager glance ran round the array of faces that were watching the ball on which fortunes were staked one moment and gone the next. He saw Sir Edward Bracton among those who were seated there.

The baronet—we will not degrade the term *hero* by bestowing it on him, but at least he is one of the chief personages in this veracious history—sate at play with his usually calm and cold demeanour. He was carefully dressed for the evening, as his habit was. He staked his money freely, with a thoughtful but unwrinkled brow; he won, he lost, he won again, with hardly a shade or change perceptible on his features. He did not look up. Intently watching the changeful fortunes on that green cloth, he certainly had not the air of a man who wished to avoid any eye among the crowds who were spectators of the scene.

Eustace, then, fixed him with his eager, yet bewildered look, without attracting the other's attention. He scanned every line of Bracton's face. Was it by some magic that those features bore no trace of the punishment which Eustace had inflicted on them, as he deemed, a short half hour before? What necromancer's wand had wafted him hither, and changed the rude garments of the foot-pad into such full dress as was then worn by men who affected a fashionable attire? Eustace's own riding-dress was disordered by his rapid return to town; he was splashed, for he had gone recklessly through thick and thin. The stately porter in the Club-hall below had looked after him with raised brows, as the honourable member for Sudbury, having reached the outer door at a gallop that woke the echoes of St. James'-street, and having flung his bridle to a servant, rushed in that attire up the grand stair-case. The rules of the Club were punctilious on points of dress; and the porter had almost doubted, in "what he was pleased to call his mind," whether Eustace was admissible under the circumstances.

But Eustace was admissible always and everywhere: and the porter, on second thoughts, with a shake of the head as significant as Lord Burleigh's, retreated majestically into his official easy chair, his watch-box of black leather, and resumed his study of the columns of *John Bull*.

Splashed, pale, palpitating, unconscious of all but one thought, Eustace stood before Sir Edward. His appearance caused a movement of surprise among those who were opposite. His hair, which had never known powder, streamed over his shoulders, and added wildness to his whole look. It was as if Apollo had transformed himself into Medusa. So, at least, whispered young Phipps, of the Guards, who, being fresh from Eton, was privileged to be classical in a mild degree.

The slight commotion caused Sir Edward to look up for a moment. He encountered the amazed look which Eustace still bent upon him, but without bestowing on it much attention. It was no unusual thing for men in Crockford's to stare rather wildly, whether at each other or at vacancy. Bracton concluded that Eustace, who was not much of a gamester, had been let in for it, and had lost heavily. He continued his game, without further concern.

Amazed still more at the calm assurance of the man whom he believed to have assaulted him on the road, Eustace turned for some possible explanation, and encountered Lord Orpington, sauntering by. He grasped his arm, and said, with a low voice, tremulous with excitement:

"How long has he been here?"

"He?—who?" laughed Orpington, quite pleased to have caught Eustace so completely off his balance. "Who of them all? You have a goodly set to choose from."

"Sir Edward Bracton," whispered the other.

"Oh, he? Well, I should think," said Orpington, consulting his repeater, and repressing a yawn, "some three quarters of an hour or so. I only know, it was long enough ago to empty my pockets, and draw from me an IOU besides, to a pretty tune. Since then, I have had a sedate half hour at piquet with Bainbridge, my gold watch against his. I beat him, but we drew stakes. Go and try the baronet yourself: a *post obit* on Riversdale's life against the acres of Ernham!"

Eustace turned, and slowly made for the door. The more he revolved this mystery, the less he could see through it. But he was stopped by Fitzosbert, who motioned him into a side room, brilliantly lit. We have said that a profusion of wax-lights was sun, moon, and stars at Crockford's. Some other idlers, who were not at play, entered with them, to see what would take place. Lord Orpington followed, too, with some anxiety. Everyone anticipated a scene. And a scene is always delightful, if La Rochefoucault's caustic maxim be true (which all good powers forbid), that there is something not entirely displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

LOFTY, and splendidly furnished, the side-room at Crockford's was a fitting ante-chamber to the saloon we have just quitted—the scene of that *fracas*, or the beginning of it, which is now to have its arbitrament. In those days, indeed, as in preceding generations, there was only one way of arbitrating when gentlemen had quarrelled. It was considered that a “cholerick word,” spoken on an impulse, regretted a moment after—such words as a man of sense would pass by, which a Christian would condone, and a saint would rejoice to be called upon to endure, admitted but a simple alternative. Apology or the pistol; such was the trenchant logic of what was denominated “the Code of Honour.” So that a practised bully, with next to no brains, and a heart and conscience to match, might buy the privilege, by some intolerable insolence, of aiming at the heart or brains of his betters—of men who could turn those precious gifts to account for themselves and their fellow-men. So that, rather than acknowledge himself to have been hasty, ill-advised, or ill-informed, one of God's immortal creatures, if not two, was expected to rush red-handed before His tribunal who made them both, and to abide the doom of His irreversible decree, for a deliberate act, guilty towards the Lawgiver, while it was no less slavish, basely subservient, to the opinion of a hollow and a godless world.

Eustace had never yet received a challenge. That he was as fearless as most men, is certain. That his religious principles would have been strong enough (in those days, strong even to heroism), to sustain him in braving the reprobation of all England, or all the England of his sphere, by declining it, is more than doubtful. The notion of a man refusing a challenge, no matter what the motive or plea, was undreamt of in the philosophy of those who surrounded our friend. If anyone had been rash enough, or unlucky enough, to be entangled in a quarrel, he had to fight it out. At least he had to “go out”—so said the Code; and if he preferred to stay in, he was thenceforth tabooed by “Society.” There was a house near Primrose Hill, in the northern suburbs of London, half dairy, half place of entertainment, known as Chalk Farm. To Chalk Farm the challenged and the challenger were bound to repair, under compulsion of the “Code,” in the gray of the morning that followed the cartel given and accepted. They were to be accompanied by two friends, into whose hands their lives and “honour” were absolutely entrusted; the Minos and Rhadamanthus of the “Code,” from whose *splendida arbitria* lay no appeal. These were to declare the point at which honour was satisfied, or politely to usher their friends out of the world, at the moment that point had



been reached. Thus, "pistols for two, coffee for four," had come to be a sort of formula at Chalk Farm; and not seldom the rumbling hackney-coach of the period, roomy and musty, was employed to convey the survivors, supporting the bleeding and murdered man—or men—home. Home? no! for a hasty word, and then an ounce of lead, have deprived the dwelling which forms the goal of their slow and mournful cavalcade, of the blessed name it had owned yesternight. Home—to the shrieking, maddened widow, to the orphaned children, hardly conscious of their bereavement, they bring the mortal part of yet another victim to the Moloch of the world's false cowardly pride.

How had Eustace remained hitherto untouched by the grim (supposed) necessity of standing to be shot at? It was probably through a combination of things, but chiefly in consequence of his own equable temper, and the innate courtesy that formed part of himself. He had passed through his London life, *totus teres atque rotundus*, touching but lightly, and as lightly touched by, the interests that rose to vehement passion, and heated reckless men, around him. They who could quarrel with George Eustace were few. Some there were, whom his rather lofty indifference—well-earned, mostly, on their part—had piqued, and who watched for their ignoble revenge. Foremost among them was Fitzosbert, and his moment seemed now come.

Half a dozen men, or more, stood in the room; for the disturbance in the gambling-saloon, however slight, had added a few loungers to those principally interested in the coming event. Orpington was there, and some one or two officers of the household troops; these last, with a professional interest in any rencontre, from a general engagement to a private duel, stood ready to offer their advice, or personal service, as seconds to either party.

The bully and professed duellist, from whom all anticipated a challenge to Eustace, entered abruptly, with flushed and angry brow. Our hero himself followed, neither abrupt nor angry. He had now recovered his usual composure. Deferring the Bracton mystery to a more unoccupied moment, and addressing himself to the matter in hand, he walked steadily into the room, as if he had been going to some friendly *réunion*. Lord Orpington wore an anxious countenance. The rest looked on with curiosity, more or less painful. Every one of them had read, in that day's *Morning Post*, the account of an inquest held on the body of one of their companions, a man cut off in the prime of life, assassinated by a murderer of the Fitzosbert stamp. This wretch had insulted his victim so palpably with the purpose of shooting him, that the bystanders had unanimously voted him beyond the pale of an "honourable" meeting. A sound horsewhipping, they declared, would be his well-earned meed. But the man insulted was too sensitively alive to the world's opinion to take advantage of his friends' declaration. He challenged—with an agony of concern for the young wife

he had married a short year before. The antagonists met, and he fell at the first fire.

A tragedy so recent—there was not one of that half dozen, except the fire-eater, who had not left cards of condolence on their friend's widow—deepened the gravity that was on all faces. It was by an irresistible sympathy that each one thought of a career so brilliant and promising as that of Eustace being possibly cut short by a man whom all detested with a heartiness quite unanimous.

Fitzosbert stalked to the centre of the room, then turned round, and haughtily folded his arms.

"I am to demand of Mr. Eustace," he said, in insulting tones, "what he meant just now by jostling me aside in the saloon?"

"Captain Fitzosbert," answered Eustace, calmly and courteously, "has every right to an explanation, together with others; for I fear he is not the only one whom I may have treated with unintentional abruptness."

"Well, sir?" insisted the Captain.

"I repeat," said Eustace, "that the rudeness, if it was one, was totally unmeant. I was at the moment under very unusual excitement, produced by"—he paused, but recovered himself, and went on—"by a strange occurrence that had recently taken place: and I was much less conscious of what I was about than is generally the case with me. I must include in this explanation, or apology," added he, looking round him, "any others to whom I may have seemed equally unob-servant of what we all owe to one another. Dorville," addressing a handsome young guardsman, "I think you are one; pray accept it. Lord Orpington, you must have seen the bewildered state I was in at the moment."

"'Pon my honour, Eustace," Orpington replied, "if I had not known you for one who use not to tarry over the wine-cup—"

"All this is vastly well, my lord," persisted Fitzosbert, interrupting him. "It does not explain to me why I was pushed by Mr. Eustace, in the presence of other members of the Club. The explanation is not satisfactory, and, as a gentleman, I am entitled to satisfaction."

"Every gentleman," rejoined Eustace, with the most delicate shade of irony in his tone, and hardly a stress on the word, "is, no doubt, entitled to satisfaction."

"Full satisfaction," insisted the Captain, vehemently, insolently.

"Certainly, full satisfaction."

"Very well, sir; then I shall know when, and how soon, to instruct a friend to wait upon you for that purpose."

He turned on his heel, and, with a sweeping bow, was quitting the room.

"Stay, Captain Fitzosbert," said Eustace, with imperturbable calm.

"If, as your language hardly leaves me room to doubt, you intend to

honour me with a challenge, there seems no reason for any delay. We may as well consider it to be given and accepted on the spot."

Lord Orpington made a movement, as if to interpose between them.

Fitzosbert had not hoped for anything half so good. He came back promptly.

"Good," said he, with exultation. "If Mr. Eustace will appoint a friend, I will step into the saloon, and secure one to act on my part—unless I may trespass on the kindness of some gentleman present?"

He looked round the circle of faces. There was manifest disinclination to have anything to do with him.

"My lodgings," pursued the gallant captain, unabashed, "are not three minutes from this. I will send a messenger for my pistols, true hair-triggers, and our friends on either side can load in our presence."

"What, blaze away here, in front of the pier-glasses?" asked Sir Thomas Effingham, a great authority in such matters. "No, no, that is dead against the rules of the Club."

"Rules?" ejaculated Fitzosbert, who, like the war-horse, snuffed the battle from afar; "rules and time are made for slaves. We can fire from corner to corner of the room, or across a pocket-handkerchief."

"It is not to be thought of," interposed Orpington, gravely. "Only say, Eustace, that you accept me for your friend, and when Captain Fitzosbert has also provided himself, the thing shall be arranged, if it is to be so, in the regular way. I confess myself unable to see the shadow of a reason why it should take place at all. The occurrence was an accident, and Mr. Eustace's apology seems to me to be amply sufficient."

"I can only say," remarked Dorville, stepping forward, "that inasmuch as I was pushed—if it is to be so described—quite as much as any one else"—he disliked even to name Fitzosbert, and therefore put it generally—"I consider the frank and handsome manner in which it has been accounted and apologised for, ought to satisfy any man."

A murmur of assent ran round, and Fitzosbert seemed likely to be balked of his purpose.

"Hear me, all," said Eustace. "I am not going, gentlemen of the Club, to disappoint the gallant Captain."

Fitzosbert's hopes revived, and his face brightened in equal degree.

"No," Eustace went on, his manner kindling, his nostril dilating, as he drew himself up to his full height.

His friends had never seen him exhibit such energy; and the small audience, who in common with all London had been accustomed to regard George Eustace as an incomprehensible being, compounded of cynic, ascetic, and Epicurean, looked round on each other with some surprise as he proceeded:

"No, gentlemen! we live—our lot is cast—in a state of society

where every one man's opinion tyrannises over all the rest, and suffers the like despotism at their hands in turn. It has come down to us from our fathers, that blood, or the attempt to shed it, is the only means to efface a real, ay, or a fancied stain upon our honour. The next generation of men, who stand in our places, will hardly believe—

"For my part, I can hardly believe my ears," sneered the captain; "that is, I really was not aware that we had in Mr. Eustace so eloquent a preacher, or far-seeing a prophet. He has only to turn Censor of the public morals, and his character will be complete."

"My sermon, sir," answered Eustace, temperately, "has a very practical conclusion, and I arrive at it. But first, I am to ask a few questions of my friends. Lord Orpington, and Dorville, and you, Sir Thomas, is it your opinion that the apology which I lately offered, for conduct over which at the moment I hardly had control—if I could only explain a most extraordinary tissue of circumstances, affecting no one here present—in a word, do you deem that apology sufficient?"

"Amplly sufficient," answered Orpington; "I repeat it."

"So I said," echoed Dorville, "and I say it again."

Sir Thomas Effingham paused a moment. Eustace looked at him steadily, awaiting his answer. He was rather an advocate for the *duello* in general, was that worthy baronet, county magistrate, and exemplary member of society. "I am bound to say," he answered, slowly but decidedly, "that the apology was not only sufficient, but handsomely made, and ought to be accepted."

"And, after such an apology, no challenge could fairly lie?"

The two first answered at once. Effingham said, not quite so readily: "That seems to follow as a matter of course."

"Yet it is also true that I have received a challenge?"

"Who can doubt it?"

"I can accept that challenge, or not, at my simple choice?"

"Well," said Orpington, who did not see whither all this was tending, and was under concern for his friend, "I hardly know. I think a sufficient apology must be held to close the affair altogether."

"I await your decision, Sir Thomas," said Eustace.

Sir Thomas Effingham hemmed once or twice. "It is an unusual case," he then said; "but, if I am called to pronounce off-hand—why, supposing the party challenged to feel himself in any way aggrieved by the fact, eh? by Jove, I know no reason why he should not still accept it, even after he has tendered his apology. That is my judgment, at least, for want of a more competent authority."

"One more question," pursued Eustace. "The person so challenged, and so accepting, would have the choice of time, place, and weapons?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Come, Eustace," pleaded Orpington, "you really are pushing all this too far. "Why, you might be a *proux chevalier* of the middle ages, settling some fantastic punctilio, or Don Quixote himself. Gentlemen, it is not very late: I vote we return and have a rubber of whist. Sir Thomas, I challenge you for two-guinea points. Eustace, you and I will be partners, instead of principal and second—a much pleasanter basis of combination, and a more sensible one, believe me."

He glided his hand under his friend's arm, to draw him away. But Eustace remained immovable. Turning his falcon's eye on Fitzosbert, who still stood with arms folded, looking in suspense from one to the other in this strange colloquy, he said:

"I accept your challenge, Captain Fitzosbert, and I will name time and place."

"At your service," said the other, with a formal bow, trying to repress a gleam of satisfaction; while several of those present shook their heads.

"The time shall be, as soon as any necessary affairs we may have to arrange shall allow us to be present—at the seat of war. The place shall be"—he paused for a moment, then added, quietly—"Salamanca."

## THE INFIRMARIAN SISTERS; OR, SŒURS DU BON SECOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Catholic Church is like that queen—or rather the Catholic Church is that queen—who stood on the King's right hand "in gilded clothing, surrounded with variety." Amongst her fairest adornments is the wonderful "variety" of religious vocations by which her children seek to gratify every desire of the Heart of Jesus for the glory of his Father and the good of the human race. Those desires of the Sacred Heart are not for the spiritual interests only of his creatures. God indeed deserves still to be addressed as in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Wisdom, where He is called "the Lord who loves souls." *Domine qui amas animas!* His cry is still, though with a different meaning, *Da mihi animas*. But He loves his creature, man, in the whole extent of his complex creaturehood, body and soul and all. When He went about doing good on earth—*pertransiit benefaciendo*—how much of that good was wrought for the mortal body rather than for the immortal soul. And so those who study best his Heart

and seek most earnestly to please Him are the most tenderly compassionate towards the corporal wants of their fellow-creatures. Hence so many sisterhoods that devote themselves to the mitigation of the ailments of the perishable body in the hope of at least indirectly contributing to the salvation of the undying souls for which Jesus their Master died.

The religious Institute named at the head of this paper devotes itself under peculiar circumstances to the alleviation of the miseries which accompany sickness and precede death. They do not wait till the sufferers come to be tended in the well-ordered wards of the calm and holy convent-hospital, but go in quest of them to their own homes, which to the devoted nuns are so strange and homeless, not merely for a passing visit, but making their home for the time in the chamber of sickness, no matter how repulsive, no matter how contagious, no matter how deadly. God forbid that we should dare to determine the grades in the hierarchy of works of Christian charity; but in itself this last is surely harder, less consoling, fuller of privations of many kinds.

The first step towards the establishment of a new order of Nursing Sisters was taken by a zealous and energetic Parisian lady, Madame Montale. She made the experiment in the year 1821 in the Rue du Bac in the Faubourg St. Germain. As in so many similar cases in the history of religious and, indeed, secular undertakings, the first attempt failed, and Madame Montale abandoned the project.

Some of those, however, who had been engaged with her, tried to persevere. They addressed themselves to the Vicar-General who presented their petition to the Archbishop. But Monseigneur de Quélen replied that they must wait for the experience of another year; and meanwhile they should be under the care of the Abbé de Pierre, Curé of Saint-Sulpice, and two pious ladies of the world, the Comtesse de Séneval and Mademoiselle Acosta. This term of trial showed how diligently they trained themselves for their duties, how much their services were valued, and how many towns were eager to obtain branches of the new Institute. The Archbishop at last approved formally of the work, and admitted to holy Profession twelve associates presented by their spiritual guardian, on the 24th of January, 1824. He named as their first superior Josephine Potel,\* who took the name of Mother Mary Joseph—a name which in this Institute has ever since been appropriated to the Superioress-General. Other Sisters may have one of those holy names separately; the Mother-General alone, whatever may have been her religious name before election, is Mary Joseph. We may add here that this saintly Archbishop often said that he looked

\* In Abbé Migne's additions to Père Helyot's *Histoire des Ordres Religieux*, which he republished in 1850, this servant of God is called by mistake "Josephine Petit." We owe to this work most of these particulars.

upon the foundation of the *Sœurs du Bon Secours* as one of the most signal glories of his episcopacy. When his own turn had come to die, he sent for them, saying: "*Mes sœurs, donnez-moi votre bon secours.*"

The young Congregation suffered often the greatest privations, which reached even to the want of the most necessary things. They had no suitable home. From No. 24 Rue Cassette they removed to a small house, No. 13 Rue de Notre Dame des Champs, and this again becoming too small for their increasing numbers, they removed once more to Rue Cassette, No. 7; but they finally settled again in a suitable home in the Rue de Notre Dame des Champs. God had meanwhile given them a zealous friend in the Abbé Desjardins who, with Father des Brosses, of the Society of Jesus, drew up for them a body of rules which received the approbation of the Archbishop.

The first young Mother Superior, after an illness of fifteen months, died on the 23rd of May, 1826. Almost all her term of office having been thus spent in her last illness, she had naturally been intensely anxious about the future of a work not yet thoroughly established; and, when questioned by M. Desjardins as to her successor, she had replied she knew only one fitted for the position, and *she* was a novice of a single year's standing. The dying nun's advice was taken. After Josephine Potel was buried at Montparnasse, the Archbishop, without any election, named as superior for five years Mother Alexis Angelica Geay. Re-elected every three years with the authorisation of the next Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, this second Superior guided the Sisters for thirty-four years.

It often happens with regard to religious and other institutes that the successor of the founder has almost more to do with their solidity and permanence than the founders themselves. The first *élan* of enthusiasm has died away; then comes the need of the quiet heroism of firm and steady prudence and perseverance. In the history of the Sisters of Good Help, this part was filled by the second Superioress-General, Mother Alexis Angelica. She began with twenty professed Sisters and ten Novices. When Abbé Migne's edition of the "*History of Religious Orders*" was published in 1850, the number had increased beyond three hundred; in the mother house, alone, there are at present more than two hundred Sisters. The first branch foundations were those at Lille, Boulogne, Abbéville, Roubaix, and Orleans. Into Ireland, where they have now establishments in Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Tralee, they did not come till after the death of Madame Geay.

We know less of the life of this faithful servant of God than of her death, which has been described by a Paris priest, the Abbé Joseph Perdrau, in the second volume of his edifying work, "*La Mort des Justes dans les diverses conditions de la Vie Chrétienne.*" (Paris: Douniol.) When he sought for some information as to the deathbeds of members of this Sisterhood, they answered: "We know no

notes to give you, Monsieur l'Abbé, our Sisters die so simply. We are so accustomed to die. We see so many die."

But still those who assist so many to die must die themselves. Some of them, indeed, take their time about it. Though they shrink not from attending to any poor, stricken creature, no matter how terribly contagious the disease, God keeps them safe. We have heard of five of the Sisters keeping their jubilee as "*Sœurs du bon secours*." Fifty years tending the sick and dying! Who could survive fifty years of chronic balls and dinner-parties?

On the 16th of April, 1860, Mother Alexis set out from the *Maison-Mère*, in the street of Our Lady of the Fields, in order to visit the branch-houses. The Mistress of Novices said to her, reproachfully: "Mother, are you going to say nothing to us at parting?" She answered in her own bright, cheerful way, without thinking of St. John's *diligite alterutrum*: "Love one another; love the good God, and all will go well."

On the 21st of the month she reached her convent at Abbéville, and some days after her last sickness seized on her. With all her experience of such matters, she was the last to perceive that her life was in danger. So it generally is; those looking on perceive the fatal symptoms sooner than the poor dying creature. How often, even after a tedious sickness, does death come practically on a sudden! Happy they for whom it matters little how death comes. Such, surely, was Mother Alexis. When they told her plainly that she was dying, she had no difficulty in applying with entire confidence what had been her religious motto: "God's will be done!" And then she added: "My poor children at Paris, they little guess in what condition I am." But they consoled her by telling her that the Sisters in all the convents knew of her illness, and that all were praying for her. When the indulgence *in articulo mortis* was given to her, the religious who said the Confiteor confused the words somewhat in her weeping. The dying nun repeated them as calmly and distinctly as if the death-bed was not her own. She died on the evening of April 27, 1860, and was buried at Paris on the 1st of May, Cardinal Morlot presiding, and addressing to the orphaned community words of consolation which were a high panegyric to the mother they had lost.

The successor of Mother Alexis did not work so long, dying in 1876; but *her* successor had a very much shorter term of office, dying after only two years of that *solicitude* which, according to St. Paul, is the perquisite of superiors: *qui præest, in sollicitudine*. We trust that the present Mother-General may be let off much less easily.

"Spirits of pity, lift your hands and pray—  
Each hour, alas! men die!"\*

\* Aubrey de Vere's "Autumnal Ode."



These pitying angels of flesh and blood lift their hands and pray, beside the bed of the dying; but they also use their hands to smooth the pillow for the head of the dying, and to pour out the draught for his parched lips; they stay with him through the sleepless night-watches, rejoice with those who love him, if God is pleased to restore him to health; and if God takes him, while those who love him weep, they pray. Nay, not to the soul only, or even to the soul's tenement of clay is their inexhaustible devotedness confined; but it follows the poor body when parted from the soul for a time, assisting in the last charitable offices the members of the stricken household to whom death is a less familiar friend than to the *Sœurs du Bon Secours*.

This brief and very incomplete sketch of a most heroic Institute was at first suggested to the writer by his grateful remembrance of such services rendered by members of the Sisterhood to the dearest of friends, when dying and when dead—a grateful remembrance which shall never fade from his mind till he himself comes to need similar services, or rather till he has ceased to need them, even the last of them all—nor even then.

## THE SEA.

BY JANET ELLIS.

LIKE a maiden, simple seeming,  
 Taking peaceful rest in sleep,  
 Just as though in all her dreaming  
 Comes no phantom grim, to weep.  
 Like a sad musician, sighing  
 Over strains she cannot teach  
 (Notes of pain are underlying  
 All the sea-songs on the beach).

She hath tracery and net work,  
 Done in sea-weed fine and rare,  
 She hath marvels of fine fret-work  
 Like an artist's dreaming fair—  
 Ere the dream has left its hiding,  
 Where it sleeps upon his heart—  
 Ere he strives to make abiding  
 Beauty, struggling to depart.

She hath colours, green and golden,  
That she decks herself withal,  
And soft wooings that embolden  
Ships, to make themselves her thrall ;  
As the fresh-launched vessel rushes  
Eager to her soft embrace,  
See the dimples, and the blushes  
Playing on her lovely face.

Calm she lieth in the morning,  
Calm, and still, and breathing low ;  
Nought around her giveth warning  
Of the deeds that she can do.  
Dove-like gray with silver streaking  
Drapes her form, serene and calm,  
And her beauty passeth speaking,  
And her presence seems a balm.

Shading garb for day she useth,  
Weft and woof of different hue ;  
Oft each shade in each it loseth,  
Emerald drowning sapphire blue.  
Crimson is her sweetest robing,  
Girded with a belt of gold  
Clasped around a full heart, throbbing  
With a hidden thought untold.

*Death* lies 'neath that glowing water,  
Death is folded in her waves—  
Death, destruction, wildest slaughter :  
All her dimples are but graves.  
*Lamia*, serpent maiden, coiling,  
Creeping near, too near our feet—  
Thy vast beauty is our spoiling,  
Thy vast promise a deceit.

## A PLEA FOR FAITH.\*

NO, I have not forgotten, my dear friend, that happy Christmas you allude to and the long talks that you and I had with Lallier, when, young and eager for the truth, we discussed the eternal things. Even then we perceived with regret that doubts were creeping into your thoughts; but we knew your heart to be so sincere and your character so elevated, that we were sure that your soul one day or other would return to the tranquillity of faith. Who knows if the moment has not now come? You have sought, in the sincerity of your heart, to settle your difficulties, and you have not succeeded. But, my dear friend, the difficulties of religion are like those of science: there are always some of them. It is a great thing to clear up certain difficulties, but no life would be sufficient to exhaust them. To solve all the questions which may be raised about Holy Scripture, one should know, among other things, the oriental languages. To answer all the objections of Protestants, one should be able to study minutely the history of the Church or rather all modern history, and many other things. You will never then be able, occupied as you are, to reply to all the doubts which your active and ingenious imagination will continually rake up to torture your heart and mind. Happily for us, God has not set upon religious certitude such a price as this. What are we then to do? We are to do with regard to religion what people do with regard to science; we must assure ourselves of a certain number of well-ascertained truths, and then leave objections to those who make these matters their special study. I believe firmly that the earth turns round; I know that this doctrine has its difficulties, but astronomers explain them, or, if they do not explain all, the future will do the rest. Just so with the Bible: it bristles with difficult questions, but some of them were solved long ago, others in our own day. Many remain, but God permits them in order to exercise and humble the human mind.

No, God does not require that religious truth, that is to say, the necessary nourishment of all souls, should be the fruit of long researches, impossible to a great number of ignorant persons, difficult even to the learned: Truth ought to be within the reach of the poor and humble, and religion ought to rest on proofs accessible to all men. For me, after many doubts, after having many a time wet my pillow

\* We translate (with some omissions) a letter of Frederick Ozanam to his friend H—. The study of the life, works, and letters of this gifted and holy layman would be useful for many Catholics at home, although circumstanced less dangerously than a young Frenchman of the day. Much fuller "Reasons for my Faith," by Gerald Griffin, were for the first time published in the IRISH MONTHLY, vol. vi., page 148.

with tears of despondency, I have set my faith on a course of reasoning that can be proposed to a mason or a coal-heaver. I say to myself that, all nations and peoples having some religion, good or bad, religion must be a universal, perpetual, and legitimate want of mankind. God, who has given us this need, has thus bound Himself to satisfy it. There is, then, a true religion. Now, amongst the religions which divide the world amongst them, without requiring long study or discussion of facts, who can doubt that Christianity is sovereignly preferable and that it alone conducts man to his moral destination? But in Christianity there are three divisions—the Protestant, the Greek, the Catholic Church, that is to say, anarchy, despotism, order. The choice is not hard, and Catholicity has need of no other demonstration. You at least will not hesitate which of the three to choose.

Here, my friend, is the short reasoning that opens for me the gates of faith. But once within the gates, I am enlightened with a new brightness and far more profoundly convinced by the interior proofs of Christianity. I appeal to my daily experience which lets me find in the faith of my childhood all the strength and light of my mature years, all the sanctification of my domestic joys, all the consolation of my pains. Though all the earth should have abjured Christ, there is in the inexpressible sweetness of one fervent Communion and in the tears that it makes us shed a strength of conviction that would still enable me to embrace the Cross and to defy the incredulity of all the world. But I am very far from being exposed to such a trial; on the contrary, how powerfully is this faith, which impious fools represent as extinguished—how powerfully is it at work amongst mankind! Perhaps you are not sufficiently aware, my dear friend, how much the Redeemer of the world is still loved, what virtues and what devotedness He still inspires, equalling the first ages of the Church. I will only mention the young priests that I see setting out from the Seminary of the Foreign Missions to go and die in Tonquin, as St. Cyprian and St. Irenæus died—and these convert Anglican clergymen who abandon rich benefices and come here to Paris to support their wives and children by giving lessons in English. No, Catholicism is not destitute of heroism in the time of Monseigneur Affre, nor of eloquence in the time of Lacordaire, nor of distinction and authority in an age which has witnessed the Christian death of Napoleon, Royer Collard, Chateaubriand.

Independently of this interior evidence, I have for the last ten years been studying the history of Christianity, and each step that I take in this study strengthens my convictions: I read the Fathers, and I am charmed with the moral beauties and philosophical truths with which they dazzle me. I bury myself in the Dark Ages, and I see there the wisdom of the Church and her magnanimity. I do not shut my eyes to the disorders of those centuries, but I see clearly that Catholic truth

then struggled alone against evil, and drew from this chaos the prodigies of virtue and genius which we admire. I am an enthusiast for the legitimate conquests of modern intelligence; I love liberty and I have served her; but I believe that we owe to the Church liberty, equality, fraternity. On these different points I have had the leisure and the means of studying my difficulties, and they have all cleared away before my eyes. But this was not necessary for me, and if other duties had interdicted for me these historical studies in which I have taken so keen an interest, I should then have reasoned about them, as I do now about the scriptural researches which are for me impossible. I believe in the truth of Christianity; and so, if there are objections, I believe they have been solved or will be solved sooner or later; though some, indeed, may never be solved for us, for Christianity treats of the relations between the finite and the Infinite, and we shall never comprehend the Infinite. All that my reason can require is that I do not force it to believe in the absurd. Now, there can be no philosophical absurdity in a religion which has satisfied the intellect of Descartes and of Bossuet, no moral absurdity in a belief which has sanctified a Vincent de Paul, and no philological absurdity in an interpretation of Scripture which has commended itself to the critical judgment of a Sylvester de Sacy.\* Some now-a-days cannot endure the doctrine of the eternity of hell which they call inhuman. But do they think that they love humanity more, that they have a stricter sense of justice and injustice, than St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Francis de Sales? It is not that they love mankind more but that they have a less vivid feeling of the horribleness of sin and of the sanctity and justice of God.

Ah! my friend, let us not lose ourselves in endless discussions. We have not two lives, one to search for the truth, the other to practise it. It is for this reason that Jesus Christ does not condemn you to a long search but shows Himself living in this Christian society which surrounds you; He is before you, He presses you closely. You will soon be forty years old. It is time to make up your mind. Give in to this Redeemer who is yearning for you. Embrace his faith as your friends have embraced it, and you will find peace. Your doubts will be scattered as mine were scattered. So little is wanting to make you an excellent Christian—nothing but an act of the will: *croire c'est*

\* Each of us may substitute or add the names of those, among the living and the dead, whose faith is a confirmation of our faith; and, as the modern revolt attacks more and more boldly not the Catholic Church alone, nor even Christ alone, but the Eternal God, we may invoke here the authority of all Christians, of all the great and good who have obeyed the religious instincts of the human heart. Any Catholic who reads the life and the letters of the man who writes the above privately to a friend will be inclined to say: "Thank God, I believe in the same Faith as Frederick Ozanam."—ED. I. M.

*vouloir*, to believe is to wish it. Wish it at once; wish it at the feet of the priest who will make the sanction of heaven descend on your wavering will. Have the courage to do so, dear friend, and that faith which you admire so much in our poor L——, and which comforts him in the midst of such misfortunes, will come to add its infinite sweetness to your prosperity.

That you may be prosperous and happy, but happy with the true and lasting happiness of a fervent Christian, is the prayer of your friend.

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## A CONVENT ELEGY.

### I.

THE young birds trill their sweetest tune;  
Like acolyte, the fresh'ning breeze  
Shakes incense from the hawthorn-trees—  
A beauteous, tardy May in June.

But listen to the sound that swells!—  
A sound befitting ill the scene—  
That solemn dirge for what has been,  
The slow, sad swing of funeral bells.

From out the open convent door,  
With cross, and chant, and murmur'd prayer,  
She comes into the sunny air,  
Comes forth to enter in no more.

And through the lawn, beneath the shade,  
And down the garden-slopes we pass,  
Across the daisy-fretted grass,  
To where God's human seeds are laid.

The "prodigal laburnum" there  
Strews its rich treasures on the way,  
Urging the passer-by to pay  
The golden largess of a prayer.

Wild roses promising increase,  
Low beds of green, white-flowering moss,  
And over each a simple cross,  
A name and—"May she rest in peace!"

*A Convent Elegy*

## II.

Of all who tranquil here a space  
 Await in faith the second birth,  
 Not one had pressed her hand on earth,  
 Not one had gazed upon her face.

But, oh ! if eyes undimmed by sin  
 Could pierce through heaven's unfathom'd blue,  
 We'd see those loved ones that we knew  
 Welcome the little stranger in !

Maternal, sister-like they come,  
 Their wills but echo now God's will,  
 Yet with sweet human interest still  
 They "ask a thousand things of home !"

Now all is o'er ; we turn away  
 To face life's daily toil again  
 For yet a little while, and then  
 Our turn shall come to rest as they.

## III.

Born on the soil Columba trod,  
 Like him—the saint she loved the best—  
 This gentle dove forsook her nest,  
 Her home, her native land for God.

Reversing the decree severe  
 Iona's saint so meekly bore,  
 Self-exiled *he* on Scotland's shore,  
 And *she* a willing exile here.

Unsparingly God's hand bereaves,  
 She gave Him much—He asked for all:  
 All human ties, however small,  
 E'en the sweet bonds Religion weaves.

So, far from all old friends, she slept,  
 Strange hands upheld her dying head,  
 And strangers prayed around her bed,  
 And strangers by her grave have wept.

Strangers, yet sisters—many days  
 Were needed not to make them love  
 This gentle little dark-eyed dove,  
 With all her gracious winning ways.

Pious in simple earnest style,  
A heart the slightest kindness stirred;  
In death itself the cheerful word,  
And, when that failed, the radiant smile.

What wonder that her Lord, o'ercome  
By such meek resignation, sent  
To call her from her banishment  
And take her quickly to her home?

IV.

And now she rests where o'er her clay,  
Upon the fitful breezes borne,  
The *Angelus* at early morn,  
The vesper-bell at close of day,

Shall sound their sweet accustomed peals  
From the old convent on the hill,  
Where life's quick pendulum beats still,  
While Time with noiseless footstep steals.

And children's voices at their play,  
And often in the summer time  
The Rosary's familiar chime,  
Into God's garden plot may stray.

Oh! echoing thy latest breath,  
We pray thee, little sister dear,  
Remember us who linger here  
Now, and when comes the hour of death!  
S. M. S.

*Whit Monday, June 2, 1879.*



## OLD SONNETS WITH NEW ENDINGS.

WE sometimes meet poems that please us much, all but some little phrase which is generally slipped in towards the end. Were it not for that phrase, we should get them off by heart and take them into our hearts. Wordsworth's famous sonnet to the Blessed Virgin is one of these. By the way, we heard it stated lately that this sonnet is omitted in recent editions of the poet:—

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast.  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tossed,  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend  
 As to a visible power in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

Is there not a falling off at the close of this sonnet where Wordsworth begins to apologise for being so Catholic? Is there any sense in *yet*? It was partly, perhaps, this feeling of dissatisfaction with the last half of this sonnet which suggested to one of our contributors the idea of turning it freely to her own use on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The Eighth of September, 1879, was also the Silver Jubilee of three sisters in the community from which we borrow this new edition of Wordsworth; and therefore, for the sake of more general utility, we again in our turn edit the editor and modify certain phrases which alluded to this private coincidence:—

“Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast.”  
 Great crowned Queen of the angelic host!  
 Mary, this day from all earth's regions wide  
 Glad hymns of praise ascend in mingled tide  
 To greet thee with the name thou lovest most.  
 Immaculate! O Woman, Mother, Queen!  
 Thy twelve-starred diadem is *silver* now,  
 And by thy throne the glorious Pope is seen  
 Whose hands have placed that circlet on thy brow.  
 Pray for the Church, Rome, Erin!—and may we  
 Share yet in heaven thy endless jubilee.

S. M. S.

Another sonnet which begins very well and ends very badly is  
 "Monica's Last Prayer," by Matthew Arnold :—

" ' Ah could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be !—  
*Care not for that, and lay me where I fall !*  
*Everywhere heard will be the judgment-call.*  
*But at God's altar, oh ! remember me.*

" Thus Monica, and died in Italy.  
 Yet fervent had her longing been, through all  
 Her course, for home at last, and burial  
 With her own husband, by the Libyan sea.

" Had been ! But at the end, to her pure soul  
 All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,  
 And union before God the only care.

" Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole.  
 Yet we her memory, as she pray'd, will keep,  
 Keep by this : *Life in God, and union there !*"

The last tercet spoils all. Creeds do not pass, the true Church is indefectible, though rites may change and even these very little. The mother of any priest now-a-days would, on her death-bed, make the same request that St. Monica made : " Remember me at the altar." The son of any Catholic mother would make the same request that St. Augustine made, begging his brethren in the priesthood to remember his parents at the altar. Yes, Matthew Arnold, *one* altar " standeth whole," the true Christian altar of the one true Catholic Church. And therefore I would dare to give your sonnet a different ending :—

" Had been ! But at the end to the pure soul  
 All tie with all beside seemed vain and cheap,  
 And union before God the only care."  
 We, too, at parting, thus our tears control :  
 May God our lov'd ones in his favour keep,  
 Take them to heaven, and bid us join them there !

M. R.

## MR. STEPHEN M. LANIGAN'S "SCIENCE AND SCEPTICISM."

A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION BY THE AUTHOR.

IN the IRISH MONTHLY for July the first article is a review of a book which I have published under the title of "Science and Scepticism." The writer has been kind enough to say that "the work is calculated to exert an influence on readers who are given to serious thought," and he adds that it is of importance that no mistake should be made on the subject of which it treats. With this latter statement I need hardly say I entirely agree, and for this reason I ask the indulgence of the readers of this Magazine for a few words by way of reply, or rather of explanation, with reference to those very important questions to which the reviewer has called attention. If I understand the tenor of the critique rightly, it amounts to this—that in treating of some of the principles which influence modern thought, while endeavouring to avoid the dangerous reef of materialistic scepticism as represented by the opinions of Hume and his followers, I have approached too dangerously near to the vortex of German idealism, the outcome of the philosophy of Kant developed in the works of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. The reviewer says that in pointing out what is wanting in the philosophical systems of Locke and Hume, I propose to replace them by that of Kant. A few words as to the occasion which suggested my work, the object which I had in view, and the line of argument which I adopted will, I think, be sufficient to remove this misapprehension.

In the first place, the occasion which suggested the task I imposed on myself was the perusal of Professor Huxley's Essay on the life and writings of Hume. In that work the author most ardently adopts the sceptical doctrines of the Scotch philosopher, and in support of them lays down what seems to me to be two very remarkable and unwarranted propositions. The first is that Hume is "the spiritual child and continuator of the work of Locke" and the second, that the "aim of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* is essentially the same as that of the Treatise on Human Nature." Thus he endeavours to bring all the authority of two prominent philosophers of England and of Germany to the support of the Sceptical Philosophy of Hume. He seems to regard the system of the Scotch philosopher as a stage in the progress of metaphysical development—the result of the philosophy of Locke, and as containing the germs from which was afterwards to be evolved the philosophical system of Kant. To endeavour to controvert those two propositions was the object I had in view. With regard to the first of these propositions, it had been for a long time my opinion, the

result of a careful study of their works, that the sceptical conclusions of Hume had no authority as based on the philosophy of Locke, and that notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary, however plausible Hume's arguments may seem as a strictly logical deduction from the great error of Locke (his limitation of the sources of knowledge to sensation and reflection, used in a narrow sense) that the whole tenor, the whole spirit of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* directly contradicts his conclusions. I consider that the most complete refutation of the shallow sophisms of Hume is to be found in the philosophical system of Locke, and that the generally received opinion which links together Locke and Hume as if their opinions were identical, is due to what Stewart describes as "a misapprehension so very general yet at the same time so obviously at variance with the whole spirit of Locke's *Essay* . . . an illustration of the folly of trusting in matters of literary history to the traditional judgments copied by one commentator or critic from another when recourse may so easily be had to the original sources of information." Acting on the suggestion here made I applied myself to compare the works of Locke and Hume, and endeavoured to show how much they were at variance, with what success it is for my readers to say.

Now, with regard to the second proposition, that Kant was "the continuator of the work of Hume," few will, I think, deny its inaccuracy. If there is any distinction between the sensationalist and intellectualist schools of philosophy, most certainly Hume must be regarded as the representative of the former and Kant of the latter. It was to prove this fact that I "invoked the philosophy of Kant" and compared it with the systems of Locke and Hume.

My object was to oppose the scepticism of Hume by a reference to the systems of Locke and Kant and to show that they were wrongly quoted in its favour.

At page 357 the reviewer says, "Between the philosophy of Locke and the philosophy of Kant stands the philosophy of Aristotle, and until the theory of the Greek philosopher has been effectually set aside, there is absolutely no logical weight in the argument by which the German philosopher seeks to make his own supreme. The arguments of Kant disprove the theory of Locke, but they do not establish his own." But what if in both these systems taken together and the faults and errors of each corrected and amended by what is true in both, a true metaphysical system like that of Aristotle is evolved, and the sceptical philosophy, the result of either the errors of materialism or idealism, the system of Hume and Fichte, disproved and overthrown. But whether the first part of the proposition is true or not, I believe that in the systems of Locke and Kant is to be found, at all events, the refutation of Hume's doctrines, and it was for this purpose I made use of them to controvert the statements of

those who would revive his opinions under the sanction of their authority. Here I would ask leave to point out a slight error into which the reviewer has fallen. At page 352 of *IRISH MONTHLY*, July, 1880, he says that I commend Kant for recognising the fact that those *ideas* (time and space) are independent of our thought. But it was Locke and not Kant to whom I referred (which explains my use of the word *ideas* in this sense), and I find this statement verified immediately afterwards by a quotation. The passage is as follows: "He (that is Locke) recognises the fact that those ideas are independent of our thought. Expansion and duration" (by which I had before explained Locke meant space and time) "have the further agreement that though they are both considered by us as having parts, yet those parts are not referable one from the other, *no, not even in thought.*" But conscious of how much I am trespassing on the valuable space of the *IRISH MONTHLY* and on the patience of its readers, I shall ask leave but for one more quotation.

At page 351 Father Finlay says: "There are such things as indispensable conditions of existence, and these can be apprehended by the mind; all this is clear on Mr. Lanigan's showing. Why," he then asks, "should these indispensable conditions belong only to the mind itself? Why should they not govern the existence of external things as well? And why should not the mind be able to take note of this factor of external existence as of any other?" The best answer I can give to those questions is contained in the following quotation which seems to me to agree with the theory implied in them, and also expresses the estimate which I had formed as to the relative value of the philosophical systems of Locke and Kant, each used to correct and explain the other.

"Taken together with the Critique of the Pure Reason, the Essay on the Human Understanding forms a perfect system of philosophy containing a complete account of the 'original certainty and extent of human knowledge.' For the philosophy of Kant is not without error, the correlative of which is to be found in that of Locke. As the dogmatism of Locke as to the *limit* of human knowledge led to the scepticism of Hume, so the dogmatism of Kant as to the extent of Human Knowledge led to the extravagant theories of later German metaphysics of Schilling and Hegel.

"Carried away by his splendid discoveries in mental science, Kant was not satisfied with resting on the results which he had attained, but ventured to decide on questions completely outside the scope of human knowledge. Having established the existence of those laws and conditions of human thought, *time* and *space*, he declared that they had no existence outside and independent of human intelligence. Thus as Locke limited the origin of human knowledge to sensation and reflection, Kant limited the possible existence of being to the limit

of human knowledge. *The result of the dogmatism of Locke has been material scepticism, that of Kant has been intellectual scepticism.* Locke endeavoured to prove that the ideas of space and time were derived from objective existences. Kant maintained that they were entirely the result of subjective conditions, and had no existence outside the intelligence." And now comes a passage which seems to me to be in accord with the opinion suggested in the questions above quoted. "But both may be right, and these intellectual conditions *are both subjective and objective*; that they are conditions of our mental organisation so far from being a proof of their non-existence as realities in the eternal fitness of things is a proof of directly the contrary. That we can have cognisance of things only in accordance with certain laws of our being is without any proof to the contrary *evidence that they are realities without us and independent of our existence.* Of causality and of substance we have perfect knowledge in our own existence; that causes and substances exist other than ourselves is of the highest degree of probability. A law of our nature compels us to believe this, and on the recognition of, and conformity to such a belief depends even the preservation of our animal existence. The error of scepticism is a *positive* assertion as to facts of which we can have only *negative* knowledge, and is the contrary of that opinion which the conduct of each individual and the history of our race show to be the universal belief of mankind."\*

In the above quotation and in the observations which precede it, I hope I have made it sufficiently evident—1st, as regards the object which I had in view, viz., to oppose the revival of the degrading principles of the sensual and sceptical school of philosophy and to show that such great thinkers as Locke and Kant had no sympathy with such doctrines, but were on the side of religious and moral truth; 2nd, that I had no intention to replace the system of Locke by that of Kant, but to oppose the opinions of both to those of Hume, and to expose the fallacy of his conclusions; and 3rd, that I fully appreciate the danger of the conclusions which have been deduced from the errors of the Kantian philosophy, which Father Finlay characterises as "dangerous extravagances" leading to what he so justly describes as fantastic and impious systems against which he warns the thoughtful amongst our countrymen.

\* "Science and Scepticism," p. 219.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare.*  
By W. J. FITZPATRICK, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: Duffy & Sons;  
M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS is not a new book, but a new and enlarged edition of a book published many years ago. No one can read or look through these two thick and closely-printed volumes without admiring the Boswellian industry and pertinacity which must have been exercised in the accumulation of so many details, great and small, good, bad, and indifferent, about the famous J. K. L. and all his surroundings. Gratitude for being allowed to form so intimate an acquaintance with a man so well worth knowing would prompt one to overlook Dr. Fitzpatrick's shortcomings as a biographer, especially as his work would probably lose a great deal of its merits if he had been restrained in its compilation by any scrupulous anxiety to avoid faults. The excuse put forward for a decided absence of diffidence on the part of the Bishop himself may be urged in due measure on behalf of his historian. "He knew that those who are constantly afraid of falling do nothing but stumble." These book-notices of ours, however brief and unpretending as they are, are intended to give a sincere and candid estimate of the books noticed; and the present paragraph would not do so if it did not express our regret that these interesting and useful volumes have not been improved by the excision of many undesirable words, phrases, and pages—objectionable in point of style and as regards charity and edification. The omission of these and of much irrelevant matter, and more skill in condensing what was worth telling, would have reduced the bulk of these tomes considerably and increased proportionately our pleasure in reading them. Whether or not "the art to blot" be the last and greatest art, as the poet has called it, it is certainly an art in which Dr. Doyle's biographer cannot be said to excel. "As the case was reported in the *Post* of the day, no censor can justly blame us for advertizing to it." May, then, any painful scandal, buried in an utterly inaccessible copy of a dead newspaper of forty or fifty years ago, be placarded anew in a second edition of the "*Life and Letters of Dr. Doyle?*" But practice does not go so far as theory, and, as we have said, a book more free from faults—faults of commission, not of omission, for Dr. Fitzpatrick omits nothing—might be a less interesting and even a less effective memorial of the traditional fame of J. K. L. His devotion to the Blessed Eucharist shines out, even in this very external and political life, from his early student-days when someone says of him, "I never knew anyone to make such a long and serious

preparation each time before Holy Communion," down to the last scene of his busy life of only forty-eight years, where we see him, almost in his agony, stretched on the ground in order to receive, with more reverence, the last Viaticum. A very striking proof of his penetration was his earnest desire that the choice of his priests, when naming his successor, should fall on a young priest of the diocese then at Rome, called Paul Cullen. That was in June, 1834, when the future Cardinal was only twenty-six years of age. An illustration of the practical shortness of human life may be drawn from the fact that, though Dr. Doyle seems already to belong to a bygone age, it is still some six or seven years before we shall reach the centenary of his birth.

II. *The Life of the Venerable Father Libermann.* By the REV. PROSPER GÖEFFERT. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THE Archbishop of Cashel in his preface to this work shows very clearly its great worth and interest. It is, indeed, edifying and interesting far beyond the average of holy biographies. It is the record of a career more varied—more *accidenté*, as the French say of scenery—than the life of a Christian priest can ordinarily be. First of all, Father Libermann was not even a Christian at the beginning. Converted in his early manhood from Judaism, delayed then for very many years in his desire to become a priest by the melancholy and mysterious disease of epilepsy, his life has no mean degree of human interest, even as a story, especially in all that relates to the foundation and extension of the Society of the Holy Ghost and of the most pure Heart of Mary, of which he was the founder and first superior-general.\* This Order is known to us chiefly through its colleges at Blackrock, county Dublin, and Rockwell, county Tipperary. This volume, therefore, is sure of a warm welcome with those who in any degree are the spiritual children of the holy man whose life and letters it contains; and it will be welcomed by a yet wider circle of readers for its own sake. The first point that will strike the reader is the large number of conversions in one Jewish family, and the number of other converted Jews referred to incidentally. When four or five brothers become Catholics before and after Jacob Libermann, it is sad to see his only sister Sarah and his father dying obstinate Jews.

But perhaps the most interesting and valuable portions of this work are those which give a full account of the labours of Father Libermann's Congregation in the foreign missions, especially in that "dark continent" of Africa, to which the attention of the civilised world has been drawn within the last few years more than it has ever been since the

\* Strictly speaking, he founded the Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which, in 1847, was united with the Society of the Holy Ghost, older than itself by more than a century.



time of Augustine, son of Monica. We almost wish the title-page gave us some inkling of these matters; but perhaps it is best to err in this modest manner. Not many books are blamed for containing much more than their title promises. The cause of the beatification of this zealous and mortified servant of God has already been formally introduced; and he is now, therefore, in the cautious language of the Church, as he was already in the esteem of those who knew him, the Venerable Francis Libermann.

### III. *Children's Stories.* (London: R. Washbourne, 1880.)

THE batch of little story-books which Mr. Washbourne has sent us are not styled "*Children's Stories*," and therefore the caution with which we are going to begin our notice of them may seem somewhat uncalled for. But the size and appearance of these tiny tomes seem to mark them out for the use of children; and for this reason we must qualify our recommendation of some little tales written by Lady Herbert of Lea, such as "*The Two Sisters*." Accounts of poor daughters of Eve who fall and rise again, however edifying the motive with which they are written, are seldom useful even for readers who are no longer children. This remark does not apply to Lady Herbert's other tales, some of the fruits of the indefatigable zeal and pious industry of one in whom some of our readers may not be able to recognize the mother of the Earl of Pembroke and the widow of the statesman once so favourably known as Sydney Herbert. A real child's story is "*Clare's Sacrifice: a Tale for First Communicants*," by C. M. O'Hara. We should have preferred the "*Protestant Aunt*" element toned down a good deal; and indeed the "*sacrifice*" might have been introduced even by a Catholic aunt. Sister Gertrude ought not to have made Clara pray at once for an indemnification of her sacrifice. This lessens the heroism quite unnecessarily.

### IV. *Memoir of Gabriel Beranger, and his Labours in the cause of Irish Art and Antiquities from 1760 to 1780.* By SIR WILLIAM WILDE, M.D. (M. H. Gill & Son.)

THIS is a curious, a useful, and an uncommonly fascinating book. Turning the pages, we are spirited away from the Ireland of the nineteenth century and set down in the Ireland of one hundred years ago, whose scenery, society, and peculiar conditions are outlined with a graphic pen in a quite artistic way. Gabriel Beranger, of a Huguenot stock and born in Rotterdam, settled at an early age in Dublin, where he followed the profession of an artist and the business of a printseller. Commissioned by a society of Antiquaries, he travelled at various times through different parts of the country, sketching the ruins, measuring the ancient buildings, and drawing such objects of archæological interest as came in his way. Of his own bright thought he kept a journal

of these tours, jotting down the items of each day's work, describing the scenes he witnessed, noting the characteristics of the native peasantry, and giving an account of the agreeable evenings he passed in the houses of the nobility and gentry to whom he had introductions and by whom he was invariably received as an accomplished artist and a true gentleman was sure to be in those days in refined and cultured homes. That he did not fail in descriptive power with the pen any more than with the pencil is proved at every turn, although the narrative has all the genuine simplicity and conciseness of a real journal. What could be better than his account of a "voyage" to Clonmacnois, an adventure in a Connaught bog, a ride through the Wicklow mountains, a visit to Innismurray, and an evening with O'Conor of Belenagar?

Beranger was an accurate observer of character and a diligent collector of facts. His notes on the baronies of Forth and Bargo in the county of Wexford where "industry is kept up to the utmost;" where the "horses and cows look fat and clean, and so does the family;" where "no barefooted person is ever to be seen, not even a child;" and where the people speak "the old language of Chaucer's time," are especially interesting. Barralet, a brother artist, accompanied Beranger in the Wexford tour of 1780, while on some of the expeditions to the north and west he had the assistance and companionship of Signor Bigari, whose views of ancient abbeys and castles are so familiar to the students of Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland." Bigari was a native of Bologna, and could talk nothing but French and Italian; but he was an excellent dancer and always ready after the day's sketching to take part in a minuet at evening entertainments in the hospitable country houses. Also he took care to go to Mass whenever a chapel was to be met with along the route.

Beranger's journal came into the hands of the late Sir William Wilde, by whom its rare value was justly appreciated. Sir William commenced a series of articles on Beranger and his works, in the journal of the Kilkenny Archæological Society, but his lamented death interrupted this as well as other important undertakings. Lady Wilde at a later period took up the broken narrative and happily completed it. These papers form the material of the volume before us. They are literally reprinted; no attempt has been made at editing the somewhat irregular contributions to the Kilkenny publication; and thus certain mistakes remain uncorrected and even a few misprints are re-issued. In one place a portrait of Beranger is referred to as the frontispiece of the volume, but the reader seeks in vain for the likeness. In another page the want of a Biographical Dictionary of Irish Worthies is lamented, which "want," as our readers well know, has been recently and admirably supplied by Mr. Alfred Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography." The most cursory editing would have

corrected various slips, and supplied here and there a necessary note of recent date. Let us hope that the present publication is but a feeler of the public interest in a subject of unquestionable importance, and that a second edition may be forthcoming in which Sir William and Lady Wilde's biographical notices and selections, fused into one, shall form a perfect memoir and be further illustrated with a series of woodcuts from Beranger's more important sketches of the pagan, ecclesiastical, and military monuments which covered the surface of the green isle one hundred years ago. The fact of Beranger's journal, turning up after so long an interval, encourages a hope that material of the same kind may still lie hid among the family papers awaiting the good offices of literateurs like Sir William and Lady Wilde, who know the importance of such documents in illustrating Irish history, and are competent to furnish a running commentary intelligently linking the past with the present.

V. *An Historical Account of the Diocese of Down and Connor, Ancient and Modern.* By the Rev. JAMES O'LAVERTY, M.B.I.A. Vol. II. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

It is greatly to be desired that every diocese in Ireland should possess at least one priest able and willing to bestow upon her the service which the Pastor of Holywood has rendered to the Diocese of Down. We do not say the united dioceses of Down and Connor; for Connor is to have a volume to itself, and this second volume, just now published, deals, like the first volume, with the diocese of Down alone. We hope soon to study the two volumes together; but it requires no lengthened study to perceive the immense mass of interesting lore of very various kinds which Father O'Laverty's pious industry has here set before us in a very agreeable manner. We heartily recommend the perusal of the work to many besides the priests and people of Down, though of course these latter will naturally feel more interest in the places and persons with whose names every page bristles. At present we can only repeat our wish that Father O'Laverty's example may prove contagious. Might we even venture to suggest the appointment of an official historiographer in each diocese whose labours might at least preserve the historical materials still extant and place on record much that is familiar to the present generation but that will be lost to future generations if the spirit animating the labours of Father O'Laverty, the late Father Cogan and some members of the Ossory Archæological Society, be not fostered and encouraged.

VI. *The New Grammar of French Grammars. With Exercises and Examples.* By DR. V. DE FIVAS. (London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1880.)

WHETHER or not it be an exemplification of "the survival of the fittest," it certainly speaks well for the merit of this French Grammar

of our remote childhood that it has survived so long, and that, in the midst of all the changes of educational systems and amid the countless multitude of new school-books, this Grammar of Grammars has reached its forty-fourth edition. It has been revised and enlarged, and the printers and publishers have turned it out in the best fashion to suit the objects of a serviceable school-book.

VII. *Historical Sketch of St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By MRS. WARD.  
(London: Burns & Oates.)

THIS gracefully-written sketch is made up of two articles contributed to the *Dublin Review*, and is meant to be a popular condensation of the saint's career. It might have been still better fitted for popular use if it had not been brought out so elegantly, and if the large, clear type had not been quite so heavily leaded. There are many good books published recently in forms which render them quite needlessly inaccessible to ordinary purses.

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### WINGED WORDS.

1. I doubt if there is in any Church in the world, in proportion to the number of its adherents, so much true devotion and piety, so much genuine religious ardour and self-sacrifice, and, more than all, that best of all tests of the substantial truth of religion, so much true blessedness in the devotional life, as there is inside the Roman Catholic Church.—*R. H. Hutton, Editor of the "Spectator."*

2. The lives of many deserving women are passed in a succession of petty anxieties about themselves and gleaning of minute interests and mean pleasures in their immediate circle, because they are never taught to make any effort to look beyond it, or to know anything about the mighty world in which their lives are fading like the blades of bitter grass in fruitless fields.—*John Ruskin.*

3. " 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

But it is wiser still not to talk but to act in our passing hours in such a way that each may have a good story to tell of us.—*M. R.*

4. What matters it of what wood our cross is made, so it be our cross to carry for the love of Him who died for our love upon the Cross.—*B. Margaret Mary.*

5. A man who can go through a lawsuit without offending against charity is fit to be canonised.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

6. The harmony of families is best preserved if children are as polite and courteous to one another as they would be to strangers. [Quoted by Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, who adds that matters of business ought to be as strict between parents and children and brothers and sisters as between the most utter strangers. The late Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, said in a Maynooth Retreat: "Politeness is the fuel of charity."]

7. One always can get a work done; it only requires a little effort to bring up the will to the work.—*Dr. Grant.*

8. Learning, to be thoroughly mastered, must be acquired patiently and gradually. A man learns more very often by the painful search after facts than by the easy discovery of what he wants.—*Saturday Review.*

9. People act as if they were certain of the death of every one else but a little uncertain about their own.—*Freissinet.*

10. *Substance* is not enough, *circumstance* is important too. A bad manner spoils everything, even justice and reason; a good one, on the contrary, supplies everything, gilds No, sweetens truth, and reddens the very cheek of age.—*Balthasar Gracian, S.J.*

## M'NAUGHTEN'S CLOOK-CASE.

ON the outskirts of a bare brown wood, near an English village, a young man and a pale girl were standing with clasped hands. The man's lips were contracted with grief, and the girl was weeping. They were lovers, and saying farewell.

"Change your mind even now, Lucy, and come with me."

"No, no, Robin, don't make a coward of me. To go with you now would be to ruin you. And you must, you shall, be a successful man."

"Should I not work all the better with your dear face at my side?"

"You would have to sell all your hopes to get bread for me to eat."

"I cannot bear to leave you alone, Lucy."

"Only till heaven sends us luck!"

"You to work like a servant, who were brought up like a lady!"

"I was taught to be useful, and I can be happy, thinking of the future."

A long embrace, an agony of wringing, clinging hands, and two faithful souls were parted.

Having watched the tall figure out of sight, Lucy sat on a tree-trunk and wept as if all the woes of existence had been flung upon her breaking heart at once. And she had enough for any poor little maiden to bear. Her mother buried but a week ago; her home broken up and deserted; her lover gone, and she alone in the world with only a few shillings in her pocket! The wind blew her little black bonnet back on her shoulders and ruffled her golden hair. Lucy was pretty, and might have had a comfortable home if she had not had a faithful and romantic heart. But now everything was gone, and there was little comfort for the moment of desolation even in the recollection of her constancy.

After a while she bethought her that it was time to have done with this wailing and to take up the burden of her new life; and she bathed her eyes in a running stream and tied on her bonnet, and set off to walk quickly to the village. The murky trees, muffled in their browns and purples, parted, and showed her the low, dim roof, gray tower, and taper spire of the church; then one red, or gray, or white homestead after another appeared, gables, chimneys, bee-hives, haystacks; and she heard the voices of the children coming out of school. The streak of deep-coloured moor and the windmill in the distance were disclosed in their turn; the peaceful, homely scene that lay painted against a gray wintry sky was all familiar to her eyes; yet it had a forlorn look to-day that seemed to say it no longer held a home for her. Every

object she looked at wore a new chill expression, and she longed to turn and run away into some new unknown world.

Being no coward she did nothing of the kind, but walked straight along with her duty, which pointed to a certain dark-red house, a long garden wall and a screen of tall, ragged-looking trees. Just at the garden wall she met a gay-looking young woman, who stopped and spoke to her in a high-pitched voice that fought with the wind.

"So you are going to take a situation with M'Naughten's Clock-case, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Look at the old clock in the corner and you can see what I mean. You will have some trouble in winding her up, I think, ha, ha! But you are a knowing little thing, and I dare say you think you see what you are about, being a relation. I must ask you to remember, however, that I am her heiress, and perhaps it might be as well for you to go elsewhere."

"You quite misunderstand me," said Lucy. "I have no desire except to earn my bread, and I would rather go to my grandmother's cousin than to a stranger."

"Very pretty, Miss Hypocrite; but mind, I have warned you!"

"You are a bold, bad girl, and I would not change places with you for all your inheritance," cried Lucy, roused to anger; and she was still trembling with indignation when she knocked at Mrs. M'Naughten's door.

The door was opened by a tall, elderly woman, in black, with a narrow, high-shouldered figure, and a broad, flat, white face. Over her shoulder Lucy could see the old clock standing in the corner of the hall, and the likeness between the old woman and the clock-case was ludicrously apparent to her eyes.

"You are Lucy Primrose," said the woman; "the girl who offers to be my servant? Well, if you come here you cannot be a lady. I have a good deal of work to do and I require it to be done."

"Try me," was all Lucy could say; but she said it bravely.

"I will try you," said the Clock-case. "My kitchen is at this moment in great disorder, as my former servant took suddenly ill. You must have it exquisitely neat by tea-time, which is six o'clock."

Lucy hurriedly put away her bonnet, and tying on a large checked apron went earnestly at her work. Her mistress peeping through a pane of glass in the door saw her scouring the tiles, polishing up the coppers, and whitening the hearthstone, all in the deftest way, without ever soiling her own little person. When all was as neat and bright as a picture, the old lady stalked in and took a seat at the fire while the tea was being drawn.

"You have not asked me about your wages," she said. "I only give a pound a year."

Lucy sighed. She had heard it said that the woman was a miser, and she herself had need to earn money. But she could not expect that her services would be very valuable to anyone. She never had been trained to be a servant.

"I will give you an old gown sometimes, so that you can put your money in the bank," said Mrs. M'Naughten, eyeing her narrowly.

"Thank you, madam," said Lucy, and folded her hands with a weary resignation. And soon after she was allowed to go to bed.

Lucy's life as servant to Mrs. M'Naughten was not an idle one. She was expected to keep every inch of the house in a glittering state of cleanliness, to cook nicely, to be cheerful and merry, and always to appear spotlessly neat in her person. She had also her duties to perform in the garden, where the beds were all surrounded with a bordering of round white stones, which Lucy was obliged to keep in order. A woman and a gardener came once a week to help her, but for the rest the young girl had the whole work upon her hands. Many maidens had departed from this service after trials of a week or a month; and the "Clock-case" looked on in surprise as she saw Lucy steadily holding on day after day without murmur or complaint.

"Life is beginning to feel comfortable," thought Mrs. M'Naughten, and she put aside the five shillings for her servant's quarterly wages with less grudging than was her wont. "I hope she will not spend it all upon finery. These foolish girls never think of saving up for their old age!"

The part of her duty which the little maid found most difficult was waiting behind her mistress's chair on Sundays, when Miss Bell Golithly (the young woman who had met Lucy by the garden wall and spoken of "M'Naughten's Clock-case") and her mother dined with their eccentric and well-to-do aunt. Miss Bell was, as she had informed Lucy, the heiress-expectant of Mrs. M'Naughten's worldly goods, and as such gave herself airs all over the village and neighbourhood. She was a large young person, with auburn hair and thick, well-shaped features. Her eyes were unusually large, and some people said they were strained with looking after everybody's business besides her own. She was fond of coloured sashes and gold ear-rings, and, not content with being an heiress, assumed all the importance of a beauty. Quite resolved to marry for worldly comforts, she yet desired the reputation of being ardently admired by every well-favoured young man in the neighbourhood, no matter how poor or insignificant he might be. Whenever a marriage took place, she was always careful to insinuate to her friends that the swain had been previously rejected by herself. This unsatiable thirst for conquest was at the root of her ill-will towards Lucy Primrose; for Lucy's Robin, who was the cleverest and handsomest young man in the district, had been always particularly insensible to her charms. A man of a few strong ideas,



he had been too much occupied between his love and ambition ever to appear very conscious of her existence, and had always passed her by "just as if she had been anybody else." That little pale Lucy should have been preferred to her by this hero, who was vaguely expected by some people to do something very great one day, was a fact she could not look in the face. Not that she herself would have been content to pledge herself to one whose future prosperity depended on chance and might never come into existence. She liked one bird in the hand better than ten in the bush, and all her hopes were centred in the son of a rich miller, who was quite a genteel person, besides being the owner of undeniable wealth. But that Robin should be one of her rejected victims had been a desire dear to her heart; and now that he was gone she did all in her power to make believe to her world that her cruelty had sent him away.

Her heedless spite had often betrayed the state of her mind to Robin's betrothed; but Lucy's more delicate nature had hitherto kept her secret. Now, however, the fact that Robin had gone away, and Lucy remained behind, reduced to the condition of a domestic servant, gave Bell a sort of vantage-ground on which she could torture Lucy and mislead ordinary bystanders as to the true state of the case.

"And so Robin Turner has left Willowfield for good?" said Mrs. M'Naughten, on a certain Sunday, just as Lucy placed the apple-pie upon the table.

"For good or for evil," said Miss Bell, tossing her head, and looking as if she could tell a great deal about the cause and circumstances of his departure.

"They say," said Mr. Abel Pollard, the miller, who was at table, "that it was the coldness of one fair lady and the too kind attentions of another that drove him away."

Lucy, waiting behind her mistress's chair, started visibly, and Miss Bell tittered.

"It was not you, Bell, my dear, who behaved too kindly to him," said Mrs. Golightly.

"No, poor fellow," said Miss Bell, and cast down her eyes. "He was not to be comforted, though some people did what they could."

And she raised her glance and fixed it on poor Lucy, with a meaning look that could not pass unobserved. Lucy understood what was meant, turned red and then pale, and closed her lips.

"Nonsense; you don't mean to say"—said Mrs. M'Naughten. "Lucy, go and fetch some more cream."

When the poor little handmaiden returned, she knew by the looks of all present that a lie had been told and a false report set on foot. She had hitherto kept her engagement a secret, feeling it sacred, and not seeing any good to be gained by making it public in Willowfield. And now she was too proud to say a word, though everyone would

believe that she had behaved forwardly to Robin, and been slighted by him. It would have been bad enough if the matter had only been discussed among women; but here was Abel Pollard in the midst of it all.

Lucy had refused to marry Abel Pollard, and he owed her a little grudge; but his heart now grew sore looking at her silent face. The party went off to afternoon service at church after dinner, and Lucy was left alone to keep house, whereupon Abel, contriving to escape from Miss Bell in the crowd of gossips in the churchyard, returned to see what Lucy was about.

It was an early spring day, and Lucy was walking in the garden, trying to count the buds on the trees; but the tears would keep rising in her eyes and putting her wrong in her count; making her see ten promising buds where there were really only three to be seen. And Abel, coming on her unexpectedly, saw the tears in her eyes.

"Don't fret, Lucy," he said, "I'll punish her for it yet. What I said myself had a different meaning. I know her vanity."

"It is not worth talking about," said Lucy.

"Let's talk about something else, then, Lucy. I have a comfortable home, and I cannot bear to see you as you are. Think better of the answer you gave me a year ago."

"I can't, Abel; thank you with all my heart. I'm Robin Turner's promised wife."

"Humph! I was afraid there was something like this in the wind. The puppy, to go away and leave you!"

"Don't speak like that, Abel; 'twas I who made him go."

"Well, God bless you, Lucy; and I hope he'll treat you fairly."

"He will treat me as God enables him," said Lucy, "and I want no better treatment than that. He's too good and too clever for me, and yet he thinks he wants me; and when he wants me he shall get me. And if he is never able to claim me, that is between me and him. I'd rather be left forlorn on account of him than be comfortable and important with another. So there, Abel," holding out her hand, "I think you know me now."

"I do, Lucy, and I wish I knew another like you. That is the way a man wants to be loved. That is the kind of loving that makes him a man."

The party from church came round the corner, and Miss Bell saw with dismay the person she intended to marry talking in the garden with the girl who was such a thorn in her side.

"Lucy," said Mrs. M'Naughten, severely, "we are ready for our tea. I am surprised that you are not busy preparing it."

"It is quite ready," said Lucy, and hurried to the kitchen for the tea and toasted muffins.

Thither followed her Miss Bell Golightly, unable to restrain her excitement.

"You sly creature!" she said, "you are not content with sending one person out of the village. But Mr. Abel Pollard knows you."

"I hope he does," said Lucy, quietly. "Take care, Miss Golightly, or you may be scalded."

As Lucy was carrying up a steaming kettle this speech had the most natural meaning; but it also seemed to have a significance which further enraged Miss Bell.

"Bell," said Mrs. M'Naughten, at the kitchen door, "Mr. Abel Pollard is asking for you."

Willing to obey such a call, Miss Golightly swallowed her wrath for the moment, and so this little skirmish ended.

A week passed, during which time Miss Bell did not receive a visit from Mr. Pollard; and one fine afternoon she put on a new beaver hat and a pretty pair of ear-rings, and set out to pay a visit to her aunt M'Naughten. No one who had seen her stepping along the village highway, mincing and smiling, could have guessed that she was bent on a spiteful errand.

She found the old lady sitting in her best parlour, quilling some yellow, old-fashioned washing blonde into a border for her cap. Everything around her was prim and trim, and bright and clean: the brasses on the grate and the china on the old bureau were winking and blinking in the firelight. It was evident that Lucy's diligence had not begun to decrease.

"Sit down, Bell," said the Clock-case, "tea is just ready," as Lucy appeared, bearing in the tray.

"So you still keep that forward little minx in the house, aunt," said Miss Bell, when the handmaiden had retired.

"She is an industrious girl, and suits me," said Mrs. M'Naughten, stiffening up her back.

"And you suit her, he, he! Having failed in her designs upon others, she is trying to make something of her relationship to you."

"Relationship! I never knew there was any such thing. How is she related to me? Why did the girl not tell me?"

"Oh—I'm sure—something very slight," stammered Miss Bell, reddening and feeling she had made a great mistake. But how was she to guess that the girl could be so stupid as not to say a word on so important a subject.

"You think she came here with mercenary designs," said the old lady—"with a story of relationship with which she hopes to work upon me."

"Exactly," said Miss Bell. "How well you can put a thing, Aunt Barbary!"

Mrs. M'Naughten looked so long over her spectacles at Bell, that the young lady began to wince and feel uncomfortable in her chair.

"You can be on your guard, you know, aunt."

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Barbary, "I shall be on my guard."

"I think I have done for her now," thought Miss Bell, and got up to go. "I shall just step into the kitchen and ask that young woman about my shawl-pin. I want my shawl-pin that I left here the other night," she said to Lucy in the kitchen.

"I have not seen it," said Lucy. "Perhaps you dropped it on the road."

"I have been telling a little about you to the old Clock-case," said Miss Golightly.

"What is that you are saying?" said Mrs. M'Naughten, meeting her in the hall.

"Only that she ought to polish up the old clock-case a bit, as it is looking dull," said Bell.

"I can't see that," said the old lady; and when Bell was gone she peered into the dark, shining panel from behind her spectacles. "I thought I heard her say something else," said she, "but my hearing is not very good."

"Now, Lucy," she said, the next morning, "come and stand here opposite to me and look me in the face. I want to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Lucy, and stood before her as straight as a willow-wand. The old lady looked her up and down, from her neat though coarse little shoes, all up her blue print gown, to the clear light in her bright blue eyes, and on to the curly crown of her small golden head.

"Is there any relationship between you and me, Lucy? There is not much likeness between us, child, as I can see, even in the dish-cover yonder, thanks to your busy little fingers! But is there any relationship?"

Lucy had blushed up to the roots of her hair.

"Nay, child, do not blush as if you were ashamed of me. I am an honest woman. Answer me."

"I believe there is, madam, a far-out relationship. My grandmother and you were first cousins."

"Poor Madge Ripley's granddaughter! Why did you not tell me this before, little girl?"

"I meant to tell you, madam, when I came here first, but something was said that prevented me."

"Who said the something?"

"I would rather not tell."

"Humph!" said Mrs. M'Naughten, and stared at the opposite wall. "Your grandmother and I were dear companions once," she said, after a long silence, "though we quarrelled afterwards, as fools will. She is gone, and I am going; and I should be glad to have the quarrel made up before I see her again."

Mr. Abel Pollard remembered that he had said he would punish Miss Bell, and began to pay her occasional visits, talking incessantly all the time he staid about nothing but Lucy's perfections. The wind-mill on the distant slope which, with its long twirling arms had always seemed to invite Miss Golightly to its embraces, now took a threatening aspect and warned her off. There is little peace for the spiteful soul, and if ever, sick of Mr. Pollard's conversation, the village belle took her way to her aunt's house, hoping for some crumbs of comfort, she was sure to be taken out to the garden to see how white Lucy had made the stones round the beds, or asked to look at her face in the buffet that Lucy had polished.

"Am I never to get rid of the praises of this girl?" asked Miss Bell, bitterly, forgetting that her own enmity had chiefly called them forth. People had been content to accept Lucy as a good thing taken for granted, without saying much about her, till they had observed that she needed protection from a jealous tongue.

The fruit blossoms came out on the trees, and the prim garden looked gay; but Lucy could not enjoy the sweetness of it, nor rejoice over the bouquets of primroses she arranged in the old china bowls, because Robin had ceased to write to her. Was he ill or was he too busy, or had he thought it prudent to forget her? How could Lucy tell? But his letters ceased to come.

"What is the matter with my little maid?" said Aunt M'Naughten to Mrs. and Miss Golightly.

"Fretting partly for Robin, and partly because your eyes have been opened," said Miss Bell.

"Yes," said the old lady, "my eyes have been a good deal opened;" and she fixed them through her spectacles on the young woman's face with a direct look which Miss Bell did not like, because she did not quite understand it.

"What is this grieving about, Lucy?" Mrs. M'Naughten said the same evening, finding the girl dropping tears on the bright brasses of the kitchen fire-place.

"Oh, nothing, madam; a bit of loneliness," said Lucy, who had been indulging in a quiet cry, thinking her mistress asleep in the parlour.

"Now, tell me what is all this about Robin Turner?"

"I was engaged to him, that is, on condition he could get on, so as to be able to marry."

"A very sensible arrangement. And now are you beginning to regret it?"

"No."

"What then? I hope he is faithful in writing to you."

A wild sob escaped Lucy, as the probing finger touched the wound:

"I see, I see," said the old lady. "Well now, Lucy, sweep him out of your heart as if he was a dust-heap that had gathered in your

best parlour. A man ought to know better than desert a girl like you. Out with him!"

Lucy dried her eyes and sat up very straight and silent.

"There is Abel Pollard is worth a dozen of him."

"I think not, madam."

"Well, well, child, I'm sure I do not want to lose you. Go to bed and get back some colour into your cheeks."

For a full week Miss Golightly did not go near her aunt's house. Some unpleasant consciousness made her shun the light of Lucy's clear eyes; but at last curiosity to see how things were going on between mistress and maid overcame every other feeling, and on a certain dewy spring evening she walked up the straight walk between rings of cowslips and "daisies all in a row," and performed in a mincing manner on the old brass knocker of Mrs. M'Naughten's hall-door.

Now, when Lucy opened the door she thought herself alone in the house, for ten minutes before her mistress had looked in on her, dressed in bonnet and cloak, saying, "Lucy, I am going down to the post-office for some tape."

"She is not within," said Lucy, accordingly. "She is gone down the village."

"Ah, well," said Miss Bell, "I can go to meet her. Poor old Clock-case, I think she has been running down lately, eh, Lucy? Some of these days the pendulum will stop. Why do you not laugh at my joke, he! he!"

"Because my mistress deserves more respect from us both, Miss Golightly."

"Prim monkey! You speak as if you thought she was within ear-shot."

"I am going into the garden for some vegetables."

"Not until I allow you, Miss Impertinence."

The only answer to this was the quick patter of Lucy's little feet on the gravel, as she went off about her business in defiance of her tormentor.

As soon as Miss Golightly had disappeared out of the gate Mrs. M'Naughten put her head out of the parlour door and peered up and down the hall. After telling Lucy that she was going out she had remembered that she might as well put up a certain parcel and take it with her to the post, and had been quietly occupied in making it ready when the above conversation reached her ear through the open door. Both the girls being gone, the old lady came out of her parlour and walked straight down the hall and stood before the old clock-case.

"'Tis true enough, there is a strong resemblance," she muttered, staring full into the flat white face of the clock. "Upon my word, Miss Bell, I did not think you had so much wit."

Her wrinkled lips twitching with a grim humour, she noted the points of likeness between herself and the old piece of furniture; the tall, narrow, dark figure, the broad, pale countenance. Tick, tick, went the old time-piece in the silence and shadow, while the spring sunshine fell on the threshold of the open hall-door, and the echo of young voices sounded from beyond the fields and the hedgerows without.

"I think she has been running down lately. One of these days the pendulum will stop. Ah, well; if I have done my duty as well as the old clock has done hers, I shall be right enough, mayhap!"

"Tick, tick, tick, tick," answered the clock in the silence, and the old woman turned away, muttering, "Why do you not laugh at my joke? he! he! Bide a little, Miss Bell. They may laugh who win."

The next time that Mrs. and Miss Golightly dined with their respected relative they noticed with surprise that the old clock-case had been removed from the hall, and stood stiff and gaunt in a corner of the parlour.

"Why, aunt, this is a change!" cried Miss Bell, with an uncomfortable feeling that the old clock was somehow bearing witness against her.

"I am coming near my end, Bell, and I want to remind myself that my time is short, and that I had better make good use of the little that is left me!"

Mrs. M'Naughten was not given to moralising, and her niece and grand-niece stared. Miss Bell wished the stupid old clock-case back in its place in the hall.

"Why keep it here?" she persisted

"For the same reason that people hang up their own portraits in their sitting-rooms; I have heard that there is a *striking* likeness between it and me," said the old lady, chuckling.

Bell stood amazed; so sure had she been of Lucy's honour that she had never counted on being betrayed by her. But now her mind misgave her.

"Only a malicious person could say it," said she, determined to right herself at any cost, and glancing at Lucy, who was replenishing the fire, and listening to the conversation with surprise.

"Softly, Bell. We must make allowance for the follies of youth," said Mrs. M'Naughten, with a twinkle in her eyes that puzzled Miss Golightly, who, much as she disliked the accusing face of the old clock, yet comforted herself with the assurance that, at all events, her grandaunt was not displeased with her. If Lucy had turned tell-tale, the old lady had not believed her.

Summer was coming; the wild flowers had vanished out of the woods, and the roses were budding, and still Lucy had heard no more of Robin. She kept her sorrow to herself, and went about her duties with a pale, resolved face. If Robin, who must, before all, be

a great sculptor, had thought it better to forget her, be it so. She would never utter a reproach nor a complaint.

Her mistress would sometimes say to her, "Any news, Lucy?" And when Lucy shook her head with a look of proud pain, the old lady would say, "Sweep him out, Lucy. Sweep him out!"

There came a day when Miss Golightly learned that Mr. Abel Pollard was about to be married to a girl with hair and eyes the colour of Lucy's. She was not in good humour that day, and sought to divert her mind by going to take a walk in her aunt's garden, where Lucy, who had been gathering a nosegay for her mistress, was standing on the path with a wistful face, busily engaged in the performance of a foolish rite. She was plucking the petals of a daisy, as girls will do, and casting her fate upon the fall of the delicate rose-tipped spears. "He remembers, he forgets; he remembers, he forgets," said Lucy.

"Boom!" said an old bee, laden with honey; and went wheeling past; and Miss Bell flounced down the path.

"Simpleton!" she cried out to Lucy, "getting the daisies to tell your fortune. "Are you asking why he does not write?"

Lucy turned her brave eyes on the visitor. "How do you know that he does not write?" she said, quickly.

Bell suddenly remembered that she ought not to have known, and a look of mingled cunning and embarrassment crossed her eyes. Lucy saw the tangled look and wondered at it; but Bell answered boldly:

"Oh, it is not very hard to know about that. Anyone can get a look at the contents of the post-bags."

"Can they?" said Lucy. "Then I think there must be something wrong."

A light came into Lucy's mind as she spoke, and, almost bewildered by it, she silently knelt down to tie up her flowers, while Bell poured out floods of village gossip after her usual fashion. As soon as she could get away from her, Lucy ran to the house, wrote a hasty letter, and putting on her bonnet, flew with it down the road in time to catch the carrier's cart setting out for Wanderley Common.

"Post this letter at the post-office at the Common," she said, "and inquire every day you go if there is a letter in answer for Lucy Primrose. Say nothing about this and I will pay you well."

Having done this, Lucy came back to the house with a beating heart. If Bell had intercepted her letters and his, at least Robin would now soon know that she was true.

Returning to her tasks, Lucy felt as if the house had grown very still. True it was always still, and the new tumult of hope in the young girl's heart perhaps made her fancy that an unusual quietness prevailed. She tried to sing, but her voice quivered back into her throat. The heavy silence resented being broken, and Lucy crept softly about, wondering what was the matter with her. She began to



long for the sound of her mistress's cough or call, but neither fell upon her ear. At last, impelled by she knew not what, Lucy opened the door of the best parlour.

Ah, well! The shadow that had hung upon the old dwellinghouse was the shadow of the wings of the angel of Death. The old lady was sitting in her chair, but no breath was coming from her lips. She sat at the table with one hand grasping her spectacles and resting on her Bible, and the other laid on her heart. Her eyes were fixed on the face of the old clock. "Tick, tick," went the voice from behind the wooden panel louder than ever, but the machinery of the poor old human Clock-case was run down; the pendulum had stopped.

The death caused a great sensation in the village, and in the excitement of becoming an heiress Miss Golightly almost forgot the final defection of Mr. Abel Pollard.

A lawyer came from a considerable distance to open the will, and a select assemblage of friends were present at the reading of it. Lucy was not in the room. Nobody even thought of inviting her in. What interest could she have in the matter?

"I, Barbara, otherwise Barbary M'Naughten, being of sound mind, bequeath to my grand-niece, Bell Golightly, this house and garden, and all its contents, save and except the old clock-case in the corner, which I have reason to believe she will be glad to get rid of; also the sum of two hundred pounds." So ran the opening of the will.

Then followed the announcement of several small legacies, among which there was a present for Lucy.

"The old clock-case before mentioned, with its weights, pendulum, and machinery, and whatsoever else it may contain, I give and bequeath to my little servant, Lucy Primrose, who knows so well how to keep it wound up, and bright."

A smile passed over the faces of the listeners as they glanced at the old clock. "A ten-pound note would have been more use to the poor girl," muttered somebody; but Miss Bell's face was radiant with triumph, while she waited for the closing words of the will, which should declare the main bulk and residue of the old woman's possessions to be the property of the before-mentioned Bell Golightly. To the amazement of everyone, however, the will ended abruptly with—"And what I have done with the rest of my money *Time will tell*."

When Miss Golightly was finally persuaded by the lawyer that she was in reality heiress of nothing but the old house and two hundred pounds, she went off into hysterics, and had to be assisted to her home.

"No wonder she was satirical [hysterical], poor thing," said one old cottager to another: "It is a lesson to folks not to be too proud. But what did the old woman do with her money?"

"*Spectulated*, and lost it, I suppose," said the neighbour gossip,

"and was too wise to tell us, for fear of losing her consequence."

The next morning Lucy was ordered to turn out of the house as quickly as possible, and to take her old fright of a clock-case with her, for Miss Bell could not bear the sight of it, and would not give it house-room for an hour. It was a very inconvenient piece of property for the little homeless maid, who had only five shillings in hand, having been obliged to buy a pair of shoes since she had been in receipt of the wages of her service. To avoid the gossip of the village, Lucy took a lodging in a cottage at some distance on the edge of the moor, and there on a certain summer evening the carrier's cart, on the way to Wanderley Common, deposited her and her clock.

Too poor to burn candles, Lucy sat down in the twilight of her tiny room and shed a few tears to the memory of her kind, if eccentric, mistress. The old clock stood staring at her, and her eyes would keep wandering to its blank white face. She had never felt so forcibly its grim, absurd likeness to the departed old woman; and the gaunt personality that crept into it more and more as the twilight deepened, fascinated her, and filled her with a half-superstitious trouble. She tried to think of Robin, of the efforts she must make at once to procure work; but she could fix her mind on nothing, because of her mistress's eyes that seemed to be staring at her out of the face of the old clock-case. To put an end to her perplexity, she decided on going to bed, hoping to be in a more practical mood the next morning.

She soon fell asleep, and had a curious dream. She thought that as she lay on her bed, unable to withdraw her eyes from the clock, she saw it gradually undergo a change. The frills of her mistress's cap came out round the face, and the long, narrow case was transformed into the well-known figure, with its straight black skirts. Barbary M'Naughten was there and the clock was gone; and as Lucy gazed at her in surprise, the old lady approached the bed and bent over the frightened girl.

"Lucy, Lucy, get up!" she said; "the clock has run down. Wind it up."

Accustomed to the call of duty, the little maid started up, and in doing so awakened. The moonlight was shining as bright as day; or, stay! was it not the dawn that was already brightening in the east? Lucy was glad to find the morning was come, and sprang out of bed, and as soon as she was dressed she proceeded to obey her mistress's orders, and to wind up the clock. "It is just what she would have bid me to do," thought Lucy; "she could not bear things that did not go."

The weights and pendulum had been packed in the bottom of the interior of the clock-case, and Lucy had to dive into its recesses to find them. When they were all taken out and laid upon the floor, she

found that there was still something more in the depths of the case. It was a hard thing, with corners, and it was heavy and difficult to move. It was a box.

With some trouble the girl got it out upon the floor. A key was attached to the handle of the brass-bound lid, and a label was tied to the key, with Lucy's name written on it. She applied the key and opened the box, and then she saw that the box was full of notes and gold.

A folded paper was held by a strap inside the lid. With trembling hands Lucy unfolded it, and read :

"I give and bequeath the sum of ten thousand pounds to my dear relative and faithful servant, Lucy Primrose, as a token of my love, and as a reward for her care of the old clock-case. The money will be found in the box with this paper. The lawyer knows all about it."

This was the gist of what the paper contained, but all formalities had been duly observed.

While Lucy stood gazing at her treasure like one still dreaming, there came a knocking at the cottage door, and the sound of a man's voice in the hall.

"Robin, Robin !" cried Lucy wildly, and the next moment was in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Of course, I knew all about it," said the lawyer, jingling the seals that dangled at his watch-chain. "Poor old lady, how she did laugh over her little joke when she bade me write—*Time will tell !*"

### AFTER THE STORM.

MARY most pure, walking in highest heaven  
Among the blossoms of the starry meadows,  
And looking down into our earthly shadows,  
Heard a sad soul that asked to be forgiven.

Pausing, she listened to the piteous story;  
Then said she, "I will have for my handmaiden  
This weary soul with sorrow overladen,  
And I will robe her in eternal glory."

Behold the eager angels hastening  
Where Death and Satan hover o'er their prey,  
While Sin and Poverty are standing by.

For each his own, and none will dare deny  
To Death and Poverty the worn-out clay :—  
Wake, happy Soul, and spread thy trembling wing.

R. M.

## A SAINT'S SONNET.

IT is remarkable how many of the saints, from Damasus to Alphonsus, have chosen verse as a medium for expressing the devout sentiments of their souls. St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus, is hardly known to be one of these, though his biographer tells us that, even before his conversion from a worldly life, he composed a poem in honour of St. Peter. This poem is no longer extant. The only piece of St. Ignatius's verse that we possess is a Spanish sonnet, which, indeed, seems to be also attributed to St. Theresa, as for instance in the charming volume of "Preludes," lately published by Mr. Maurice Egan of America. It is more familiar to us in the Latin paraphrase, commonly known as the "Act of Love of St. Francis Xavier." Father Coleridge ("Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier," vol. 1, page 315), says that the Spanish sonnet is attributed to St. Ignatius by Father Menchaca, who thinks St. Francis made a shorter and more popular form of the same, perhaps in Portuguese. Even those who do not know Spanish will perceive the perfect accuracy of the form according to the strictest Petrarchan type, and the inimitable richness of the Spanish rhymes. It is entitled "*Las Ansias del mas perfeto Amor*," in the manuscript copy before us, and attributed to neither of the saints we have first named, but to Xavier :

"No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte  
El cielo que me tienes prometido,  
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido  
Para cessar por esso de ofenderte.  
Tu me mueves, Señor, mueve el verte  
Clavado en una cruz y escarnecido,  
Mueveme il ver tu cuerpo tan herido,  
Mueven me tus ofrentas y tu muerte.  
Mueveme en fin tu amor, y de tal manera  
Que aunque no hubiera cielo yo te amara  
Y aunque no hubiera infierno te temiera.  
No me tienes que dar porque te quiera,  
Porque aunque e lo que espero no esperara,  
Lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera."

We think Cardinal Wiseman translated this sonnet, attributing it to St. Theresa. If we can find it, we shall contrast his version with the following, which is our own :—

No, not the heaven which Thou of bounty free,  
My God, hast promised, moves me to thy love ;  
Nor doth the hell, so feared, so fearful, move  
To shrink from ever more offending Thee.  
Thou movest me, O Lord !—Thee, Thee to see  
Nailed to that cross, all mangled and forlorn—  
To see thy body wounded, racked, and torn—  
Thy shame and anguish, and thy death for me.

*A Saint's Sonnet.*

Thou, Jesus, movest me to love Thee so,  
 That, if there were no heaven, I still should love;  
 And, if there were no hell, I still should fear.  
 No need of gifts to make me love Thee—no!  
 Had I no hope of what I hope above,  
 I'd love Thee as I love Thee, Saviour dear!

The thought which runs through this sonnet is more familiar to us in another form—the rhymed lines attributed to St. Francis Xavier, which Longfellow and so many others have translated into English. The following is the latest of these versions, for it is our own, and now first printed:—

My God, I love Thee, nor do I love  
 That Thou may'st save me in heaven above,  
 Or because they who love Thee not  
 'Mid fires eternal cast their lot.  
 Thou, Thou, my Jesus, didst me embrace  
 Upon the cross (hard resting-place!)—  
 Thou borest the thorns, the nails, the spear,  
 And grievous shame and cruel jeer,  
 Most bitter pangs, unnumbered woes,  
 And sweat of agonizing throes,  
 And death—and this, all this for me,  
 A sinner foul and false to Thee.

Why therefore should not I in turn  
 With love, most loving Jesus, burn?  
 Not that in heaven I saved may dwell,  
 Nor lest my doom be endless hell,  
 Nor yet for any desired reward,  
 But as Thou first hast loved me, Lord,  
 And still for me thy love dost prove,  
 So do I love Thee, and will love,  
 Solely as King of all my heart,  
 Solely because my God Thou art.

In the little anthologies of translated pieces which this Magazine has furnished from time to time, the originals have always been placed side by side with the translations. We may conform to this wholesome practice in the present instance, also, though many of our readers know the *Deus ego amo te* off by heart. It is a grace to print over again what a saint wrote, and what so many saintly souls have repeated with fervour and delight:—

"O Deus, ego amo te,  
 Nec amo te ut salves me,  
 Aut quia non amantes te  
 Æterno punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me  
 Amplexus es in cruce;  
 Tulisti clavos, lanceam,  
 Multamque ignominiam,  
 Innumeros dolores,  
 Sudores et angores,  
 Ac mortem et hæc propter me,  
 Ac pro me peccatore.  
 Our igitur non amem te,  
 O Jesu amantissime?  
 Non ut in cælo salves me,  
 Aut ne æternam damnes me,  
 Nec præmii ullius spe;  
 Sed sicut tu amasti me,  
 Sic amo et amabo te,  
 Solum quia Rex meus es  
 Et solum quia Deus es."

Each of these pieces is, as some writer has remarked, a touching commentary on a saying of St. Augustine's, repeated by St. Bernard, and echoed from age to age by all holy and devoted souls: "*Causa diligendi Deum Deus est; modus, sine modo diligere.*" "The motive of the love of God is God Himself, and the measure of that love is to love Him without measure."

This is an appropriate niche to enshrine another literary relic of the Founder of the Society of Jesus. In some verses prefixed to the English translation of "*Manrése*" (which, we hear, is out of print, and which, if so, must be reprinted) we recognised lately, though no hint is given of it, a sufficiently close paraphrase of the little prayer known to many as the Oblation of St. Ignatius, and to others as the *Suscipe Domine* or (since Father Roothaan's literal version of the *Exercitia Spiritualia*) the *Sume, Domine, et Suscipe*. The old version by Andreas Frusius (Father Andrew Desfreux) ended with a good phrase, which seems not to have belonged to St. Ignatius, who ends his offering more simply with what seems to be an allusion to that word of God to St. Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." In spite of Father Roothaan's beautiful exposition, we are loath to part with that *dives sum satis, nec aliud quidquam ultra posco*: "give me only thy love and grace, and I am rich enough, nor do I ask for aught beside." The following is the metrical paraphrase we have referred to:—

"I love, I love Thee, Lord most high!  
 Because Thou first hast lovèd me;  
 I seek no other liberty  
 But that of being bound to Thee.

"May memory no thought suggest  
 But shall to Thy pure glory tend;  
 My understanding find no rest  
 Except in Thee, its only end.

"My God, I here protest to Thee,  
No other will have I than Thine  
Whatever Thou hast giv'n to me,  
I here again to Thee resign.

"All mine is thine—say but the word;  
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;  
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;  
I know it seeks my good alone.

"Apart from Thee all things are nought;  
Then grant, O my supremest bliss,  
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;  
Thou givest all in giving this!"

The version with which we must now conclude gives the Spanish of St. Ignatius word for word, except that we have embodied Father Roothaan's explanation of *libertas* and *habeo* as distinguished from *voluntas* and *posideo*. "Take, O Lord, and receive my entire being, my memory, my understanding, and all my will, all that I am and all that I have. All these Thou hast given to me; to Thee, O Lord, I restore them. All are thine, dispose of them wholly according to thy will. Give me thy love and grace, for this is sufficient for me."

M. B.

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## BRACTON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MARCHESA DI CASTRONUOVO TO MRS. BRACTON.

"YOUR *Lettre*, dear Freundinn, bringed me a sensible Consolation, taking out, *helas!* the Part where You speak me of your Angelish poor little Edith, that i am sorrowful for to the Heart. Our good God He restore her to You, notwithstanding all her great Illness, or when that is not to be so, then take her to Himself: but not, no, take her from out this Life till she is been brought into the Church—ach, no. For then what Consolation should You find in remembering Yourself of those so pretious Occasions wich You shall have neglected for your poor Child to be saved, if after this You self are conducted to the Truth? See you, dearest Frau Bracton, how I speak *sans façon*, and

even to risk our Freundschaft self sooner before hiding away from you the so deep deep Convictions of my Heart! If you shall live out, and too pray out, then without doubts shall you be brought (forgive you my bad english) into our holy Catholique Church: for who did ever beg heartlike as the Psalm, it pray on the Beginning of the holy Mass: *Emitte lucem tuam et veritatem tuam*, and have not afterwards Reason to say mit Joy, *Ipsa me deduxerunt et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum, et in tabernacula tua?* Ach, how mein Heart it feels one *Sehnsucht* (how shall I say?) for to communicate to You my poor but loving Thouts in a Speech more facile to me as Your fearful hard english it is to me allways! Why know You not or French, the speech of all the Society, or latin, the speech of the Religion? *Mais revenons d nos moutons*, or much more to your tender Lamb the who is not in the Fold of our Good Pastor: ach Freundinn, commit her to the Shoulders—no, i say better, to the Arms of the Lord that were wounded for her on his Cross, and who will bring her to Home with his Herd so glad and so safe \* \* \*

“Here was my Writing underbroken a Week by my own Illness, strong and severe with the monstrous (ungeheue, we others say it) Smarts in my head, not able much to pray, and yet much lesser to write You: and now, dearest Freundinn, what have i to say You of your so dear child? The Edith is then dead! she is with You no more, You have not more a Child upon the Earth; poor, poor Mother! ach, but you have one in the Heaven, or lesstens on the Way to that holy Place! yes, i beleif u trust she is even now there, the innocent one (for when the Prester he gave her, so You say me, the holy Baptismus *sub conditione*, I think she then had it the first time, and not before: your protestantish Preachers when they experiment to baptise, they give one dropping here or there, as the Cook he drop the Pepper—(the last words were half erased in the Marchessa’s letter, probably on second thoughts.)

“Then now, dearest Frau Bracton, I beg you shall comfort You for yours so great hearts-loss, and make one good stark Resolve to be yet with yours Edie, yes so in this World, and in the great Future. The one great, yes, greatest consolation is now yours to remember you that you stood not in the Way—ach, how greatly I had more to say, but here comes mine so stupid Head again—mine Eyes that can no more see—the good God He comfort you, and give us all patience.

“Yours for ever,

“AGLAI.”



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## NON TEMNERE DIVOS.

IN deep midnight, unlit by the waning moon, chilled by a white mist, that rises from the lake bordering the ruins, still more by the icy hand of a bad conscience, Walter Bracton steals towards the old Priory. He is bent on a predetermined deed, one to which his conscience unerringly gives the ugly names of robbery and sacrilege. Two men, the good-for-nothings of their parish some miles away, half labourers, half poachers, are come with him; these accomplices he has sworn to secrecy. More to the purpose, he has bribed them by the promise of a portion of the spoil to be gained, and warned them of the consequences of breaking faith with him. He is accompanied, moreover, by his own sense of guilt, and that is dark as the crape worn over the faces of all three.

Ernham Priory had been one of the smaller of the suppressed religious houses. In common with so many others, it fell a victim to the preliminary act of spoliation, by which a rapacious tyrant tried his 'prentice hand for a bolder sweep, three years later, at the mitred abbeys. It had belonged to the Premonstratensian monks—an Order that has given to the Church learned men as well as pious ascetics: and this particular house, an offshoot from the great French abbey of Premontr , in Picardy, maintained, up to the moment of its dissolution, a middle school for the surrounding yeomen.

From those walls, now ruined, many a stout fellow had gone forth to serve his king; not a few had consecrated themselves to the altar. Neither consideration availed to save the place from destruction. Greed of spoliation is like the taste of human blood to the tiger; let him once lap it, and he is a "man-eater" for ever after. So the monks were expelled, the voice of prayer silenced; widow and orphan might plead in vain to Thomas Cromwell's underlings, who, under the title of Royal Commissioners, came in person to conduct the demolition. Days went by, and the accustomed dole for the needy at the hospitable Priory gates was no more; the gates themselves were off their hinges, the cloisters tenanted by the fox and the owl. No more education for the service of the Church, or for useful and honourable paths in life. The sick were no more tended, as heretofore, at the almonry, by such of the brethren as united the skill of the leech to their monastic character. Sacred vessels, with all other articles of value that could be found, were swept into the royal pouch; the lead, stripped from the church roof, was sold "for a song;" the dismantled buildings, with the broad acres that had been given to God the Giver, were made over in fee-simple to Sir Hugo de Bractoune.

How they had prospered with him, and with his descendants after

him, the county history gave no dubious witness. Violent deaths, unnatural hatreds between those nearest of kin, remarkable deformities of person, up and down the line, at intervals—though the Bractons, on the whole, were a handsome race—manifold evils in the physical and the moral order, gave token that the solemn anathemas recorded against sacrilege and usurpation had been no hollow threatenings of the distant thunder-cloud. And now, if the real evil of life be moral guiltiness, Walter, the last of the line, seems bent on asserting his lineal descent from the doomed race. He comes to fill up the measure of his fathers.

The remains of the Priory buildings were "picturesque," as all such ruins are; it is a term invented by men of a day when refinement has advanced, and faith has declined in equal proportion. Tourists and men of art used to come and study the fair proportions of that desolate shrine; and the tracery of the east window, springing lightly into the air, though partly shattered, with gaps in its graceful design, found a place among the engravings of the same county history that recorded both the spoliation and the family misfortunes of the De Bracquetons. Spoliation and retribution! There were not wanting thoughtful observers who, though disinherited of the ancient Faith, yet had practical discernment to put two and two together. It appeared to them a point even of natural religion, apart from the distinctive tenets held by the religious so savagely dispossessed, to believe that the pious dedications of one age to the service of the Supreme could not be blamelessly appropriated to their own uses by the men of another time, nor without a vengeance on the spoilers' heads. An unembarrassed view of things, which would assuredly have been endorsed by religious minds like those of old Herodotus or Pindar, accustomed to seek out and to expound, in narrative or song, the vengeance for crime that arms the hand of an Immortal Power, be it only that of a fabled Olympus.

With no such disturbing thoughts about the rights of property, or about the monks of old, as shall avail to turn him from his purpose, Walter now leads his followers by the cautiously shown light of a dark lantern. Only by glimpses he borrows its rays, then closes the slide again, and the partners-in-guilt have to grope their way onward, feeling by the wet ivy that clings to the rough-hewn walls of the ruin. A rustle in the dark grass gives warning of the adder, stealing away from their footsteps as its slimy form gleams for a moment to the lantern. But, while the superstitious fancy (shall we say, the conscience?) of the two peasants is busy with ghosts of the monks of old, whose pallid features, they are ready to swear, are peering at them through the ivy, the mind's eye of him who leads them is fixed on a face he has actually seen in flesh and blood. It seems to Walter Bracton as if the weird features of the Neapolitan child whose thin,

dark hand held the liquid mirror in which his present adventure was pictured, now stand forth of the darkness, fascinating him again with a steadfast, passionless gaze, as in the necromancer's room in Santa Lucia.

They enter the ruins, those determined church robbers, by a breach in the northern wall of the nave.

It was not a large building. Henry VIII.'s Commissioners had entered, two hundred and eighty years before, by blowing-in the principal gate with a petard. The object the same, simply plunder; the pretence, *then*, a zeal for religion, which Walter does not even feign. The place had been a "cell" or dependency of Tor Abbey in Devonshire, the principal house in England of that order of recluses who revered Saint Norbert as their founder. The arrangement of the house, so far as it could be traced (for the stones of the cloister and dormitory had been extensively carried away, to build Ernham Hall), were perfectly adapted to the wants of the community. So it was in every religious house, whose ruins show their defaced and corpse-like beauty throughout the land. The monastic builders understood perfectly what they needed and purposed: their plan, in all its arrangements, appeared as definite as the doctrines and discipline of the Church itself. A moment, Walter and his assistants stand in the nave. The calm of the place, its perfect silence, rebuke him, while they only add to the terrors of the ruder natures at his side.

"Lord love ye, measter," whispers one of these men, with an adjuration singularly out of place; "let's set to work, at whate'er we have to do for ye, and warm ourselves to it—only, if so be 'tis pleasing to you, I'd liefer not, for my part, ha' much to do with——"

"With what, fool?" asked Bracton, in an angry tone, louder than was prudent in a man who came on an unlawful midnight errand.

His voice was heard by some who had already caught the glimmer of the lantern, and were noiselessly approaching. A gamekeeper and three or four assistants, well armed, were on the trail. It was only because Walter and the two countrymen were so intent, each on his own disturbing thoughts, that these new comers could draw so near to them unobserved. For a dry stick would crackle now and then under their feet, and the tall, wet fern they brushed aside would rustle and creak, as they stole upon the intruders.

"Well, sir, ye see," pursued the man, in a tone half respectful, half surly, and wholly scared, "as to diggin' up old monks' bones, or sich like, I never heeard as any good came of disturbin' the dead; so, for my part——"

Walter made no other answer than to move on. He led his reluctant followers from the nave of the small ruined church, out by a door that had once communicated with the cloister. Over stones displaced and tangled with creeping brambles they made their difficult way, and emerged on the spot he had seen in the wizard's apartment.

It was a sloping space of green sward, whose gentle declivity led from the broken walls to the monks' fish-pond. Walter had known it from childhood, had bathed in it, fished in it, and thrown stones at the water-rats that infested and burrowed in the banks of the still pool. A veil of mist that had brooded over the silent water was now yielding to the power of moonlight. A solitary heron, disturbed by the intruders, rose slowly, and flapped away on its heavy wings.

Walter's plans were determined by what he had seen in Naples. It was in that pool, now before his eyes, that the treasure lay, if treasure it was to prove. A curse rose to his thought, that the mocking fiend had led him, or lured him, thus far, yet afforded him no clue as to what might be found, after all his exertions to secure it. But the word of profaneness was checked by the solemnity of the spot. No greater cowards walk this earth than they who live neglectful of the presence of the unseen world, and of the motives of good it should inspire into the children of flesh and blood. When its calm and awful nearness makes itself felt by any special circumstance, they cower, as in the presence of the Eternal.

He addresses himself to his task. The men have brought several coils of rope; with these, weighted by stones tied up in some shreds of sacking, they extemporise a rude dredging apparatus, and cast it into the pool.

Once and again, this drag-net grapples something weighty, and they pull at it, all together. The men have now partly lost their terrors, and work with a will, but with low and muttered voices. It is only an old sculptured stone, a grinning gargoyle or crocketed pinnacle, that rewards their efforts. The gamekeeper and his *posse* meanwhile watch them in silence round a projecting corner of the ruin.

At length, there is something heavy enough to yield, but by slow degrees, to their devoted efforts. Walter might now wish for old Gennaro with his boat-tackle, had he and his bronzed and brawny sons been attainable. But the three men pull and strain together; it is the exact reproduction of all that Bracton had seen in the weird vision at Naples. Indeed, as he throws back his head with the exertion, it seems to him as if that child's young face, passionless but graceless too, were again peering at him through the uncertain moonlight. The features arrest him with a sense and impression of evil: they seem to lure him onward to perpetrate his crime, as they had lured him in the wizard's chamber to question the future. Then, by imperceptible gradations, as by a phantasmagoria, or dissolving view, they seem to him changed into the features of Edie, his innocent, loving child; and now they wear an expression of sorrow and of warning that shake his soul more than the other.

What may all this mean? Is it reality, or is it a trick of fancy? We cannot now stay to inquire: our narrative hurries us on. The man

who guiltily determines to intrude into the unseen places himself thereby in the grasp of these dark powers that surround him at every turn. He becomes the victim of their delusions; it may be, of their revealed presence as well as overt action. For there are various degrees in which a soul may consciously sell itself to the Evil One, and Walter stands not up clear under several counts of that indictment.

Meanwhile, what is this that rises to the surface of the water?

Nothing in itself horrible, and yet, so strange and unexplained, that the three fishermen for unknown treasures pause, and almost allow it to sink again.

The moon has by this time struggled through the chill mist, and glances on the outline of an eagle with wings half spread!

Recovering from his surprise, and from some undefined thought that made him shudder, he scarcely knew why, Walter directed one last and strong effort. The eagle emerged, followed by the metal ball to which the claws, also of corroded brass, were rivetted; and finally the brass pedestal that had supported it as a lectern in the now ruined choir.

The two countrymen's awestruck imagination had represented this mysterious object, on its first appearance, as something decidedly uncanny; they looked as if they rather expected it to fly at them, with beak and talons. But when the eagle lay supine on the grass, with half-extended wings—when it proved "*Nohestan*, a piece of brass"—they rushed to drag it up further on the slope of green sward. Their rough treatment, with the rust that had eaten into the metal during nearly three hundred years' immersion, made the ball part asunder, and revealed to Walter's astonished eyes two or three small parchment deeds, covered with mildew, and some glittering jewels that lay scattered on the grass.

But he and his companions were now silently surrounded by Sir Edward's head-keeper with his assistants, who had stolen upon the three intruders while they were absorbed in this strange discovery. And certainly, Roger Scadlock might have had laid claim to some strategic skill in the disposition of his forces and general plan of attack. The peasants whom Walter had brought were each to be accounted for by two of Scadlock's men, while he himself marked the leader for his own. No sooner had Bracton laid his hand on the gems, which had evidently been torn in haste from altar and reliquary, and hidden within the ball in hope of better times, than he found himself pinned in the sinewy arms of the head-gamekeeper. At the same moment his underlings were hopelessly overpowered, and thrown upon the sward, alternately bellowing "*Ghosts!*" then struggling with savage strength, then—most unwonted act of all—blurting out some incoherent snatches of prayer.

Walter was a powerful man, who would have been no easy capture

to most thief-takers; but in the iron sinews of the stronger man who now held him he was powerless as a coultter in the grip of a vice. His best efforts only tightened the gamekeeper's grasp round him.

"Dodd," cried that functionary to one of his men, who had securely tied one of the countrymen's hands behind him with a rabbit-net and some twine, "bear a hand here, will ye? and take off this gent's black mask for him. He may be well known to the constable, belike; but we wants to git acquent wi 'im too."

The crape was pulled away from his face, now sufficiently revealed by the moonlight.

"My powers!" ejaculated the gamekeeper, instinctively releasing his master's brother. Walter stood before him, a detected robber. The old man's manner assumed an air of simple sorrow, and a kind of rustic dignity of rebuke, that strove with his habitual respect for "the family." He eyed the degenerate Bracton in silence; then, after a while, raising his arm, he waved him away, pointing to a path, well known to Walter, that led through the Ernham coppices out upon the high road to Stourchester.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### TO GO, OR NOT TO GO?

"AND are you really bent, Eustace, on this Quixotic scheme?" asked Orpington, as he took his friend's arm, and strolled with him from Crockford's towards Berkeley-square.

"As truly," returned the other, "as the Knight of La Mancha bestrode Rozinante to fight against the lions and the windmills."

"You do not look much like the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,'" said the young earl, with a glance of some wonder into Eustace's steadfast and rather radiant face, which a summer moon, eclipsing the dim oil lamps, enabled him sufficiently to read.

"I confess," he continued, "the whole thing is beyond my comprehension; it seems to me an extravagance of chivalry. Had it been my own case, I should have taken up the gauntlet on the spot, met that bully in the grey of the morning, done my very best to wing him, and stood the yet greater chance of being winged."

"Orpington," said Eustace, "if you really wish to have my whole mind on the subject, I will put it for you in a few words."

"Indeed, my dear fellow, I do; and I thank you with all my heart for the degree of confidence and friendship which that will imply on your part."

Eustace looked at him, then pressed his arm, and they walked on some little while in silence. The whole incident had melted much of that indifference on his part of which we have heard Orpington complain;

and these two now appeared likely to become warm and steadfast friends.

At length : "Well?" asked Lord Orpington, "well? I call upon the honourable member for Sudbury to open the debate."

George laughed a cheery laugh. "I am not going very deep into my subject," he said.

"You know," added he, more gravely, "that I have never made much pretence to be a distinctly religious man; my bringing up, on the father's side, and all that has happened to me since my mother's death, not having carried me much in that direction. But from the time when I began to think, even at Harrow, I conceived an invincible repugnance to our too-common custom of taking a man's life, otherwise than in honourable warfare or legitimate self-defence. Now, a duel is neither the chivalrous encounter of a rude age, where manifest oppression was to be repelled by force, nor, certainly, the religious ordeal of an accused man who lays his appeal to heaven. It seems to me, then, a thing simply murderous; and the more so, when one of the parties has advantage over the other, from superior skill with his weapon. Even when they are equally matched, still senseless, brutal, and impious, too, in a high degree. A man, for every trifle, and to defend the phantom of a supposed honour, is to blow out whatever brains his adversary may possess, or at least put an ounce of lead into his empty skull, and take the chance of having the same compliment paid to himself. I much doubt if

'Honour will come, a pilgrim gray,  
To deck the turf that wraps his clay'—

He was interrupted by his companion, who, pressing his arm, directed his attention to a figure approaching them from the opposite direction.

It was, indeed, Fitzosbert. He came along with his self-confident stride, with head erect, and with that unprepossessing look which often, apart from any rash judgment, denotes a heart void of charity to God or man. Such an expression can mar the features even of those to whom is given the perilous gift of comeliness. But that endowment of nature had been denied to Fitzosbert; he was no beauty in any sense.

The two friends neared him at their leisurely pace. The captain's brow grew black as thunder, when he saw who was approaching. He stalked yet more stiffly on the pavement, and drew himself up to his full height, clanking his spurs. It was much like an angry turkey, who swells his throat and trails his quill-feathers on the ground with defiance. Indeed, the intelligent reader will often have remarked how the human species, in the exhibition of the less favourable points of our poor humanity, condescends to imitate the manners and

customs of the inferior animals. But this is a parenthesis, and spoken *aside*.

Fitzosbert was for passing by, and barely touched his hat with a slight military salute. But Orpington stopped him.

"It will not be an intrusive question, Captain Fitzosbert," he began, in measured tones, "if I ask, on the part of my friend, Mr. Eustace, when you propose to start for the scene of your rendezvous?"

The other simply returned an insolent stare.

"On his side," pursued Lord Orpington, commanding himself with some difficulty, "he has many and complicated arrangements to make; and, with so sudden an interruption to his usual habits, he must necessarily break off from other important engagements to give you the meeting you have demanded. He will not fail you, be very sure. I can speak for that, in his presence."

Fitzosbert answered, with a stiff inclination: "If he receded from his word, my lord, I should certainly proclaim him."

"There is no need of stating, sir, what you *would* do, under circumstances which will not occur. My friend proceeds to Spain with the least possible delay, and challenges you to meet him there. As his friend, I am to demand of you what will be the earliest day on which you, also, can join the Peninsular army?"

"Why, look you, Lord Orpington," said the man of bluster, considerably taken aback by this direct inquiry, "such terms and conditions are quite beside the ordinary practice in affairs of honour. When gentlemen have a difference, they are in the habit of settling it the next morning, if even they delay so long. I demanded satisfaction of your friend"—Eustace's name seemed somehow to stick in his throat—"and I demand it still, in the usual way. That is not complied with, by his being off to Spain. Spain, I believe, was the native country of Don Quixote de la Mancha."

"Sir," replied Orpington, growing pale with anger, while his voice became unsteady, "I am not going to discuss with you Mr. Eustace's determination. Allow me, George," he added, for Eustace was wishing to interpose; "the quarrel, from this point, becomes mine also. I consider Captain Fitzosbert's language as being insolent to myself; and I shall call upon him to apologise for it."

Fitzosbert saw the prospect of two duels instead of one, and with the instinct of a "man-eating tiger," who scents more blood than he had bargained for, brightened up accordingly.

"And I shall give you no answer, my lord, except to say that I account for my conduct, and make any arrangement resulting from it, whenever you honour me with a message through a friend."

"I have a friend here," said Orpington, doubling his fist, "that has served me, before now, in lowering the crest of the bully and the coward."



He advanced towards the captain with an unmistakable gesture.

Will it be believed that the man of war here began to show the white feather? Yet so it was. The pistol and the small-sword were familiar to his hand, and he had all the confidence in their use that could be derived from constant practice. But, thus suddenly confronted by a man like Orpington, formidable when thoroughly roused, in proportion to his usual listless good-nature, the captain's valour forsook him.

"Come on, sir, if you are a man," cried Orpington, with set face, and an attitude that would have won him praise from Tom Cribb, or Cribb's royal patron, the Regent—"I finish the quarrel here."

Fitzosbert—tell it not in the United Service Club, nor on parade—had very unmistakably dodged behind a lamp-post, and from that rather insufficient shelter looked round for a watchman. In truth, it was a formidable antagonist he had to face. Lord Orpington now appeared the very model of an athlete in the arena; lithe, high-strung, determined. Eustace looked at him with admiration and surprise. Eustace, himself eminently a *man*, was attracted by the quality of manliness in others: one chief thing that had hitherto kept him indifferent towards the young Earl who wished to be his friend, was that he had thought him foppish and effeminate. In Orpington's present bearing, at least, there was no such appearance.

It was altogether the affair of a couple of minutes. Orpington advanced, with a manner that showed he meant business; and the captain staggered backwards, with equally plain symptoms of meaning to decline it. But my lord was not to be balked. He stepped up to him, took him by the shoulders, and spun him forcibly into the gutter. The bully and duellist revolved with one or two very erratic gyrations, until he fell on his face in so much of London mud as had been manufactured by a summer shower.

"Lie there, coward!" shouted Orpington, in a voice that was shout and laughter together. "Let me once see you at our clubs, or any other resort of *men*, and you shall have the best horsewhipping one son of Adam ever laid on the shoulders of another!"

Nor, to finish here the biography of the gallant captain, did Fitzosbert ever show his face at Crockford's again. The club unanimously voted Orpington a gold-mounted horsewhip, which you may see to this very day hung up over the *roccoco* mantelpiece at Orpington Castle.

"The old Thersites!" ejaculated he, as he took George's arm, and walked away. "I have finished his adventures—and your Spanish trip, too, my dear fellow?" added he, looking a little anxiously into the face of his friend. "You will not be mad enough, Eustace, to pursue this further?"

But Eustace had his own notions of an engagement made, and a

promise given. Moreover, he had been stung into a resolve by Emily Vaux's letter—a resolve to put an end to his butterfly existence, and begin to live to some purpose. He simply laughed, and challenged Orpington to finish the evening, or rather continue the morning, with a hand at piquet, in what their mutual acquaintance were wont to call the Palazzetto Eustachio. His friend willingly assented, with the twofold purpose of persuading George to remain in England, and of having another look at the portrait of Madame la baronne d'Andely, which adorned, our readers may remember, the drawing-room of the Palazzetto aforesaid. Orpington always declared that to look at that picture did him more good than going to church—a thing not so incredible, if we consider the character of sermon delivered to high London society, every Sunday during the season, by the Honourable and Very Reverend Beilby Adolphus Pierrepont, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, Dean of Bury St. Edmund's, and Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square.

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## FLOWERS FOR A CHILD'S GRAVE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADONNA."

### I.—THE HEART OF RACHEL.

CHILDREN who die early and go back to God soon—we call them little angels. They have gained much at small cost. They are happy, and they have never been sad. God was beforehand with them, forestalled all rivalry, hardly gave them the chance of rejecting his entreaty, "Child, give me thy heart." The Heart of Jesus drew their little hearts to itself eagerly, quickly, at once and for ever. It is well with them. Yet the mothers of these little angels grieve too much sometimes that their darlings' happiness and security have begun so soon; and Jesus forgives to the mother's heart this selfishness. The Heart of Jesus is the tenderest and kindest of hearts, entering into all griefs, and knowing every throb of each heart and the cure for every pang. Best of all, it knows and understands the heart of a mother. If Rachel, bewailing her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not (Jer. xxxi. 15) could have turned in her sorrow to the Heart of Jesus, she would have heard the soothing words spoken to

\* With sundry omissions, a few additions, and many other alterations, this is a reprint of certain chapterlings written and published several years ago, yet not at all likely to have come under the eyes of our present readers. These pages are their natural home.

the Widow of Naim, *Weep not*, and Jesus would have smiled upon her with the gentle reproof, *Suffer the little children to come to Me, and hinder them not*, (Mark x. 14), and her tears would have been dried up, and her heart consoled; and, if the perfect completion of the Miracle of Naim must be deferred to heaven, where, indeed, Jesus will again *restore the child to its mother* (Luke, vii. 15), at least the pious hope and the longing for that sure meeting in heaven would solace the mother in her loneliness, and her sorrow would grow so tranquil, and so bright and holy, that she "would rather wish it more than less." As the Heart of Jesus is the school of all virtue, and the source of all strength, so is It also the healing of every wound and the solace of every sorrow.

Jesus, Son of the Mother of Sorrows, Spouse of afflicted souls, comfort the poor afflicted mothers sorrowing after their children taken from their arms too soon. Show them thy Heart, O Jesus! and show them their little ones nestling in It, and cherished there with love far beyond a mother's love. And if Thou who sufferest not to pass unheeded or unrewarded one cup of water given in thy name, or one kind word spoken in thy name, canst deign to bless such kind but foolish words, bless them! Bless these thoughts of many hearts which as a garland of snowdrops and lilies, I lay on the grave of one of thy Little Angels, and which, if they were not too mean and poor in their newest freshness, and if they have not already lost whatever faint scent or colour may once have glistened on their leaves, or lurked in their hearts—if they can still be in their little measure worth offering, my heart would fain offer them to the heart of Rachel, and through her to Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

## II. LILIAN.

The silver thread which twines together these snowdrops and lilies is the memory of a little child. She was dear to me, partly for her own sake—she was so good and bright, and gave promise of so much goodness, and brightness, and perhaps genius—but more for the sake of those to whom she was very dear. "God knows," said one of them, "God knows our golden-haired pet had wound herself closely, closely round our hearts." It was thus that when I had just overheard the young mother planning the commencement of the education of her "little dunce," her only daughter and her first-born child, as one of the duties of her coming winter, and when I had brought away into my happy exile fond recollections of the little dunce's fresh gaiety, and all her clever affectionate words and ways; and then, when in less than a week the news followed me that the Reaper of the Flowers had come suddenly and gathered a budding lily which I knew, I brooded over the loss too much, and caught myself often murmuring, "How sad!—what a pity!—poor little Lilian!"

Father Faber in one of the stories in "Ethel's Book—which is, perhaps, not as much admired, even by his admirers, as it ought to be—says of a certain death:—"When he was dead only an hour, it seemed as if he had died a long while ago, such a distance is there between life and death." Not hours only, but several years have placed a great distance between me and this death; else I should deem it more than "half a sin to put in words the grief I feel." The "grief I feel" must, I grant, be of a very quiet, cheerful kind, since it allows me to lay upon the grave of my little Angel this garland of snowdrops and lilies twined together by a silver thread. Her memory is the silver thread, and the snowdrops and lilies are the thoughts of many hearts beside my own about the death of little children. For, as old Montaigne says, "J'ai fait seulement ici un amas de fleurs étrangères, n'y ayant fourni du mien que le filet à les lier."

### III.—THE BAKER-POET'S FIRST ELEGY.

It chanced, as I have partly said, that when this child's death turned my thoughts to the little pet lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock, I was nearer to the *boulangerie* of Jean Reboul, the Baker-Poet of Nîmes, than to the nursery in which a tiny white-curtained bed was thus left untenanted. And so, reading there on French soil, not for the first time, but now with a special interest, the poem which first attracted Lamartine's admiration, and made its author instantly famous, I thought with myself: "The poor young mother at home would understand this well—this would go to her heart." It was this that made me try to turn the simple elegy into simple English; this feeling much more than the authority of M. de Pontmartin, who in one of his *Nouveaux Samedis* places it among the "trois pièces que tout homme à peu près lettré, qui ne professe pas pour les vers une horreur systématique, vous recitera d'un bout à l'autre"—the two other universal favourites of educated Frenchmen being, according to this critic, the "Chûte des Feuilles" of Millevoje (of which the late Lord Derby has given an excellent version at the end of his "Homer"), and the "Lac" of Lamartine. Let us place the original and the translation side by side. The first is sure to be read with pleasure, and the second has thus a better chance of being understood.\*

#### L'ANGE ET L'ENFANT.

##### I.

"Un Ange au radieux visage  
Penché sur le bord d'un berceau  
Semblait contempler son image  
Comme dans l'onde d'un ruisseau.

#### THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD,

##### I.

"An Angel with radiant face,  
Bent over a cradle's side,  
His image once seemed to trace  
As if in a brooklet's tide.

\* The best judges are often the kindest. Mr. Denis Florence Mac Carthy, in *Notes and Queries* (June, 1878), speaks of the above as "a not unworthy companion of Longfellow's graceful version."

## II.

" 'Charmant enfant qui me ressemble,'  
Disait-il, 'oh! viens avec moi.  
Viens, nous serons heureux ensemble,  
La terre est indigne de toi.

## III.

" 'Là, jamais entière allégresse ;  
L'âme y souffre de ses plaisirs,  
Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse  
Et les voluptés leurs soupirs.

## IV.

" 'La crainte est de toutes les fêtes,  
Jamais un jour calme et serein  
Du choc dangereux des tempêtes  
N'a garanti le lendemain.

## V.

" 'Eh ! quoi ? les chagrins, les alarmes,  
Viendraient troubler ce front si pur,  
Et par l'amertume des larmes  
Se terniraient ces yeux d'azur.

## VI.

" 'Non, non, dans les champs de l'espace  
Avec moi tu vas t'envoler,  
La Providence te fait grâce  
Des jours que tu devais couler.

## VII.

" 'Que personne dans ta demeure  
N'obscurcisse ses vêtements :  
Qu'on accueille ta dernière heure  
Ainsi que tes premiers moments.

## VIII.

" 'Que les fronts y soient sans nuage,  
Que rien n'y révèle un tombeau ;  
Quand on est pur comme à ton âge,  
Le dernier jour est le plus beau.'

## IX.

" 'Et, secouant ses blanches ailes,  
L'Ange à ces mots a pris l'essor  
Vers les demeures éternelles . . .  
Pauvre Mère, ton fils est mort !'

## II.

" 'Come with me,' he whispered, 'come  
Sweet Infant, so like to me—  
Come, we'll have a happy home,  
This earth is unworthy of thee.

## III.

" 'Here never is perfect gladness,  
The soul is pained by its joy,  
The cries of mirth have their sadness,  
And pleasures soon, soon annoy.

## IV.

" 'Fear lurks in the festive-hall—  
No day so serene and warm  
But changes, ere evening fall—  
To-morrow may come the storm !

## V.

" 'Shall sorrows, alas ! and fears,  
This forehead so pure surprise ?  
Ah ! why should the bitter tears  
Dim ever these azure eyes ?

## VI.

" 'No, no, through the fields of air  
With me thou must flee away ;  
Kind Providence deigns to spare  
The days thou wert still to stay.

## VII.

" 'Let none in thy dwelling here  
Put on the dark weeds of woe ;  
Let them smile on thy tiny bier  
As first on thee cradled so.

## VIII.

" 'No cloud be on any brow,  
No grave be in mourning dressed ;  
With heart pure as thine is now,  
The last hour is brightest, best.'

## IX.

" 'And, waving his pinions white,  
The Angel thus singing sped  
Towards the Home of Eternal Light—  
Poor Mother ! thy child is dead."

Here, if anywhere, room must be found for an unpublished Latin version of this elegy, given to me years ago by a countryman of Reboul's. Surely it is not wrong to lay this foreign flower, twice transplanted, quietly at last on the grave of my little angel. I cannot ask the author's leave now, for Ernest Chambellan, S.J., died last year a holy and happy death.

ANGELUS AD CUNAS.

I.

"Cœlorum hospes amabilis,  
Cunas pensilis intuens,  
Mirabatur imaginem  
Tanquam margine rivuli.

II.

"O infans similis mihi,  
In ocelos, ait, advoles :  
Felices erimus simul,  
Tellus non capit angelos !

III.

"Hic, dum vivitis exules,  
Fletu sæpe madent genæ ;  
Cantus flebilis insonat,  
Et ludus gemitum parit.

IV.

"Miscet lætitiæ timor.  
Audi murmura fulminum :  
Semper purpureus dies  
Nimbos perfidus abdedit.

V.

"Heu! ne polluat anxius  
Vultus angelicos dolor !  
Heu! ne sidereos gravis  
Fletus turbet ocellulos.

VI.

"In cœlo angelus angelis  
Vocem consociæ tuam :  
Condonat Dominus tibi  
Vitæ tristia tempora.

VII.

"Nemo sedibus in tuis  
Lactum vestibus indicet ;  
Vitæ rideat exitus  
Natalis veluti dies.

VIII.

"Frontes nubila non tegant,  
Nec surgat tumulus niger :  
Puro namque puellulo  
Hora lætior ultima.

IX.

"Et pennas quatiens leves,  
Ad cœlestia limina  
Splendens avolat angelus :  
Heu mater! . . . puer occidit."

"Poor mother, thy child is dead!" And so in all languages the most pathetic word to speak beside the death-bed of a child is "*Poor Mother!*" And the most consoling word is: "O Heart of Jesus, tender, and loving and full of pity, comfort this poor mother's heart; comfort her in her sorrow for the sake of the broken heart of the Mother of Sorrows, thy own Immaculate Mother."

IV.—THE MUNIFICENT GODMOTHER.

A countryman of that Reboul's, of whose earliest inspiration Lillian has reminded us, has hazarded the paradox that the most voluminous writer never produces more than one original work, all that may go before being only the preparation for that one, and all that follows being but the development of certain points therein. Reboul might be cited as an instance of this. He indeed wrote a great deal, though to the end he continued faithful to his vocation as baker. He wrote an epic on the Last Judgment, and he wrote "The Apostate" against the miserable Lamennais, with clever lines in it like this—

"Il croit à Babinet qui ne croit pas à Dieu ;"

and noble lines like this—

"Rome ne mourra pas de la mort de ta foi—"

condensing a good deal of the force of Hurter's apostrophe to the assailants of Catholicity, "Hasten, Sirs, to fling your petty insults against the Holy Church of God—make haste! you have but a moment to outrage her. *She* has eternity to forget you." Reboul wrote much; but the poems which have made a home for themselves in men's hearts are his first and his last. "*La Marraine Magnifique*" of 1856 is but "*L'Ange et l'Enfant*" of 1828, slightly modified. Let us give it with even more scrupulous fidelity than the other, changing only the title (which heads our chapter) into:—

## LA MARRAINE MAGNIFIQUE.

"Hélas! ma pauvre Madeleine,  
J'ai couru tous les environs,

Je n'ai pu trouver de marraine  
Et ne sais comment nous ferons.

"Au nouveau-né que Dieu nous donne  
Nul n'a craint de porter malheur  
Eu lui refusant cette aumône—  
Sa pauvreté fait donc bien peur!

"Et cependant tout à l'église  
Pour le Baptême est préparé.  
Faut-il que l'heure en soit remise?  
Que dira notre bon curé?"

"Mais tandis que l'on se lamente,  
Une dame, le front voilé,  
La robe jusqu' aux pieds tombante,  
S'offre à ce couple désolé.

"Dites-nous, bonne demoiselle,  
Qui peut vous amener ici?—  
'Pour votre enfant,' répondit-elle  
'Soyez désormais sans souci.

"Je viens pour être sa marraine,  
Et je vous jure sur ma foi  
Que par ma grâce souveraine  
Il sera plus heureux qu' un roi.

"Au lieu d'une pauvre chaumière  
Il habitera un palais  
Dont le soleil et la lumière  
Ne sont que de pâles reflets.

"Et dans cette magnificence,  
Loin de vous rester étranger,  
Il brûlera d'une impatience  
De vous la faire partager.'

## THE SPONSOR OF THE POOR MAN'S CHILD.

"My own poor Magdalen, alas!  
I've asked the neighbours round and  
round,  
What can we do in such a pass?  
Not a sponsor is to be found!

"To the poor babe God sends us here  
Refusing even a dole so small,  
His birth to blight they do not fear—  
His poverty affrights them all.

"Yet for the christening all is there,  
All ready at the Church to-day;  
To change the hour how can we dare?  
What will our good priest think or  
say?"

"While they lament, they hear a sound;  
A lady, with a close-drawn veil,  
Her garments sweeping to the ground,  
Stands near the couple as they wait.

"Why art thou come, good lady, say,  
Into our humble cottage here?  
And she but answers, 'Cast away  
For your sweet infant every fear;

"Myself I will his sponsor be,  
And unto you my troth I swear,  
That through my sovereign grace shall be  
Than crowned king be happier.

"Instead of cabin poor and cold,  
He shall abide in palace fair,  
To which the sunlight's richest gold  
Is but a shadow pale and rare.

"Nor 'midst this splendour will your boy  
Hold you far banished from his heart,  
But eager, restless, in his joy  
He'll burn to give you both a part.'

"Quoi! l'enfant qui nous vient de naître  
Doit avoir un pareil destin?  
Hélas! nous n'osions lui promettre  
Que l'indigence et que la faim.

"Quelle puissance est donc la vôtre?  
Êtes vous ange ou bien démon?  
Répondez-nous!' 'Ni l'un ni l'autre,

Mais plus tard vous saurez mon nom.'

"Eh bien! s'il faut qui l'on vous croie,  
Si pour nous tirer de l'embarras  
Le ciel près de nous vous envoie,  
Prenez notre fils dans vos bras.'

"Sur les marches du baptistère  
L'enfant est aussitôt porté:  
Mais de l'onde qui regénère  
Dès que son front est humecté,

"Au jour qu'il commençait à peine,  
Il clôt la paupière et s'endort.  
Elle avait dit vrai, la marraine,  
Car la marraine était la Mort."

"But what! the child just born to us,  
Is he reserved for fate so fair?  
Alas! we dare not promise thus,  
But only poverty and care.

"And whence thy power, O Angel, tell—  
Or art thou demon from below?  
Make answer!' 'Nor from heaven nor  
hell;  
But later ye my name shall know.'

"Well, if truth be as thou hast said,  
If thus to soothe our shame's alarms  
Kind Heaven has sent thee to our aid—  
Here, take our son into thy arms.'

"And so the infant is borne at last  
Where at the font the pastor waits;  
But soon as o'er his forehead passed  
The wave whose flow regenerates:

"He closed his eyes, and sweetly slept,  
When hardly he had drawn a breath.  
That Sponsor had her promise kept,  
For the Sponsor's name was Death."

*Car la marraine était la Mort!* Yes, that generous godmother, who made such promises and kept them well, was the Angel Death, whom God had sent to fetch this little Angel. Death is not eligible for the office of a "munificent godmother" in English poetry. Our version, however, has not changed the sex, because a benevolent old gentleman, with or without spectacles, would be a less poetical figure in the scene than this lady, with forehead veiled and robe sweeping the floor with its dark folds. The French language, with its usual fidelity to Latin gender, makes *pallida Mors* a woman, while our poets speak of Death as a man, the "King of Terrors." In Moore's ballad, for instance, which contrasts curiously with Reboul's, Death is the successful suitor of the Highborn Ladye whom all the Knights of the Unterwald wooed in vain. Which of the two is right? Perhaps both. Death often smites in a fashion that seems to need a strong man's arm and a bad man's heart. But by the bedside of the dying whom Faith and Hope tend like Sisters of Charity, is not Death *there* rather as a mother who draws the curtains close and keeps all noise away, and soothes her weary child to sleep? So is it when the dying Christian is of the young who keep unsullied the baptismal whiteness of their souls. So is it still more with the old who have scarcely lost the purity of childhood, or, having lost it, have fervently regained it, and have but exchanged the blessed innocence of ignorance for the more blessed innocence of virtue. Nay, for the weary children of earth, Death does no more than hush their sobs as on the breast of



a mother. Death takes them up into his cold embrace only for a moment, in order to lay them to rest for ever on the Father's bosom.

"The baby wept.  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And hushed its fears and soothed its vain alarms,  
And baby slept.

"Again it weeps ;  
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,  
From present griefs and future unknown harms—  
And baby sleeps !"

"*Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven*"—childlike enough at least to run with love and trustfulness to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to seek there your repose as on a mother's breast.

#### V.—A ROSEBUD'S LIFETIME.

Our little Angel, however, was more than a babe when *her* Angel whispered to her, "The Master has need of thee." She did not go to God so soon as the child that flew up to heaven with the Angel from its cradle, or that other, for whom Death stood as sponsor, and brought away before it had even taken possession of a cradle. She had her work to do first—more important work, perhaps, and better done, than the work of many a "long and prosperous career" which figures in newspaper obituaries and on tombstones. What to us is long and short, great and little, brilliant and mean, may be seen otherwise by the All-seeing. There is variety in God's works; and all his works are very good. The oak that puts forth its green leaves, spring after spring for a thousand springs, and the snowdrop that does not live to see the end of its first spring—which of the two gives most glory to God in its influence ultimately on the soul of man? For *that*—that only—is thy aim in all thy visible works—snowdrops and oaks, eagles and robin-redbreasts, Killineys and Chimborazos, that only is thy aim, O eternal lover of souls, *O Domine qui amas animas!* My little Angel gave glory thus to God in her own little way, though her lifetime was to be more like the snowdrop's than the oak's, and more like the rose's lifetime than either.

"Mais elle était d' un monde où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin ;  
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses  
L'espace d' un matin."

Malherbe's famous ode is too pagan for a Christian child; but, since its best stanza has chanced to flutter on to the grave of our little Angel, we may consult for those who, like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, "understand the quotation, of course, perfectly, yet wish to have it

translated just as if they did not." *Faites comme si je n'en savois rien.* By the way, how can the story in the *Curiosities of Literature* be true, about these famous lines having been improved into their present shape by a mere printer's blunder of *Roselle* for Rosette, since *Marguerite* Périet was the maiden's name?

"Ah! she was of a world too prone to give  
Saddest fate to fairest flowers;  
And, a rose, she lived as the roses live,  
Through a few bright morning-hours."

And then, long before the scorching noon, my Rosebud was gathered in its dewy freshness for the garland of the Bridegroom.

#### VI.—SHE SPEAKS.

Who dares to say that she was taken before her time—that she "should have died hereafter?" *Her* time is God's good time, and God's good time never comes too early. Not until she had first lived to feel and know many things. Not until she had lived to say "*Mamma!*" and to master many harder sounds. Not until she had lived to *speak*—to use that marvellous faculty of clothing the soul's thoughts in words. We are used to it—some of us too much; but the slightest interchange of the most commonplace thought between soul and soul is a marvel made up of many marvels. Words! There is music and deep meaning in these words of J. G. Holland, which I copy from a scrap of an old American newspaper, laid by at a time when this clever American *littérateur* was quite unknown to me.

"The robin repeats his two beautiful words,  
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;  
And steadily, over and over again,  
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

"Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird, and jay,  
Thrasher and wood-pecker, cuckoo and wren,  
Each sings its word or its phrase, and then  
It has nothing further to sing or say.

"Into that word or that sweet little phrase,  
All there may be of its life must crowd;  
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,  
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

"A little child sits at his father's door,  
Chatting and singing with careless tongue:  
A thousand musical words are sung,  
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

"Words measure power, and they measure thine:  
Greater art thou, in thy childish years,  
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres—  
They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

"Words measure destiny. Power to declare  
 Infinite ranges of passion and thought  
 Holds with the Infinite only its lot—  
 Is of Eternity only the heir.

"Words measure life, and they measure its joy:  
 Thou hast more joy in thy childish years  
 Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres.  
 So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!"

## VII.—SHE PRAYS.

"Sing with the beautiful birds, my boy." My little Angel sang with the beautiful birds, and—what the birds could not do—she laughed, and talked, and *prayed*. Yes, she lived to be old enough to pray. Prayer of one form or another is man's one work on earth. All the rest is, at best, only tolerated as distraction more or less unavoidable, more or less culpable. The faintest whisper of prayer can reach the Heart of Jesus, can make itself heard in the highest heaven—the battle-cries of life, the applause of nations, the rush and roar of worlds, cannot break the stillness round the throne of the Divine Eternity. Without prayer life is a horrible, death-like silence: Prayer is the Benedicite of creation. *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domino—Bless ye the Lord, all the works of the Lord*,—the smallest as well as the greatest: all ye little robins and violets, bless ye the Lord. But no, *you* cannot bless God, or pray to Him: little Lilian must do it for you. *She* can pray. She can clasp her little soft hands together, and turn her eyes upwards towards heaven, and say, *Our Father*. And this is sweeter in the ear of God than the noblest burst of eloquence, or the highest flight of poetry, or all the music of the spheres. How solemn a thing it is, and beautiful to hear, a child praying. Would that hearts shrivelled up under the hot breath of temptation could but hear the innocent lips begging God for grace and pardon. "God bless me, and forgive me my sins, and make me a good child." Was it for the sake of this quaint and pathetic contrast that Father Faber has made so many a guileless child wonder how its Guardian Angel could be so loving as to leave its heavenly home to guard "a guilty wretch like me?"

It was a pious thought on the part of the Walter Scott of German Catholic nurseries to close his labours with a Prayer-book for the Young; and it was a pious thought of a graceful Irish story-teller to write a book of beautiful simple prayers expressly for little children.\* The prayers which poets put into the mouths of children are generally too poetical, and not childish enough. As Goldsmith said Dr. Johnson would do if he were to undertake the writing of fables—they make

\* "Holy Childhood," (Dublin: C. Eason.)

the little fishes talk like whales. For instance, Lamartine's "Hymn for a Child at Waking"—*O Père qu'adore mon père*—is an exquisite poem, but not a prayer, much less a child's prayer. Better and more simply, Hippolyte Violeau makes the child ask of Jesus to keep its little heart always pure, in order that they may both be able to smile when they look at one another:—

"Afin que vous puissions sourire  
En nous regardant tous deux."

Much better and more genuine than either is this Child's Prayer, in old German, which comes straight from an Alsatian fireside, without the intervention of books:—

"Kindlein Jesu, komm zu mir,  
Kindlein Jesu, bleib bei mir,  
Mach' ein frommes Kind aus mir,  
Mein Herzelein  
Ist gar zu glein.  
Es kann Niemand zu ihm hinein  
Als Du, mein liebes Jesulein."

It would not be easy to turn this *naïveté* into the language from which we borrow that word, but it runs quite spontaneously into our more Teutonic dialect:—

"Little Child Jesus, come to me,  
Little Child Jesus, stay with me,  
Make a good child of poor wee me!  
My heart is so small  
Thou fillest it all,  
There is room for no one but only Thee—  
Dear little Jesus, come to me!"

As it is so short, let me disguise this thought again in Latin—my last bit of Latin, nor is it indeed my own, though (as in the former case) not hitherto published:—

"O in me venias, parvule Jesule!  
O mecum maneat, parvule Jesule!  
Informat pietas me tua. Corculum  
Angustum nimis est, en nimis est meum;  
Quare non alium suscipere hospitem,  
Te praeter, poterit, mi bone Jesule!"

The child who was never to be more than a little child, till Death made her a little angel, lived long enough, nevertheless, to address such prayers as this to the God of little children, Himself once a little Child, wrapped round with all the tender helplessness and pathos of childhood. Nay, on her childish scale, she knew how to act out her prayers and to suffer as *He* did. One day, by accident, the poor little white hand was cruelly burned, and she screamed in her great pain. A pious voice by her side bade her try to bear it for our Saviour's sake.

"So I—I—am bear—bearing it for my Blessed Saviour," sobbed out the little martyr through her loud weeping, with more breaks than I have indicated. Do you smile at this? If so, I trust that it is with that twitching of the mouth, and that moistening of the eyes, and that gulping in the throat, which poets call "smiling through tears." However, the poor child was right. A little weeping, even though somewhat too loud, is no proof that we are not striving to bear our painful cross gracefully and cheerfully after the Crucified, in the strength and for the love of his Most Sacred Heart.

#### VIII.—SHE DIES.

And Death, the last cross, the last pain—she bore it also well for her Saviour's sake—"In the worst of her agony, down to her last moment of consciousness (so one wrote at the time), saying and doing tender, touching little things to all around her." But she died—

"Ah! Consumption has no pity  
On blue eyes and golden hair."

And here, too, Death, coming under another name, which would not fit so well into verse, had no pity for the mild, deep, dreamy eyes and the golden curls that crept over the pure forehead. Nay, rather, he *had* pity, and fulfilled his blessed mission of "bringing the little children to Jesus."

And so little Lilian went home to Jesus, and became a Little Angel. Does the mother ever tell the other little ones how good their elder sister was, and how the good Angels of God, to reward her for being so good, took her up to their own sister in heaven? Let her beware of meeting with the obvious retort which Uhland puts into the mouth of a child on a similar occasion:—

" 'Blicke zum Himmel, mein Kind! dort wohnt dir ein seliger Bruder.  
Weil er mich nimmer betrübt, führten die Engel ihn hin.'  
'Dass kein Engel mich je von der liebenden Brust dir entführen,  
Mutter, so sage Du mir wie ich betruben Dich kann.'"

On the two pleas urged with regard to my tiny and last morsel of Latin, let me slip into the very tranquil immortality of this nook the version of Uhland's epigram which a Sicilian friend once extemporised for me:—

"Mira il ciel, fanciul diletto,  
Là dimora un tuo fratello:  
Chè giammai turbommi il petto,  
Grato un angiol sel portó.  
Cara madre, dal tuo seno  
Nessun angioło m'involi!  
Dimi dunque in che il sereno  
Del tuo cor turbar potrò.

“Look up to heaven, my child. There dwelleth thy happy brother :  
Because that he vexed me never, the angels bore him away !”  
“That no angel snatch me thus from this loving breast, my mother,  
Tell me, O mother, tell me—how may I vex thee, pray ?”

Though quite arch enough to be capable of this *mot*, my little Angel would have been incapable of fulfilling the threat contained in it. *Can* so young a child really vex a mother ? It is too much a part of herself, too close to her, too dependent on her, to be able to forget her ; and for the motherly heart there is no anguish except the anguish of being forgotten. The child cannot indeed understand the depth of the sacred, almost sacramental love which the parents have cherished so long before there was the slightest return ; yet, in its own way, it is grateful, and begins to return love for love. And when the frail creature, nestling in her bosom, smiles up into the mother's face, and presses its tiny arms more tightly round her neck, and draws her lips closer down towards its own rosy little mouth, the mother's yearning is satisfied, and her heart blesses God, and bids God bless her babe. And if not here, the arrears of love will be discharged *there*. In heaven the little angels come to know how much their mothers loved them, and they love them in return better a thousand times than hearts can love on earth, and they prove their love a thousand times better : for they are in God, and God is Love. “Those who die in grace go no further away from us than God, and God is very near.”

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#### FAITH.

SAY, hast thou faith, my soul ? Dost thou believe ?  
Oh ! ponder well ere thou wouldst give reply,  
Nor on the accustomed answering rely :  
Unmeditated words too oft deceive.

I do. These ardent throbs my doubts relieve ;  
My lips are quivering, and aloud would cry :  
“I feel, I know the words of the Most High  
Fail not—for trusting Him I ne'er can grieve.”

But is thy faith alive, or is it dead ?

What fruits of holiness adorn this tree ?  
The damned believe, though with repugnance dread.

Do thoughts and words and actions all agree  
With thy belief, like members with the head ?

If such thy faith, 'tis well. Such may it be !

G. J. B.

## THE CENTENARY OF MADAME BARAT.

BY THE EDITOR.

"**H**E that liveth for ever, God only, remaineth an invincible king for ever. The number of the days of men at most are a hundred years: as a drop of water are they esteemed; and as a pebble of sand, so are a few years compared to eternity. Be not afraid to be justified even to death, for the reward of God continueth for ever. From the morning until the evening the time shall be changed, and all these are swift in the eyes of God."

These words are all found in the eighteenth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, but they do not occur exactly as I have quoted them. Omitting several intermediate phrases, I have grouped them together thus for the sake of the special meaning which I wish to attach to them in reference to the venerable servant of God whose memory is linked with this day.\* On this day, exactly a hundred years ago, on the 12th of December, 1779, at the town of Joigny in that province of France which then was still known by its historic name of Burgundy, was born Sophia Magdalen Barat, who was destined by Divine Providence to be the foundress of the religious Sisterhood of the Sacré Cœur.

To a life beginning then and ending only fourteen years ago may be applied the last of those words which I have quoted from Ecclesiasticus. "From the morning until the evening the time shall be changed." Mighty changes, indeed, took place between the morning and the evening of Sophia Barat's long and full day. The France in which she died was very different from the France into which she was born, just ten years before 1789, the year from which the Revolution dates its code of principles—*les principes de '89*. That famous Quatre-vingt-Neuf was the year of her First Communion. How many governments have risen and fallen in beautiful Paris since then! But God reigns for ever—*cujus regni non erit finis*. "God alone remaineth an invincible king for ever." Neither Bourbon nor Bonaparte can secure their courtiers from the reverses of fortune to which princes and kings and emperors are themselves subject; but the King whom Sophia Barat chose for her Lord and Master, "*He liveth for ever and his reward continueth for ever.*"

She chose Him early. She did not wait to be driven with a rebuke

\* December 12th, 1879. This sketch of part of a holy life is given here in the form in which it was put together for a little domestic festival last December. Fuller details are furnished in some papers contributed to the third volume of the *LEIST MONTHLY* by the late Miss Cecilia Caddell under the title of "The Early Life of Madame Barat."

into his vineyard at the eleventh hour after standing all the day idle; but she worked for Him from the earliest dawn.

Sophia had a brother ten years older. Louis Barat had the zeal and courage to become a priest at that dark time when the soutane was the best passport to the guillotine and when priests were exiled or killed or (almost as hard a fate) prevented from exercising their sacred ministry. During his own years of study in preparation for the priesthood Louis gave to his *petite sœur* (as he used to call her to the end) an education which in extent and accuracy went far beyond what girls of her class or of a much higher class received then or receive now; and in this and in other respects he unconsciously prepared her for the great mission which heaven was about to entrust to her. He himself, after being imprisoned for two years during the Reign of Terror and after escaping from death through the death of Robespierre, which happened just in time, was led on by degrees to become a member of the Society of Jesus, having first joined a body of priests, who, under the name of Fathers of the Faith and again Fathers of the Sacred Heart, were trying to be Jesuits as far as they could during the suppression of the Society and who were thus ready to restore the Society in France at the first moment that the restoration became possible.

This, too, was the time—the sad and evil time, yet with many gleams of hope breaking through the darkness—that Sophia Barat, who had never seen a nun till she was a nun herself, was inspired to devote herself to God's service in the religious state. How and where she was to do so it was still hard to tell; for, in these particulars especially, that word of God might be applied to her: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, that you may go and may bring forth fruit and that your fruit may remain."

One of the Fathers to whom I have just alluded, Père Tournély, felt the force (from God's point of view) of the saying attributed to Napoleon: "What France wants is good mothers." He gave to the words the meaning that the First Consul attached to them, but he gave them another meaning also. Though France was awakening from the horrible nightmare of the Revolution, society was still torn asunder, religion almost destroyed, the flocks without shepherds, convents broken up and desolate. The adult generation was lost almost irrecoverably; the only hope was to save the children.

Father Tournély died in his thirtieth year, without having been able to carry out his plans for God's glory. But God knows how to take the will for the deed; and in God's reward, which "continueth for ever," his share may be as large as that which fell to the lot of him who was left to bear the burden of the day and the heats. When Father Varin, who succeeded him both in his office and in his projects, asked Louis Barat about the ties that bound him to the world, the young priest spoke of that "little sister" whom we know. This little sister, modest



and even timid to excess, proved, after all, to be the instrument God had chosen to found a new Order of religious devoted to the regeneration and sanctification of Catholic society through the laborious apostleship of teaching.

Madame Barat was not, indeed, at the beginning of the enterprise placed in the position of foundress and superioress. She was first allowed, with three companions, to consecrate herself solemnly to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the very appropriate feast of the Presentation of Our Blessed Lady, November 21st, 1800—the opening year of this Nineteenth Century of ours, of which how many of us shall see the close? Then, when they began their work in earnest, she had a year or two to exercise humility, obedience, and simplicity under an injudicious and unsuitable superior, who soon withdrew from the enterprise altogether and whose place Mademoiselle Barat was herself, after a short time, ordered and forced to take, to her great astonishment, terror, and pain. God was with her, and her work, because it was *His* work, prospered and spread to an extent that the first projectors of the Institute had never dreamed of. More than a hundred houses of education and prayer scattered over the old and the new world, more than four thousand religious consecrating themselves to God under the standard of the Sacred Heart, a countless number of children of all classes reared up carefully and piously through the means of her and hers—this was something to offer to the God of her heart, the Divine Lover of souls, when she stood before his judgment-seat. Well might one of her novices exclaim: “She is volume the second of St. Theresa!” If they who instruct many unto justice are to shine—and the Holy Ghost tells us they shall shine—like stars throughout everlasting eternities, how bright a star shall *she* be in God’s heaven for ever, the humble French maiden who was born into this vale of tears and sin just one hundred years ago to-day, and who, full of years and fuller of labours and merits, died a sweet and holy death on Ascension Thursday, May the 25th, 1865. Madame Barat’s mature life, her woman’s work—the work, indeed, of “a valiant woman”—thus occupied sixty-five years after the foundation had been laid in the manner to which we have briefly referred. That work of sixty-five years has been skilfully chronicled in two ample octavos by Abbé Baunard, assisted, no doubt, by many better informed *collaboratrices*. For the present, however, we are unable to make further use of the copious biographical details there furnished to us; and we must end hastily by congratulating her spiritual daughters, *les Dames du Sacré Cœur*, on the honours that the Church is beginning to pay to the memory of their holy Foundress. *Lauda post vitam; magnifica post consummationem*. For now she is gone, and now her humility can hide no longer her extraordinary virtues and labours; and already the Vicar of Christ commends to our love and admiration the Venerable Servant of God,

Sophia Magdalen Barat, Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart. *Venerable*: for such she is in the strict canonical sense of the title, since Leo XIII., on the 18th of last July, signed with his own hand (as the official documents put it) the commission for the introduction of the cause of her beatification and canonisation, which step in the process implies that her reputation for sanctity of life and for the working of miracles had previously been proved juridically.

Born only a hundred years ago! One moral to draw from the celebration of a centenary like this is the thought, how long a century is, and yet how short! It is a small thing in itself—"all these are swift to God"—yet it is far beyond the ordinary limit of human life. A book has been written lately to show that the really authentic cases of persons living to the age of a hundred years are at the very least extremely rare indeed. Practically our span of life falls very far short of that term. "The number of the days of men are at the most a hundred years," and the Preacher, in the passage which we prefixed to this sketch, spoke very moderately when he made this statement: for comparatively few come within twenty or thirty years of such an ample term of life. But even if we *could* reach that utmost limit, what are a hundred years but as one drop of water compared to all the oceans, or as one grain of sand compared with all the earth? Infinitely less than this, for these last *could* be numbered, but the years of eternity are infinite. God lives and reigns through that eternity, and "his reward continueth for ever."

"Ave et vale"—these are the last of the words written on white marble over Madame Barat's tomb at Conflans, the Paris novitiate—"ave et vale, bona Mater, vive in Deo, memor nostrum quas Divino Cordi genuisti."—"Hail and farewell, O good Mother! Live in God, mindful of us thy children whom thou hast brought forth to the Divine Heart." *Ave* is the salutation of those who meet; *vale* the salutation of those who part. Some of us have just come to know for the first time a little about this great soul; and now for the present we must part from her. "Hail and farewell, O good Mother!" A good mother, indeed, she has been to her children, and she will heed their entreaty by being mindful of them and not forgetting them, now that she lives in God; and not only her religious daughters, but also all the thousands of children who, being entrusted to *their* care, have become her children too. Nay, good mother, your loving solicitude must *now* stretch beyond your own world-wide family. When the silence of death was on her for two or three days before death came, she retained her full consciousness to the last, and they asked her to give some sign that she blessed those who were kneeling by her death-bed. This she did eagerly; but when her blessing was craved for the physicians who attended her, she shrank from giving it, for her humility refused to think that she had a right to bless any but those of her own household. Her heart

is larger *now*, for now she is nearer to the Heart of Jesus. She will not now refuse to bless us also; she will pray for us all; and may her prayers and the memory of the sweet and humble heroism of her life draw us all in life and in death nearer to that adorable Heart in which she sought her strength on earth and in which she has found her repose in heaven, where with the God of her heart she "liveth for ever and her reward continueth for ever."

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### VIEYRA.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

THE celebrated Portuguese preacher, Father Antony Vieyra, might with great advantage be presented in an English dress; not that he is a model in every respect for modern preachers, though many would find it their profit to tread largely in his footsteps. While his faults or peculiarities are obvious, they may be said to be chiefly those of his time, whereas his force, his vigour and lively mode of dealing with his subject are all his own. Vieyra lived during the prevalence of a false taste, which often led even men of power to sacrifice simplicity to effect, and to entertain their hearers with unexpected turns of thought and phrase. In preachers of an inferior stamp, this artificial method greatly diminished the influence for good which a more downright and apostolical dealing with the eternal truths might have secured. We have testimony of this from two such independent witnesses as Fénelon and the author of *Fréd Gerundio*. That Vieyra himself was sensible of the extent and gravity of the evil, is proved by his own sermon, which stands as XXI. in the Italian volume.\* Nor would the reader find this great preacher indulging in mere ingenuities, still less in facetiæ, for their own sake. Whether we may judge him to have been sufficiently restrained or not in the use of such methods of awakening or sustaining attention, he always keeps his one high purpose in view. His quips, and tropes, and oddities, are simply means to an end. Dulness, at least, could never be attributed to his sermons, as would be plain to the reader at a first glance. Of how many volumes could the same be said, composed, it may be, more strictly by the rules known to teachers of rhetoric, and the dictates of a fastidious taste?

\* "The Word of God without fruit," preached in the Chapel Royal at Lisbon, in 1685. The Italian volume is referred to at the middle of p. 564 of the present notice.

Vieyra was born at Lisbon, the 6th February, 1608. His parents were noble, and of Portuguese extraction, but had previously emigrated to Brazil; and it was there that he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of fifteen. His life oscillated between the two continents of Europe and South America, and occupied nearly the whole of the century; for he died at *Bahia Todos os Santos* (the Bay of All Saints), in 1697. So marked were his talents for eloquent expression, that, scarcely two years after, he was employed by his Superiors to write the Annual Letters sent home from the Brazilian province. Twenty years after his entrance into religion he was destined to return again to his native Portugal, where his sermons at once placed him at the head of its preachers. Courtied alike by princes and populace, he yet remained the simple, humble, zealous missionary and religious that he was before. The King,\* who knew his general abilities, of which the *copia dicendi* was only one department, sent him on various negotiations to France, England, and the Low Countries. He also went to Rome, where he drew great attention by his sermons in Italian: a language he had mastered as well as French and Spanish. Queen Christina desired to secure him for her confessor: but this was an employment for which Father Vieyra felt no ambition. His strong attraction had always been to the work of conversion among the savages in Brazil, to whom he solicited that he might be allowed to return. One who had permitted the world to cling round his heart in its most seductive form, of cultivated hearers and disciples impressed by his personal ability while they received from him the word of life, would hardly have made such a request. It was granted; and Vieyra returned to Brazil in the autumn of 1652, evangelising the territories of various tribes,† and winning at each step a multitude of souls. He must, therefore, have added a knowledge of the Indian dialects to his acquisition of the European. Worn out at length by labour, and afflicted with loss of sight, Father Vieyra came to reside at *Bahia Todos os Santos*, in the cathedral of which place he had previously announced some plain home truths. Indeed, the uncompromising boldness with which he attacked ungodliness and corruption, wherever it was to be found, whether in courts or in colonies, is one of the most obvious characteristics of his remarkable sermons. He might say, with the Psalmist: "I spoke of Thy testimonies before kings; and I was not ashamed." One cannot but draw a suggestive and melancholy contrast between this apostolic boldness in the chapel royal at Lisbon and the cotemporary utterances in that of St. James', where, before Charles II. and his careless court, South was delivering his platitudes, rendered all the more conspicuous by the vigour of his wit.

\* Either John IV., Alfonso VI., or Pedro II., to all of whom F. Vieyra seems to have been court preacher.

† Their names may be found in Moreri's *Dict. Historique*, art. *Vieyra*.

In the retirement of his later years, however, Vieyra was not idle; having received an obedience from the Father-General to complete his *Clavis Prophetarum*, which he had begun some time before. This he effected with the assistance of another religious of the Society. Father Vieyra died, July 18, 1697, in his 90th year. The inhabitants of Bahia testified their sense of his loss by a public funeral. His remains were borne to the grave by the Governor of Brazil, the Bishop of St. Thomas, and other personages of note. But, while it is not out of place to record of him, as of the Saints, that his "body is buried in peace," it is far more to the purpose to which his life was devoted, that his "name liveth for evermore." It lives, even among human documents, in the numerous sermons which he has left behind him; far more in the records of eternity, by the numberless conversions he effected, from heathen darkness, or from baptised sin.

His sermons were printed in their original Portuguese, at Lisbon, in twelve volumes. The date of those published extends from 1673 to 1693. Their diction, as well as the striking thoughts that stamp them as the productions of no ordinary mind, has rendered them classical in the literature of his native country. They were translated into Spanish, "by the licentiate, Louis Ignatius,"\* and printed at Madrid in twenty-one volumes, 1711-1715. Again, in 1718, his *Sermones e discursos varios* were published at Lisbon. An Italian version of forty-one out of the whole number is due to Father Vieyra's friend and fellow-missioner, F. Mamiani della Rovere, of the Society of Jesus.

Our readers will be interested by the following sample of this great preacher's style. It is not, perhaps, the most characteristic, but it happens to be at hand. The title of his sermon is: "The love of our enemies, upheld against the repugnance of nature." After a striking exordium, in which he admits the difficulty of the precept, he proceeds thus:—"We, Christians, who profess the Gospel, we who believe and adore it, how do we keep it on this point? We manifest our public hates, and our secret ones we do not conceal; yet it was to us our Lord spoke, when he said, '*Ego autem dico vobis*:' for then He was proclaiming His law, and teaching all men the way to be Christians. But men's contempt of this especial precept has reached such a point, that while they hold the law in honour, they consider it dishonourable to observe it. If we were true Christians, this precept would cease to exist, for there would be no enemies towards whom to exercise it. This is what Tertullian lays down, when he says: 'The Christian is no one's enemy.' It would have been better said: 'There is no enemy for a Christian.' But our Lord, who well knew

\* Moreri, *ut supra*.

the perverse tendencies of man's nature, and in His own experience first made essay of this repugnance, this difficulty of His own commandment, implies that enemies will never be wanting: *Diligite inimicos vestros.*

"There is a host, then, in the field, drawn up in battle array against the truth and reasonableness of this precept; divided into three squadrons, though uniform in tactics and design. Under the standard of the natural law, there are the heathen; under the tables of the written law, the Jews; under the Cross and the law of grace, Christians: in a word, the whole human race. And at the head of this numerous host, that Philistine giant, Goliath, defying the opposite forces, vaunting and proclaiming his cause. Who is this? That self-same natural human Reason, his breast armed with the breast-plate Difficulty, his head with the helmet Impossible, arguing, proclaiming with all his might as follows:—

"(And now mark, I beseech you, and see whether I, the defendant, who am to answer him, shall undervalue, or state too feebly, or hide, or pass over any of the arguments by which my adversary may oppose and try to overcome me.)

"'Can it be then,' says Reason, in the guise of ourselves, or ourselves in the guise of Reason,—'can it be that I am bound to love one who hates me? to wish well to one who does me all the harm he can? to do honour to him who slanders me? to heap favours on him who persecutes me? not to avenge myself on him who insults me? Is this poor heart of clay, this heart of mine, to be supposed capable of doing all this? Mountains tremble and part asunder, the sea deserts its bed, the winds rave, the clouds hurl their thunderbolts, the heavens grow black and turbid; the great world is ready to go to pieces by the force of four insensate, inanimate gases; and a vessel, narrow, high-strung, sensitive, as the human heart, shall this be capable of containing and harmonising things so contrary to each other? Soul and body! what answer can you give to this precept? Call an assembly of the constituents that make up the commonwealth, the microcosm, of man; summon into council all his faculties, his senses; let each and all of them obtain a hearing; for it is their common cause. What say they? All of them resist, they protest, they are in commotion, in turmoil; all of them unite; they come to one common resolution to hate an enemy, to work his ruin. The memory forgets nothing, but faithfully recalls the affront; the understanding weighs the gravity of the outrage; the imagination paints the offence in the liveliest colours; the will commands and determines upon revenge. The heart bounds, the breast heaves, the colour changes, the eyes flash fire, the teeth are ground, the lips are foaming, the tongue is gnawed, the choler is inflamed, the blood boils, the

breathing pants; and feet, and hands, and arms—all is indignation, venom, and fire.\*

“And this battle is animated and intensified by the trumpet of Fame and Reputation, that proclaims throughout the entire field that such conduct is a point of honour. The whole world is enlisted on the side of hatred and revenge; the world commands it, determines it, establishes it by law. Above all, the supreme tribunal of Reason approves it. “Friend of my friend, foe of my foe,” is a phrase that has a sound of justice, desert, proportion, equality. Again, Almighty God Himself condemns my enemy, simply because he is my enemy. Now, if He condemns and hates him, why am I to love him?”

This *Why* the preacher sets himself to answer; and answers it triumphantly.

## NEW BOOKS.

I. *Folk Lore of Guernsey and Sark.* By LOUISA LANE CLARKE.  
(Guernsey: E. Le Lievre. 1880.)

YOUTHFUL students of geography are aware that Alderney and Sark come at the tail of the Channel Islands. The name of Alderney is secured from oblivion by its cows; but what adult Christian ever mentions Sark? Yet Sark is not unknown to literature. The *Cornhill Magazine* in its best time—Thackeray's time—devoted a pleasant paper to the record of “A Week's Imprisonment in Sark;” and in Mr. Swinburne's very last volume, “The Garden of Cymodoce” is, we believe, a poetic rhapsody in praise of the scenery of Sark and its surrounding sea. Mrs. Lane Clarke, who before gave the world her “Recollections of Sark” has, in the present volume, made a very agreeable collection of the stories and legends and curious customs that lurk in the island homesteads. In the appendix some specimens are given of Guernsey patois. For one of these—*au couain du faeu*—the author gives as the French equivalent *auprès du feu*; but is it not simply a phrase with which Emile Souvestre and the Intermediate Examinations have familiarised a good many of our young people—“Au Coin du Feu?”

\* The author is describing hatred as it would be manifested among the impulsive children of the South; and it need hardly be said that sins against charity, and even mortal ones, might reign in the heart and will, yet not be evidenced by such outward transports of passion.

- II. *Unpublished Essay on Education by Dr. Doyle.* With Explanatory Remarks by W. J. FITZPATRICK, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

MR. ALFRED WEBB'S "Compendium of Irish Biography," full, terse, and fair, is the most valuable addition of late years to Irish literature. That work and the subject of which it treats owes much to the long series of original biographies of Irishmen for which we are indebted to the unflagging zeal and energy of Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick. Perhaps the most interesting of that series is the "Life of Dr. Doyle," of which a new and enlarged edition has been issued and was noticed briefly in our last Number.\* The interest he naturally feels in the great bishop for whose fame he has done so much has led Mr. Fitzpatrick to publish an unfinished tract of his on the "interminable education question." It regards, indeed, a long bygone stage in the history of that question which, under certain aspects, is still very far from being satisfactorily settled for the Catholics of Ireland. This curious fragment has been annotated by Mr. Fitzpatrick with his usual careful thoroughness.

- III. *The Legend of the Best Beloved, and other Poems.* By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. (New York: P. O'Shea. 1880.)

IN an early volume of this Magazine we introduced to our readers "Out of Sweet Solitude," a collection of poems by an Irish-American lady, Eleanor Donnelly. Miss Donnelly has since then contributed more than one poem to our own pages, the last being contained in the preceding Number. Her newest volume has many attractions besides its high intrinsic merit. Nothing can be more sumptuous than the paper and all the material adornments; and the profits are to be given by the Publisher, without any deduction, to the relief of Irish distress. The work itself is dedicated "with the love and reverence of the Authoress to the People of Ireland, great in their faith and their afflictions, and to whom it has been granted, more than to any other Christian nation, to resemble the Heart of Jesus in its poverty, its sufferings, and its humiliations."

It is quite impossible for us to give at present any adequate sample of this Muse who hails from the City of Brotherly Love. Our choice might fall on such sweet, thoughtful, and well-reasoned pieces as "The Apostolate of the Weak" or else "Erat Subditus Illis." Miss Donnelly's tone of religious sincerity has made some compare her to Adelaide Proctor; but her writings want not only the fortunate external circumstances, but also many of the internal qualities which have combined

\* The writer of that notice charged the biographer with "omitting nothing"—which manifestly meant that he had included sundry matters that in the reviewer's judgment would have been better omitted. One of those things was prefaced by a remark which, applied in its full extent, would seem to justify a revival of antique scandals; but the reviewer expressly stated that this was not carried out in practice.



to secure such a wonderful popularity for the "Legends and Lyrics" of Barry Cornwall's daughter.

IV. *Intermediate School Texts.* (Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1880.)

MR. O'BYRNE CROKE, M.A., has edited, in a neatly printed shilling volume, twenty of Bacon's wonderful essays, selected according to the programme of the next Intermediate Education Examinations of 1881. The Introduction is brief and good, and the notes seem to be useful and sufficiently numerous. The same Editor's notes to the selected portions of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" are rather scanty, but the Introduction makes amends by its fulness. One of the notes is particularly necessary. A certain man revealed a plot against Pizarro's life to his confessor who (says Prescott) "lost no time in reporting it." One would think this was meant to convey that the seal of confession was broken. Mr. Croke discovers that the very historian whom Prescott gives as his authority states expressly that the conspirator went to the priest for the purpose of getting him to give warning.

Mr. Arthur Patton has edited very carefully, with very numerous and pithy annotations, the two first cantos of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

V. *Mission of the Zambesi.* By the REV. A. WELD, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS highly interesting narrative is a continuation of Father Weld's account of the enterprise in which a band of Jesuit missionaries is at this moment engaged, trying to introduce the Christian faith in the unexplored regions towards the centre of the African continent. We who are striving to serve God at home in less difficult ways ought at least to take an interest in the more heroic efforts and sufferings of other children of that Church whom we love as our Mother. With regard, therefore, to the present publication we address to our readers the only Matabele word with which we are acquainted—*tengela*, "buy it," especially as it is sold for the benefit of the Mission.

VI. *Pictures and Songs.* By THOMAS IRWIN. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

WE turned over lately the pages of an old *Dublin University Magazine* as far back as 1853, and we read again with interest the first poem that bore Mr. Irwin's initials—"The Forge"—which has been printed in our own pages in one of the papers devoted to this true poet. A vivid word-picture that was; and, as he began with word-painting, so this newest volume is both in name and in reality a collection of pictures. There are many pieces which most readers would gladly omit, many pieces unsatisfactory, we think, both in matter and form—not that any wrong or disagreeable topic is alluded to, but there is a

want of purpose, earnestness, conviction, which even in the most dreamy unrealities of the poet ought not to be absent. But there are plenty of poetic images, and vivid pictures. We cannot afford space at present to do justice to the book by full specimens of many *genres* represented in it; and therefore we deem it fairer to give none.

VII. *The Little Lamb*. Translated from the French by M. E. W. GRAHAM. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THIS is a pretty story, though of course the various catastrophes happen somewhat too glaringly in the nick of time, the little fishes (or the little girls) talk very like whales, and the big people speak too much blank verse in the bosom of their families. Nevertheless, in many respects "*The Little Lamb*" is above the average of moral tales for children, and Miss Graham's part is above the average of translations from the French.

VII. *New Ascetic Books*. (Various Publishers.)

F. M. gives us under the name of "*Loretto Flowers*" (M. H. Gill & Son) a translation of a series of short meditations on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Dom Silvano Razzi seems to have been an Italian Benedictine of the 16th century. It is very pious, no doubt; but very few books of the kind bear well the literal process of translation to which these "*Loretto Flowers*" have been subjected. The same remark applies to the translation of Father Lancicius' "*Preparation before, and Thanksgiving after Holy Communion*" (M. H. Gill & Son), but not to that of Mgr. de Ségur's "*Practical Counsels for Holy Communion*," of which the same Publishers have brought out a new edition. This very pleasing little treatise for children is charmingly recommended to the children of Ferns by their late holy bishop, Dr. Furlong.

We may mention in this paragraph Messrs. Burns & Oates' publication of the noble discourse which Father Burke preached in the London church of the Jesuits on the late feast of St. Ignatius. The first half gives a most vivid sketch of the Saints' career, while the second describes very graphically in outline the story of the Society of Jesus, as far as that story has yet gone. What shall its next chapter contain?

A New York publisher, Mr. P. O'Shea, has forwarded to us a copy of a little book of some fifty small pages, containing compendious Meditations and Considerations for a Three Days' Retreat. It is by a Sister of Mercy and intended for the use of religious. It is very good.

Messrs. Burns & Oates have brought out in an exceedingly neat form a new and accurate version of the text, the mere text of St. Ignatius's "*Spiritual Exercises*." One is tempted to ask in reference to it the often mistranslated question, *cui bono*? It is not easy to determine for what class of readers this translation has been published. Certainly

not for ordinary exercitants; and those competent to use the book in this form would prefer it, we should think, in the Latin.

Father Anderdon, S.J., has just published through Messrs. Burns & Oates and Messrs. Gill & Son a very complete manual of the beautiful and solid Devotion of the Way of the Cross, prefixing a very interesting history of the *Via Crucis*, and using Mr. Aubrey de Vere's version of the *Stabat Mater* in the prayers recited at each Station. Dr. Rawes has also published a tiny book of prayers for the same devotion (Burns & Oates.)

We can only mention here a pretty book published by Messrs. Duffy & Sons, which applies to our deceased friends the plan of those birthday-books which are so popular. It is called "Ora pro nobis," and gives a text or quotation for each day of the year, leaving a blank on the opposite page for the names of those, the anniversary of whose death occurs on that day.

IX. *The Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, Bishop and Doctor of the Church.* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THERE are few exercises of pious zeal more desirable than the multiplication of short and handy lives of those saints whose example is especially useful to various classes of Christians. This is an excellent Life of St. Alphonsus, clear and very full and exact, considering its narrow limits; but it is a translation, though a good translation, and the numbering of the paragraphs has a very formal look. It will be very useful for the numerous clients of St. Alphonsus; but it leaves room still for an attractive little Life of the Saint, such as many of his English children are admirably qualified to write for us.

X. *Life of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Joint Foundress and First Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec.* By a Religious of the Ursuline Community, Blackrock, Cork. (Dublin: J. Duffy & Sons.)

If Marie Guyart, who was born at Tours nearly three hundred years ago, had chosen the services of the world and not the service of God, her Life would not be now published in Dublin in a volume of 350 pages. This is one of the ways in which those who seek first the kingdom of heaven find often to their surprise "all these other things added unto them." But again her life, interesting and edifying as it is and full of variety, might never have been presented to us in English if she had not joined the religious order which Nano Nagle introduced into Ireland. The Ursulines of Blackrock, Cork, have rendered good service to Catholic literature; and their last volume is, perhaps, the most attractive. Mother Mary of the Incarnation laboured for God chiefly in Canada; and God knows how far the labours of her and her children have contributed to keep Canada so Catholic to this day. "A

glance at Canada as it was in the days of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation" is the subject of a very useful introductory chapter; and the last pages are devoted to a slight sketch of the history of the old Monastery of Quebec, which was built two hundred and forty years ago and is still flourishing, being only twice rebuilt meanwhile. There is a wonderful variety of instructive and edifying incidents described in a very interesting manner in the twenty-seven chapters which intervene between the two we have mentioned. Many recent miracles seem to testify to God's wish that his humble handmaid should yet receive the public honours of the Church.

#### XI. *Other recent Publications.* (Various Publishers.)

WE are forced to wait another month before introducing fully to the attention of our readers the second and concluding volume of the Rev. Thomas Meyrick's "Lives of the Early Popes" (R. Washbourne.) Among the recent publications of the Gaelic Union the smallest and cheapest is Part II. of the First Book of Lessons in Gaelic by J. E. N.

From Chicago has come to us an eloquent and fine-spirited Address delivered by Mr. William Onahan at the laying of the corner stone of Marquette College at Milwaukee on the last Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. *Florate!*

## NO ROOM!

THE APPEAL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.\*

BY HELENA CALLANAN.

"There was no room for them."—LUKE, i. 7.

GOD pity all the waifs and strays who throng our streets this Christmas night,  
And find no place in loving hearts, for whom no home or hearth is bright;  
But they who blotted from their souls the impress fair of faith and love,  
And left the pure, sweet ways of life, should most of all our pity move.

Where are they now, those twenty-one?—poor hapless sisters, where are they?—

Cast back upon their awful past, to tread again their guilty way;  
Back to a cold and heartless world, with sorrow and despair so rife;  
Perchance back to the waters deep, to end in sin their sinful life.

\* The following entry was made recently in the Diary of the Good Shepherd Convent in this city: "Twenty-nine penitents applied for admission during the last two months, for want of funds eight only of these have been taken in."—*Cork Examiner*, Dec. 4, 1879.

The Shepherd called his wandering sheep to hide them in his shelter-  
ing arms,  
They heard his voice so wondrous sweet; He drew them by his tender  
charms

Out of the darkness into light, the light of his own gracious face;  
The heart that broke upon the cross had still for them a resting-place.

Full often in their early days He fed them with the living bread;  
He longed to gain the hearts again for which his own so freely bled.  
They saw the wounded hands and feet, the virgin flesh scourged for  
their sin;

They knocked at his own door, and yet we opened not to let them in.

His love had sought and found them out, in humble penitence and  
tears;

They came, poor weary prodigals, here to forget their blighted years.  
O Lord! 'twas hard to bid them go, when they would fain thy mercy  
seek,

To send the pleaders from our gates with broken heart and spirit weak.

O trembling Babe in Mary's arms! let thy low wailing once again  
Re-echo in man's heart, and plead for those who strive to break the  
chain

That fetters them to earth and sin, though they could once their sphere  
adorn

With souls as pure and free from taint as those who pass them by  
with scorn.

Fond Mother, when your little ones to-night shall cluster round your  
knee,

Lisping their Christmas carols sweet, with happy innocence and glee,  
Think of the homeless, friendless ones for whom the gulf is yawning  
wide:

Once they rejoiced at Bethlehem, and sorrowed with the Crucified.

To-night the Christmas chimes proclaim the lowly birth of Mary's Son;  
Oh! by the love that brought thus low, from heaven's bright throne  
the holy One,

Help them ere yet it be too late, to taste and see the Lord is sweet,  
To call him Father once again, and let their tears fall at his feet.

Help them for our sweet Mother's sake, the pearl of our poor fallen  
race—

Her Mother's heart will hear their plaint, and from their path dark  
evil chase;

And for the Magdalen's dear sake, who watched the tomb where Jesus lay  
That Easter morn, lest cruel men should steal her buried love away.

Ah! surely 'tis a noble work to rescue souls from direst woe,  
For, be their sins as scarlet red, can God not make them white as snow?  
And bright your generous deeds shall shine when, trembling in the  
King's pure sight,

You'll read engraven on his heart the record of this Christmas night.

## MISTAKEN :

A STORY OF THE ZULU WAR.

BY JOSEPHINE M. BLACK.

**A**S a rule, we resent the charge of "not knowing our own mind," as an aspersion on the strength and force of our character; but such is a mistake; and it is indubitable how frequently the most reliable and reliant characters have found instances where time and circumstances alone proved to them the truth and the whole truth.

Mary Tredgold did not know the true state of her own mind or heart about four years ago, when Frank Penruth left England for South Africa; and it took a considerable impetus, indirectly brought about by no less a personage than Cetawayo himself, to show it to her, and yet hers is a rarely determined character. But she has given me permission to amuse our readers with the little tale, and so I proceed.

She had grown like a beautiful wild flower on a desolate spot of the coast of Cornwall. Her father was one of those gentle, unambitious beings who are content to live out their guileless lives in the old homestead, heedless of the flight of time, with its many changes—its raising of the lowly, or levelling of the lofty; heedless, too, of the fact that each generation advances in its requirements, and that something is needed now-a-days besides a roof to cover one, and substantial meals to eat; and Mary's future did not promise a perfect security for even these. He had wedded his first love, and settled down with her in the old home, where sire and grandsire had dwelt before him, and he concluded, if he thought about the matter at all, that his only daughter, when her turn came, would do likewise.

Mary picked up an education as best she could—from her mother, from the village schoolmistress, from the books in their small but well-chosen library. And this last was the most important item; for as she read, her soul awakened, and her rare talents began to show themselves. Heroes and heroines of history would weave themselves in with the scenes around her, where the waves rippled and gleamed in the sunlight, or dashed in thunder against the cliffs in the storm, and where long stretches of woodland reddened in the golden glow of the setting sun. The house stood up a little way from the cliffs. There was no other house in sight. It was pretty and homelike on close inspection, but looked desolate enough from the sea. Pleasure-seekers, passing in excursion steamers, and suffering from a dearth of topics of conversation, speculated as to what would pay anyone to live

in so lonely a spot. But it was a dear and happy home to her who looked out at them from the low, broad window-sill, weaving artistic fancies of galleys bearing old Saxon kings to their court in Falmouth.

At last an aunt paid a visit to the lone spot, and discovered her pretty niece and a portfolio, which told her that she had found an artist. She ended by carrying Mary to London with her, and so we met.

How well I remember the day when she came into the Kensington Museum, bearing herself with such reserve and coldness, so that only a slight hurry in her movements told, what I afterwards found to be the case, that she was intensely shy. As she passed down the room, I thought how graceful, but how almost impertinently self-possessed she was; and she was thinking, meanwhile, how awkward and countrified these London girls must think her. She wore a dress of black velvet and a broad velvet hat, with a scarlet bird in front. Her dress was by no means fashionable, and yet there was an evident attempt to make her appearance so. Her brown hair was rolled into as small a "knot" as its luxuriance would admit of; a fashionable lace ruff made the round throat look rounder and whiter; and a curly "fringe" lay on the low, broad forehead. I thought that in that forehead and in the straight look of the gray eyes, and about the determined lines of the pretty mouth, lay promise of great intellect. though circumstances had kept it somewhat dormant as yet. I was interested, and when I am interested I invariably inquire further. I inquired further in Mary's case, and consequently we became fast friends. I say consequently, for no one could come in the guise of a friend to Mary's heart without finding a rare gem of talent and enthusiasm, with a sweet, almost childish innocence and freshness, rarely found in one of her years, and born of the circumstances of her birth and training.

No wonder that Frank Penruth fell a victim to the flower-like charms of my new friend.

Several little circumstances had fostered the growth of our friendship, and when we parted at the end of the session, it was with the understanding that she was to come to me on a visit in the autumn, for our homes proved to be only some fifteen miles distant. Mary's year at Kensington showed a progress rarely known in the somewhat tedious study of painting; mine showed sufficient mediocrity of merit to content my father, who declared that his children should have no smatterings, with a view to which he had us educated at a series of academies intended for professionals—a system which, *en passant*, I commend to all my readers.

There was something absolutely refreshing in Mary Tredgold's genuine enjoyment of every attempt at dissipation offered her in our quiet though once stately old home, and I assure you our gaiety was

of the tamest and most unsophisticated character. She was full of character and imagination. She had read quite enough of romance to be ardent and loving, though she had never poisoned the source of thought in her sweet nature by a taste for feverish weekly publications. Miss Muloch and Holme Lee, with, of course, the immortal Dickens, were her ideals of novelists; and Miss Muloch has a delightful way of making one feel better when laying down her books than we were when taking them up; and this is a decided advantage over many other hours of enjoyment not filled, perhaps, as fully as her books will do. It was the romance of such as these which found its way to Mary's heart, and she was perfectly fresh to the world.

I delighted in seeing her enjoy herself. I strove to furnish each day with such entertainment as lay within my power, and in my worthy endeavours I was ably seconded by my cousin, Frank Penruth. Frank was taking the full of his last summer at home—for years or for ever it remained for time to prove. He grudged each bright day its passage; but he had fixed his mind on South Africa, and looked upon it as his destination, from a certain date, some four years ago, when circumstances proved to him beyond doubt that he was losing his youth and endangering his future fortunes by remaining at home, unless in the event of a certain turn of circumstances, which had too much of "waiting for dead men's shoes" about it to please him.

Who can tell how we hoard and, as it were, dole out to ourselves, those last days in a happy home which we are about to leave, not knowing when and how we shall return? The morning beauty about the old place, with the delicious freshness in the air and the indescribably dewy shadows lying under the old trees on the lawn, rouse slumbering remembrances of the happy days gone by. We watch the evening shadows grow long, and listen to the mellow songs of wild birds, as with pathetic pauses in their solemn hymn they sing to the dying day; and when we turn indoors at last, it is, perhaps, to listen to the mother's voice singing sweet old songs; and the tears come to our eyes with the thought of how long it may be ere we hear that voice again.

For Frank, Mary Tredgold threw a glamour about that last summer that made her seem different to him from anyone he had ever known or was ever likely to know. She saw at once how she had pleased him. At first she looked upon him as one of the many little conquests which, small as her experience was, had been hers: for Mary was strangely attractive; and then she began to see the true depth of his character and the consequent depth of his love for her. Her heart seemed to find rest in that love, and in a little time she would have been truly devoted to him. She was fond of admiration, and so far she had merely taken admiration for what it was worth, and enjoyed it; but her heart was untouched. Real love shown for her awoke a sort of



gratitude in her warm heart. Circumstances might have fanned this at any time into a sort of love, or circumstances might have awakened what was still slumbering—all the depth of truth and passionate love of which her soul was capable. But hers was a soul which sorrow and adversity alone could ripen to full perfection, and her liking for Frank laid but the germs of the latter. One day, shortly before Frank went to South Africa, and about two before the termination of Mary's visit to Polnith Towers, we went on one of our favourite pic-nics, starting about ten o'clock in the morning, and returning, when the shadows had grown long, to a merry country-dance in the evening. Mary came into my room just before we started, looking so very pretty that I guessed how it would be with my favourite cousin. She was dressed in her favourite colour, black, a pretty combination of silk and cashmere. A net ruff about her fair throat, a white feather in her black hat, and a bright-coloured flower with her brooch: these formed Mary's ideas of being "a great swell," and she would describe so quaintly how much cheaper it was to dress like a lady in black than in any other colour. To-day was added a little white bonnet trimmed with lavender, and I blessed her pretty face, she looked so very sweet, and young, and fresh; and when she laughed and showed the white teeth within her red lips, I thought of Frank, and sighed a bit as I turned to the glass to pin my collar.

There were broad woods about the beautiful demesne which we had chosen for our pic-nic, and in the afternoon Mary and I were fain to measure statures against the trunks of the old trees. Mary stood with a demure look on her clever face, her pretty brown head just clearing the branch where I had stood by a fair inch. A cry was raised that she was smaller than I, causing her to protest in her pretty, and, I fear, coquettish way, and ending with her drawing the branch down to her pretty head. Then clapping on the little white bonnet she scampered after us, leaving Frank behind. I looked back. It was but momentary, but I saw him stoop and softly kiss the still swaying branch which had rested on her head. As I turned, I met Mary's look fixed on the same spot as mine, but I made no remark. That night they stood side by side in one of our old bow-windows, feeling that it was their last together. In her heart dwelt the remembrance of that act of his under the trees. In his lay the thought of the barrier that lay between him and his great, true love, tempered with many a little act and look of hers, which told him that the prize so well worth winning might be his by-and-by.

No engagement was entered into in that short interview, for he felt that he was not yet in a position to ask her to bind her fate to his. Enough was said, however, to send her away from him with a grave face, and the belief that she had won a heart that would never change; and women have waited years for such a man, on such a

belief. Next day she left us, and three days afterwards Frank sailed for Natal.

Three years soon sped their course. I was married, and my husband, Surgeon Stanmore, was quartered with the 41st in Plymouth. Mary and I were still fast friends. She had succeeded admirably in her profession as an artist, and was now regularly employed by one of the leading illustrated magazines. Many comforts had she brought to her old home, and land which her father had seen with sorrow passing into the hands of strangers was being gradually redeemed by her pencil. She had been working a little too hard lately, and was in search of rest and a holiday with me in Plymouth. We had strolled up to the citadel, and were perched on the low wall, enjoying the view. It was a soft day in May, and that beautiful harbour was looking its prettiest and gayest. Mary looked out over the bright water with a pensive expression that sometimes gathered in her gray eyes. The last two years had changed her from a growing girl to a woman, and a handsome woman. Contact with the world had removed the almost repellent stiffness of manner which her shyness caused of old. She was wonderfully improved. As I watched her, my thoughts wandered away to certain cares of my own.

"Mattie, dear," cried Mary's voice, "how anxious you look. What is the matter?"

"I was thinking of news that I heard last night, and was waiting for a favourable moment to tell it to you," I answered. "My husband is ordered to South Africa, and you know, Mary dear, active service is always anxious work."

"O Mattie! why did you not tell me sooner?" she cried. "When does he go?—when was he ordered?—are you to go with him?"

In all my anxiety I smiled at the torrent of questions.

"We had the news last night," I answered, "and he is to start within a month. Charlie is delighted. He complains of the slowness of promotion at home, and has visions of distinction in active service. In fact I slightly suspect him of having volunteered. I shall go with him and keep with him as much as possible. I could not consent to it otherwise. And now," I went on, "I have a proposition to make to you, Mary. I confess there is a large ingredient of self in it, but there is also serious consideration for your welfare. It is that you apply to some of the illustrated papers for an order for sketches at the seat of war, and come with us. You see," I went on, hurriedly, determined not to notice her utter astonishment at the boldness of the proposal, nor the deep flush which flowed duskiely over her face, tingeing even her brow and the roots of her hair, nor still less the kindling expression which followed in its course—"you see you would be well paid for such work. The sea voyage would, I am sure, be useful for your health, which you must confess has not been very good

of late. You would be under our protection all the time; and just think of my happiness in having you! Oh! Mary, dear," I finished, becoming eager, "do you think father and mother would consent?"

She heard me out; and then, as was her invariable refuge when she was deeply moved and wanted to gain time for an answer, made a joke of it, with some reference to being gobbled up by Zulus or marrying Cetawayo, or one of the usual expressions one heard so much of in reference to this country in England during the past year. I intimated that with all their faults or virtues—for I joined in the pretty widely spread sympathy in regard to the Zulus—I had never heard that they were cannibals; and that if her expedition must necessarily end in matrimony, we might meet someone there of a lighter shade, more suitable than his sable majesty, to whom she had just referred. I laid some emphasis on the latter part of my sentence, for I thought of my dear Frank; and well I knew that he would still love her whom he had loved so well. There was silence for a moment. I felt that it was a favourable opportunity to speak of him; as I had long desired to do. The sun had set while we talked, and a sort of hush and calm had fallen over the scene before us. Mary's thoughtful face had taken a softer expression.

"Mary," I said, suddenly, "do you ever think of Frank Penruth? I know he loved you, and am sure if you should come with us we shall find he loves you still. Come, show me your usual confidence, and tell me if you have ever so little a place for him in that warm heart of yours."

It was an earnest face that she turned towards me.

"I always think of him," she said; "I always have thought of him as the very best man I ever met, the soul of honour, and one to whom you might trust all you held most dear. I shall be truly glad to see him if I go to South Africa. But seriously, Mattie, I could not tell you whether I have ever loved him or not; and now you have the whole truth, according to my lights."

She wound up her speech with a pleasant little laugh and laid her hand affectionately on mine. A calm, cold expression had stolen over her face, which was not lost on me.

"Talking of Frank," I said, "his mother tells me in her last letter that she has heard a hint of a strange freak of Frank's, namely, to join the volunteer troops out there, simply in the ranks. A young friend of his has joined him in the escapade, through love of adventure and to see the country. I am not altogether surprised at it, with his love of adventure and all kinds of freaks. Of late, too, he has been tolerably successful with his pen, and he would find ample food for it in such a position. His mother looks upon it as terribly *infra dig*. Her letter tells me also that old Sir Francis Penruth is very ill; if he

dies, you know Frank is the heir. Captain Louis Penruth, whom you met at our place last summer, is next of kin, after Frank."

So we chatted on, until, warned by the deepening shadows, we turned homewards, still revolving our South African expedition in our minds. Captain Louis Penruth, of the —th regiment, to whom I have just alluded, was a gentlemanly and highly accomplished man of some thirty-three years of age. His regiment being at this time stationed in Plymouth he spent a great part of his time with us; he was very much interested in Mary and her pursuits. He was no mean artist himself, and had some influence in the literary and artist world, and on our unfolding our plans before him that evening, he promised to use his influence, which, along with her own merits, he felt would be almost certain to secure for Mary the order she desired.

I was not therefore surprised when he told me a few days afterwards that our hopes were realised, and in addition, he brought the information that he had volunteered for the Cape and been accepted.

Mary returned home at once to receive the consent of her parents, as a month must see our little party under weigh. At first the idea seemed fairly to take away their breath. With their old-world ideas, it was truly amazing to hear her calmly discussing how many months of absence might be necessary to enable her to go to the other end of the world and come back again; and then the dangerous nature of the undertaking.

After some days' resistance, however, on their part, and pleading and persuasion on Mary's, they yielded, not desiring to stand in the way of their daughter's ambition, and a joyful note from Mary announced that all was arranged and that she had already commenced her preparations for the voyage.

We were a merry little party, as the good ship — *Castle* steamed away from Plymouth. The scrambling after luggage, the pursuit and persecution of steward and stewardess, the painfully accurate arrangement of boxes and packages to adapt them to the limited accommodation of a cabin, had somewhat subsided, and the terrible experiences attendant on the process known as "getting our sea-legs under us" had not as yet commenced, so that we were in the very mood for enjoying the beauties of scenery presented by the receding shores of the Isle of Wight. Mary was in radiant spirits; everything seemed to delight her. Louis Penruth leaned against the bulwark, and watched her with an expression that was half admiration and half amazement. An hour afterwards I found them in the same position. She, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, describing to him some picture which had suggested itself to her. It was just so that she looked her best. Hitherto she had been a little in awe of him, thinking him wonderfully clever and accomplished, but to-day he had availed himself of her mood to break down the barrier of reserve and

to draw her out a little, and I could not repress a little sigh as I waited the result.

On the night of our call at Madeira, the friendship between them aroused my interest still further. Daylight was already beginning to fail, as the perfume of the breeze told us that we were nearing that nest of verdure and luxuriance. As is the wont of travellers by sea, we all flocked on deck, the moment the faintest suspicion of land was visible, and remained standing there, until after much advancing and retreating, and letting off steam and putting it on again, our good ship finally halted, the town looking picturesque, with its houses showing white in the moonlight. The swarm of boats drew near. Excited natives were amongst us, crying amongst themselves with long, musical syllables and wild gesticulations, whilst they eagerly proffered us "some boat" to take us ashore. I was weary and totally incapable of accepting the offer. In vain I urged that there would be nothing to see at night. I was reluctantly obliged to let Mary, who was full of fun and in, I fear, a somewhat flirting mood, go off through the perfumed moonlight with Louis Penruth, and a gay group of our fellow-passengers, my husband refusing to leave me. I knew that Louis had fallen in love with the girl, and I knew that he would exert all his power to avail himself of the influence which the romantic surroundings would have on her imaginative character, and I wanted to keep her for Frank. They strolled about the curious narrow streets in the warm perfumed air, bought fruit in the stalls, visited the bazaar, bought Madeira wine—in a word, did all that ship travellers, rejoicing in so charming a visit to *terra firma*, generally do. To Mary's untravelled eyes it was all new and delicious. Intense enjoyment was written on her features, when in about an hour and a half they returned, she bearing a pretty Madeira basket filled to overflowing with delicious-looking fruit.

"Well, my dear," I said, as at the hour of 1.30 a.m. we leaned over the side of the vessel and watched the urchins diving for sixpences in the clear water, "you are carrying on a nice flirtation with Louis Penruth. How do you like him?"

"Very much, indeed," she answered, with a mischievous laugh, "he is clever, he is handsome, he is much the nicest man on board. I confess to being a little proud of his attention to me, and he has been making it pretty clear to-night how much he thinks of me."

There was a positive brilliancy on her face as she turned to me in the moonlight, but somehow the expression was by no means as pleasing as that which it wore when discussing the other cousin when we sat on the wall, running round the citadel at Plymouth.

Durban Bay at last. It looked like the land of promise to our weary eyes. The voyage had been pleasant enough. Every effort had been made by the officers to render the journey as enjoyable as

possible. There had been theatricals and a concert, and a very great deal of dancing and flirtation, but we had grown weary of these amusements varied by extreme excitement on the subject of passing vessels. We had wearied of the sea and the monotonous throb of the screw, and the prospect before us seemed to smile on us and bid welcome.

I had clung to the hope that we should meet Frank in Durban. We had written to the address given me by his mother and had telegraphed from Cape Town, but I was doomed to be disappointed. A few lines we found at the house of a mutual friend to beg us to come on up to his farm near Howick. It would be so far on our way, he said, at any rate. Meanwhile he was up-country; he belonged to Captain Wildham's band of irregulars; and it was possible they might be ordered into action any day; but if it were possible to get even a couple of days he would run down to see us. He begged that we would lose no time in pushing on to his place.

This we accordingly did, and arrived there after sufficient jolting in the Maritzburg post-cart, with a subsequent variety in the form of bullock waggons, to make our first impression of South Africa such as one would not desire to be lasting. His was a pretty cottage, with beautiful creepers twining round the pillars of the verandahs, and a profusion of roses and rare plants which would have set the heart of a London gardener throbbing with envy. The evidences of Frank's clever hands and exquisite taste were all around. After great excitement on the part of certain small black umfanes our approach was made known within the building and we were received at the door—oh! joyous sight—by a veritable English housekeeper, an old nurse of Frank's, who had loved him so faithfully as to follow her boy's fortunes to this far repose. The interior of the house showed how beautiful a wooden cottage can be made in South Africa. There was no wealth displayed upon it, but every skin that lay on the oak-stained floor, every fold of the white curtains of Indian muslin, every blossom in the vase of flowers in the middle of the neatly arranged tea-table, had a distinct beauty which went to form a cool picture that was welcome to our tired eyes.

I laughed joyously within me as I watched how Mary's artistic eye took in every point about the place, and I saw that good, calm look of hers on her bright face. Louis Penruth was not of the party. We left him in Durban, where he expected orders directly for the front. In his parting with Mary, he spoke pointedly of his hopes of seeing her again under more favourable circumstances. She seemed to desire to evade anything further at present, but he seemed content with what he read in the face he scanned so closely.

Day followed day, and still Frank did not come to greet us in his home, nor had any sign or message come from him. My husband

waited for orders to be forwarded from Durban, but as yet they had not come.

One morning Mary and I wandered into a little room at the back of the cottage, which had been devoted to the exclusive use of the master of the house. We were beginning to grow anxious about him, but the state of the country, and the chances of a message miscarrying, presented many excuses for his silence; yet we felt that vague uneasiness which such a situation naturally awakened. I began to remark that Mary's heart leaned more and more to Frank as the days went by. His home breathed, at every turning, of the refinement of his character, and the mystery which was gathering round him awoke the slumbering interest in her heart. She was standing by his writing-table this morning toying with a little photograph stand—a small velvet frame with closed doors, on a tiny brass easel. In talking, she opened the door, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. I looked up to see her cheeks dyed with blushes, for her own features looked out at her from the frame. The next moment she laid her cheek against my shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh! Mattie, where can he be!" was all she said.

I drew her close in my arms, but could make her no answer. I too wondered where he could be.

That night the orders came up from Durban that Surgeon Charles Stanmore was to go to a post on the frontier, which had been considered safe enough for a temporary hospital.

In addition came the news that Captain Wildham's corps of volunteers had advanced to Kambula; and this was the cause of Frank Penruth's silence. Ay! truly, "where can he be?" I could see how Frank's image daily gained on the girl's heart, and the influence of Louis Penruth was gradually dying away. He had flattered her vanity, and pleased her fancy in his laughing days on board ship; but the spirit that dwelt in that silent house had aroused an older and a better love. I rejoiced that he had not attempted to ask any promise from her before he left Durban, but I knew he hoped, and that she had awakened so great an interest that he determined to strive to the last to win her; but I did not know how deeply determined he was.

It was agreed that we should remain in Frank's cottage for the present until an opportunity offered for me to join my husband again, and for Mary to get safe access to the scenes required for her sketches.

Another week passed away. My husband's post was as yet a peaceful one, and we heard often enough to prevent uneasiness, but of either Frank or Louis Penruth we heard nothing. Mary and I tried to be happy in the cottage, and dear old Mrs. Maxwell did her best to make us so, though her heart was anxious for her darling boy, as she always called him.

At last, after some three months, during which we felt what three

women must feel in total inaction, in a country agitated in a struggle in which their dear ones are engaged, Louis Penruth came. He had letters and papers with him, and the moment he entered I knew that he was the bearer of bad news. My thoughts flew first to my husband, but his presenting a letter to me from him drove those first terrible fears away, and then I thought of Frank. "Dear Mattie," he said, gently, "your husband is safe—but—but—I hold the list of those killed at Kambula, and——"

"Frank Penruth's name is amongst them?" said a constrained voice at his side.

It was Mary, whose white lips had finished the sentence for him. He bowed his head.

With a slow, straight step she left the room. He looked after her with a strange expression—anxiety, love, terror, all in one.

"And now, Mattie," he said, but more as if he were speaking to himself than to me, "I am Sir Louis Penruth. This letter tells of old Sir Francis' death. Frank would have been next, had he lived. I wish he had if she loves him; but she is growing to love me, and surely now I may win her."

"No," I said, somewhat coldly, "I always knew that she had not forgotten Frank, and this will not be the time to speak."

"But, Mattie," he pleaded, his proud, half-insolent manner quite gone, "do you not believe that in time she would come to love me? You cannot think what she is to me. She is so good, so true, so clever, so different from anyone I have ever known. She could make a great and good man of me, and teach me to make a good use of the wealth that has fallen to me. I would do or dare anything to win her."

He hurried through his speech, still with that air of half-speaking to himself; I was vexed at the selfishness of dwelling on his own love at such a moment; but I hastened to ask for further particulars of my dear, lost cousin.

"But, Louis," I said, "is it certain? Are there not sometimes mistakes in these things? My poor, poor Frank!"

"None," he said, evidently pained at the burst of tears with which I ended, or rather broke through the end of my sentence. "I have taken steps to ascertain. I have seen Surgeon Crump, who has charge of the wounded from Kambula. It is but too certain."

"Surgeon Crump," I said, "he is the gentleman mentioned in this letter from my husband, who is to arrange for Mary's sketches. Is he the most reliable authority on the subject? Then I shall see him." For I longed to hear more of the end of my beloved cousin, though how many who have lost dear ones through war have never had any other word than that one terrible fact—"Dead!" Louis seemed uneasy at the thought of our going towards the scene of action as yet.



"It is not safe," he said. "Crump is at Utrecht, where they have a camp hospital. Surely they would not have you venture so far. In two or three more weeks it may be safe."

He went on to beg of me to plead his cause with Mary.

"Your favourite is now gone, Mattie, dear," he said, "you may as well take me up, and have your dear Mary in our own old Penruth Castle."

It was with some difficulty that I persuaded Mary to see Louis that night, as he begged me to do. He seemed totally unable to convince himself that she was kneeling by the little, white bed in her pretty room, utterly bowed down with grief. That moment had shown her at last the true state of her heart. At last she complied with my request. She saw him. In vain he pleaded, reminding her of all he now held in his hands to offer her. She told him what she had told me, that she only now knew how she truly loved Frank. I remembered afterwards in his defence how Louis looked at her as if he was about to tell her something more; but I had suddenly found how short his time was, and he was obliged to hurry away.

I had never liked him so well, and when we parted. I felt that when time had a little effaced our present grief, I would be glad for him to have my Mary. Almost his last words were a warning not to hurry our departure to Utrecht, as he might be back in a few days and take us there himself. The latter part of my promise I did in part fulfil; for it was nearly a fortnight before, in answer to a message from Surgeon Crump, we found ourselves *en route* for Utrecht. But the first part of my promise, to plead his cause with Mary, I did not keep, from events which transpired thereat. Louis did not return in a few days, his orders prevented that. Little note did we take of the jolting of bullock waggons, or the coarseness of provisions on that sad journey. Mary sat with her sketch-book on her knees, looking drearily before her. She was robed in black from head to foot. In that one fact I read the assurance that her life was to be one *In Memoriam* to him whose true worth she felt she had learned too late.

Surgeon Crump received us at the entrance of the group of tents called his hospital. He was beloved by all with whom he dealt, and his genuine kindness of heart was not wanting in our case. His tent was placed at our disposal, and every comfort which camp life could give he brought around us. That night Mary slept the heavy sleep that so often comes of sorrow, and next morning she rose, looking none the better for it, wan, colourless, with a look of quiet, enduring sorrow about her gray eyes. When the kind surgeon was free from duty to speak with us, we asked him if he could tell us anything further about Frank Penruth.

"I fear not," he said. "I sincerely wish I could do anything to be of comfort to you. His favourite friend and comrade is in the

hospital; but he, poor fellow, will tell you little for a week or so to come. I thought he was sure to die the very night that Captain Penruth was here. He saw the youth I speak of. He was shot beside your cousin, almost at the same moment, but whilst your cousin's shot was fatal, his friend's was a severe bullet wound in the left cheek and shoulder, followed by fever and delirium, which we feared would have ended fatally ere this."

It was towards evening that the Doctor came to tell us he was ready to take us round the hospital, which had been specially arranged for Mary's sketch.

The tears were in our eyes as we looked along the dimly lighted tents where lay the forms around which twined the fibres of many loving hearts. How many of them would ever live to see those dear ones again?

Perhaps my heart was bitter with the sorrow of my recent loss, but I angered against the blundering which had brought all this sorrow about. We have all paid our tribute to the loss of Eugenie's peerless son, because we know his worth, and how dear he must have been to that sorrowing mother's heart; and his loss is typical of many, many such which this very war has brought forth, and which rent the hearts of the bereaved as sorely.

With such thoughts as these in our hearts, we passed up the little hospital. Some becoming convalescent turned pleased looks on us, as if glad to see even such a return to life and civilisation. Some-racked with pain turned on uneasy couches, recking little who was by. Some, still held in the fevered delirium that came from their wounds, lay motionless with shrouded faces or tossed wildly on their narrow beds.

It was amongst these last that our kind guide pointed out one bed beside which he paused, saying: "Here is Greaves, your cousin's Irish friend, who was so seriously wounded when *he* fell."

The head of the sufferer was quite turned away in deep slumber—and yet there was something in its turn that seemed familiar to me. Mary stood beside the bed head in her trailing black dress, her hands clasped listlessly before her. She looked sadly, tenderly, at the sleeping form.

"How calmly he seems to sleep," I faltered.

"Yes," said the kind surgeon; "my hope is that out of this sleep we shall have the first glimpse of consciousness, and then care will bring him round. I wish sincerely, dear madam, that your cousin had been as favourably dealt with."

As he spoke, I had bent still further forward, and the oval of the face hollowed by sickness had met my gaze.

"Doctor," I whispered, "may I see his face?"

Gently he brought the light of a shaded lamp to bear on the sleep-

ing features. Then laying my finger on my lip, I stretched the other hand out, and drew Mary to my side.

The sleeper was Frank Penruth himself.

Would that everyone who had dear friends in the past war could feel the glow of gratitude and joy, which was ours as we sank on our knees beside him. Mary buried her face in the drapery of his poor bed, and wept silently.

By-and-by she rose, her eyes looking the brighter for their tears, and took her place by his bedside.

When he awoke from that calm sleep, his eyes fell upon her, and the one word, "Mary," so calmly spoken, told us that he was given back to us.

Seated between us in his own pretty room, whither we had hastened to take him, as soon as it was in our power, he told us his simple story, some of which had already been given to our more ample questioning.

I was right in my conjecture that love of adventure and desire for information had tempted him to join the volunteers, but he did not desire to take the responsibilities of an officer. He had entered into the affair with a great friend of his, a venturesome young man, and at the setting out they agreed to change names. A day or so after our landing in Africa he met Louis Penruth. He inquired eagerly for us all, and especially for Mary. Louis gave him an account of the journey and particularly of the visit to Madeira, and finally of his own love and hopes, which left him but little doubt that his own love was lost to him, and belonged to Louis Penruth, who, he said, seemed to be deeply attached to her, and was determined to win her. It was almost with pleasure, then, that he was denied the leave to come to see us, and received the almost immediate order to march to Kambula. He felt that it was better not to see Mary, though he longed to do so. He fought side by side with his friend Greaves. At last, in a fatal moment, a ball pierced his friend's heart, with unerring aim, and he fell at his side. "As I bent over him," went on Frank, "I was conscious of a stinging sensation in my cheek and in my left shoulder, but all my thoughts were for him. Next moment I was seized with a deadly faintness—my thoughts flew to this spot, and even at that moment it was a delight to me to remember that Mary was in my home; and then I remembered no more; but Frank Penruth was the name entered amongst the slain, Willie Greaves amongst the wounded."

"But Louis," I cried, "he must have known the truth when he was with us here. This then was the reason he desired to keep us from going to the hospital at Utrecht."

Frank looked very grave for a moment, and then he said gently: "We must not blame him. When he saw me that night, no one thought I should live till morning. With his title and his fortune in his hand, I suppose he thought himself almost secure of gaining this

dear girl," laying his hand on Mary's. "I am aware that his intention was to come afterwards to Utrecht and take away my body."

We never saw Louis Penruth again. He was ordered to the front, and after winning praise and honour by his bravery, he fell at Ulundi. Just before, he wrote a long and beautiful letter to Frank, explaining his conduct, as Frank himself had done.

They are gone home, and it is only last mail that I had the news of their happy marriage.

I shall soon join them, and clasp in my arms my dear new cousin, the Mistress of Penruth Castle.

J. M. B.

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THE DIRGE OF FIONNULA.\*

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

**M**OURNFULLY, O mournfully,  
The waves of Moyle run to the sea ;  
White their lips that ever mutter  
Of a tale they long to utter.  
Softly sleep, my Fionnula !  
Never more thy sad wings trailing,  
Through the rack of tempests wailing,  
Helpless in thine anguish human,  
Weary swan and hapless woman !—  
Fionnula, O Ulula !

Mighty Lir, why hast thou taken  
To thy widowed breast forsaken  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
One to hate thy children tender,  
So that Lucifer may lend her  
Power to steal from thine embraces  
Curling heads and blooming faces ?  
Fionnula, O Ulula !

\* Legend tells how the children of Lir were, by their stepmother, cast under a spell which compelled them to wander, as swans, over the lonely waters of Moyle and the adjoining seas. The sound of the first bell rung for Christian worship in Biré was to release them from their cruel enchantment, which lasted several centuries. Fionnula was the eldest of the flock.

*The Dirge of Fionnula.*

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
 The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
 "Laughing girl, awake so early,  
 Rise and deck thy beauty rarely,"  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
 "Hear my voice that is thy mother's,  
 Rise, and call thy gentle brothers,  
 We will journey all together  
 Through the pleasant summer weather—  
 Fionnula, O Ulula!

"To thy grandsire, lone and agèd,  
 In his distant palace cagèd,  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
 We will travel through the sunshine,  
 You shall kiss him in the moonshine,  
 He will stroke your flowing tresses,  
 Smiling at your young caresses,"  
 Fionnula, O Ulula!

Sullenly and mournfully  
 The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
 "Mother, what is this dark water?"  
 "Let us tarry by it, daughter!"  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
 "In its wilds of lake and river,  
 Tarry thou a swan for ever,  
 All your happy words are spoken,  
 All your girlhood's promise broken,"  
 Fionnula, O Ulula!

"Take thy brothers with thee yonder;  
 So for ever may ye wander"  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
 "Till the sound of sweet bells ringing,  
 Reach your ears, a message bringing;  
 Long your hearts shall burn to hear it,  
 Long 'twill be ere I shall fear it!"  
 Fionnula, O Ulula!

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
 The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
 Eiré's princess, Lir's sweet daughter,  
 Breasts the dark and lonely water;  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)

Three wild swans drift out together,  
Through the blue and sunny weather,  
Drooping wings and heads that languish,  
Sickening with their human anguish—  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

"Oh, my brothers, keep beside me,  
Lest the rolling wave divide me,"  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
"From your tender woe and weakness,  
Little brothers, and your meekness,  
Let my braver eyes behold you,  
And my stronger wings enfold you!"  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
"Here are lilies golden-headed,  
Unto white companions wedded"  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
"Let us rest amid their sweetness—  
No, the curse in its completeness  
Keeps us ever shifting, shifting,  
Three wild swans for ever drifting!"  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

Sluggish years, how slow your motion,  
Rolling in the rolling ocean,  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
To the dirge of Moyle's dark water,  
Breaking over Lir's sad daughter,  
Rising, falling, ebbing, flowing,  
Slowly coming, slowly going—  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

O stormily and mournfully  
The waves of Moyle foam to the sea;  
Winter blasts come forth to meet them,  
Bitterly the whirlwinds greet them,  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)  
Side by side for ever clinging  
'Gainst the tempest, panting, winging,  
Seeking by the lake's white edges  
Shelter 'mid the whistling sedges—  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

*The Dirge of Fionnula.*

Seasons coming, seasons going,  
 Times have changed beyond our knowing,  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Lir hath mourned himself to madness,  
 Death hath ta'en away his sadness,  
 Now another hath his glory,  
 And forgotten is thy story,  
 Fionnula, O Ulula !

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
 The waves of Moyle sob in the sea.  
 Fishers on the green bank yonder,  
 Stay their hands and gaze in wonder  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Where amid the breakers striving,  
 Beaten by the rain-winds driving,  
 Greyly gleam the three together,  
 Phantom creatures, hurrying—whither?  
 Fionnula, O Ulula !

Like our dreams, confused and broken,  
 Pass the years till God hath spoken.  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 From our mountains and our meadows  
 Move at last the morning shadows,  
 Comes the banisher of sadness,  
 Comes the messenger of gladness,  
 Fionnula, O Ulula !

Dreamfully and mournfully  
 The waves of Moyle rock in the sea.  
 Hark, the sound of seraphs singing  
 Like the chime of sweet bells ringing !  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Comes a ship across the ocean,  
 Winged with an angel's motion,  
 Bearing one whose words of wonder  
 Bend the clouds of woe asunder,  
 Fionnula, O Ulula !

Hark, the sound of children singing !  
 Hark, the chime of sweet bells ringing !  
 (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)

See the fair procession filing  
Through the woods and pastures smiling,  
White-robed creatures, loved, forgiven,  
Newly-washed in dews from heaven.

Fionnula, O Ulula!

Peacefully, O peacefully,  
The waves of Moyle sleep in the sea.  
Banners flying, censers swinging,  
Peace on earth brave men are singing,  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)

Holy Patrick, pardon bearing,  
Far in front the cross up-rearing,  
To the winds their Master nameth,  
To the hills their Lord proclaimeth,  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

Ring the bells, O ring them clearly,  
Ring them late and ring them early,  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)

Through the sun and through the shadow,  
O'er the moorland and the meadow,  
Lakes, and streams, and rocky places,  
And the sandy sea-girt spaces!  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
Let the sound go roaming, roaming,  
"Hark, the Lord of love is coming"  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)

Fling it far across the water  
To the ear of Lir's sad daughter;  
Ring it louder, ring it clearer,  
"All ye stricken ones, draw nearer!"  
Fionnula, O Ulula!

Now upon the wave-girt heather  
Saint and flock have knelt together,  
(Softly sleep, my Fionnula!)

O'er the voice of their appealing,  
What is this strange music stealing?  
"'Tis the swan!" a fisher crieth,  
"Swan that singeth while she dieth"—  
Fionnula, O Ulula!



*The Dirge of Fionnula.*

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
 The waves of Moyle run to the sea.  
 Lo ! the phantom three appearing,  
 Far away, yet nearing, nearing,  
     (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Three grey forms with pinions dragging,  
 Winging feebly, panting, flagging,  
 Beaten by the outward breaker,  
 Battling, ever weaker, weaker—  
     Fionnula, O Ulula !

To the shore the waters sweep them;  
 Well may tender spirits weep them,  
     (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Surely these are human creatures,  
 Broken forms and wasted features;  
 On the beach behold them lying,  
 Faintly breathing, slowly dying,  
     Fionnula, O Ulula !

Mournfully, O mournfully,  
 The waves of Moyle run to the sea ;  
 Bathe them in the hallowing water—  
 Lir's brave sons and Lir's sweet daughter  
     (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 Dig the grave, and kindly lay them  
 Where nor waves nor winds affray them,  
 Never more their sad wings trailing  
 Through the rack of tempests wailing,  
     Fionnula, O Ulula !

Plant the cross of Christ above them,  
 Bid the little children love them,  
     (Softly sleep, my Fionnula !)  
 While at eve they cease their playing,  
 Dimpled cheeks together laying,  
 Listening to the wind-bells ringing,  
 "Hark !" they say, "the swans are singing!"  
     Fionnula, O Ulula !

## SS. PERPETUA, FELICITAS, AND THEIR COMPANIONS, MARTYRS AT CARTHAGE, A. D. 203.

By REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

WE lose a good deal, perhaps, of the benefit we might derive from the Saints' lives, by not considering them to have shared, after all, the same flesh and blood that we are of, though elevated and strengthened by special grace. A saintly pope or bishop, a martyr under excruciating torments, or again, a virgin-saint like St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi--these, by the sanctifying office they bore, or by being called to do and suffer extraordinary things, seem to stand on another platform from ourselves. We think, as we read their acts, or their precious lives: How much of poor human nature had they left in them, after all this? Was it all refined and evaporated away? Did they know what it was to be teased by vanity, to get out of temper, or be very near it? St. Bernard, again, used to go to his daily meal, such as it was, as to torture; so completely was the sense of hunger extinguished in him. These things, and much that might be added from those lives that make up the Church's token of Sanctity, are admirable indeed; but, so far from being strictly imitable, they might almost tend to prove discouraging.

Accordingly, when we meet with saints of what may be called a more domestic character, and, in some ways, a commoner life, there is a sense that we are breathing now an atmosphere not too rarified for our own weak lungs. We recognise, indeed, persons indefinitely better than ourselves, yet they are more like what we are at our best. *Plus* a great deal, no doubt: and to get anywhere near them, for a continuance, we should have a stiff climb, and a long one. Still, it does not look to be the absolute Mont Blanc or Jungfrau, with their inaccessible snow-peaks tinted with rosy light, while we stand below, gaze upward, and marvel, and praise God.

This is by no means to institute a comparison between the measures of sanctity attained by one or by another of His servants. From such speculations our sheer ignorance debars us. "There are last that shall be first, and there are first that shall be last" may be a rule applying, in a certain measure, to those glorious and glorified ones. Their sentiment about each other has always been that of the great Baptist towards his Master: "He must increase, but I must decrease." We shall know their relative positions in the many mansions of the heavenly Jerusalem, when He shall "be justified in His sayings" at the revelations of the Last Day.

Domestic Christian life affords a large scope for sanctification. The Church always proclaims this, while she exalts above it, definitely higher, the life of celibacy and consecration to the divine espousals. Does she not teach that holy matrimony is one of the seven Sacraments instituted by our Lord? Well, SS. Perpetua and Felicitas were both married women. Does not St. Paul exhort those who had embraced the faith in the condition of slavery to be content with their lot, as serving the Master of all? Revocatus and Felicitas were both slaves. Did not the early Christians realise that the true nobility was that of being born again in Christ? Of the two female martyrs whose names we now celebrate, Perpetua was well-born, and married into her own rank of life; but these accidental advantages merged into the Christian sisterhood that united her heart with that of her kinswoman in the Lord, the slave Felicitas. For in the unity of the Faith, and the life of grace, there is "neither barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all."

A special interest attaches to these martyrdoms, from their being narrated, up to a certain point, by one of the sufferers. We have, in fact, the autobiography of the last days of St. Perpetua; and she includes the account of those who suffered with her. Her narrative is continued to the eve of the day when they were exposed to the wild beasts; from that point, it is continued by an eye-witness of the martyrdoms. Besides the three already named were two others, Saturninus and Secundulus. But even these did not make the number complete; they were to be joined by a sixth, a voluntary fellow-prisoner and fellow-martyr. This was Saturus, who seems to have been brother to Saturninus. He would not abandon his friends in their "light and momentary affliction;" nay, he volunteered to join them: and so shared their eternal crown.

Here, then, we have what might almost be called a family group; a lady, twenty-two years of age, with her little infant not yet weaned; a female slave, expecting within a short time to become a mother; Revocatus, another slave, perhaps of the household of Perpetua. Secundulus, again, died, not in the amphitheatre, but by a real though more common-place martyrdom, his prison-sufferings. Saturus, too, is chiefly noticeable for a touch of nature consoling to read of, in one who had the great grace of martyrdom. For, prepared as he was to suffer all for Christ, there was one mode of death which he had in special dread. He would have faced it, and found grace to undergo it if our Lord had called him thereto; yet, pondering beforehand, he would fain have been spared it, and so in fact he was. Lions, leopards, wild boars, fiercehorned cattle had been provided for the occasion; these were no especial terror to Saturus. But there *was* one beast, the thought of which was a dread to him—the savage, surly bear. Oh, in mercy, not the bear! Perhaps he had heard his

sullen growls, or had caught sight of him swaying himself backward and forward, and sideways, in his den; grotesque, yet terrible to behold; awkward, shaggy, ponderous, yet active, sharpened by hunger, with those small fiery eyes, and a kind of remorseless leer on his bristly jaws. A leopard, now, is a clean, graceful animal; one jag with his long tooth would be a swift passage to heaven—but to be hugged, and hear one's bones crack under the rude encompassing paws of yonder shaggy monster, and mumbled, and mangled—Oh, anything but that bear!

Perpetua had her infant to commit to Divine Providence, and her poor old, broken-hearted father to leave in his dark, cheerless paganism. The father knew well how to urge the infant as a plea, as well as his own gray hairs; and we may well conceive how the heart of this poor lady was torn under her double anguish. The more so, because she had not yet received the grace of regeneration; the whole party being catechumens.

"We were in the hands of our persecutors," she says, "when my father, out of the affection he bore me, made new efforts to shake my resolution. I said to him: 'Can that vessel, which you see, change its name?' 'No,' he said. I replied: 'Nor can I call myself any other than I am; that is to say—a Christian.' At that word, my father in a rage fell upon me, as if he would have pulled out my eyes, and beat me; but, seeing me invincible, he went away in confusion. After this, we enjoyed a little repose, and in that interval received baptism. On our coming out of the water, the Holy Ghost inspired me to pray for nothing but patience under bodily pains. A few days after this, we were put into prison. I was shocked at the horror and darkness of the place; for until then I knew not what such kind of places were. We suffered much that day, chiefly by reason of the great heat caused by the crowd, and the evil treatment we had from the soldiers.'"

She then narrates how she commended her child to the care of her mother, who seems to have been a Christian, as was one of her brothers also. During their imprisonment, the martyr's relations, as well as the deacons of the Church, apparently had free access to them. "One day, my brother said to me: 'Sister, I am convinced that you are a special favourite of heaven: pray to God to reveal to you whether this imprisonment will end in martyrdom or not, and acquaint me with it.'"

Accordingly, on the Saint's prayer, a vision was granted to her. "I saw a golden ladder, which reached from earth to heaven, but so narrow, that only one could mount it at a time. To the two sides were fastened all sorts of iron instruments, as swords, lances, hooks, and knives; so that if one went up carelessly, he was in great danger of having his flesh torn by these weapons. At the foot of the ladder lay

a dragon of enormous size, who kept guard, to turn back and terrify those who endeavoured to mount it." A significant vision, when we remember the unheard-of cruelties by which the pagans endeavoured to shake the martyrs' fortitude with their instruments of torture, as also "the dragon, the old serpent,"\* whose interests those persecutors were promoting, and the manifest danger of apostasy under fear of pains. But Perpetua saw that in this vision she commended herself to our Lord, and so, in the power of His Sacred Name, stilled the dragon. "Thus I mounted to the top, and there I saw a garden spacious and boundless, in the midst whereof sate a man of lofty stature, habited as a shepherd, with white hair.† He was milking his sheep, surrounded by many thousands of persons clothed in white garments. He called me by my name, bade me welcome, and gave me some curds made of the milk he had drawn: I put my hands together, received, and ate; and all that were present said aloud, Amen. The noise awakened me, while I [seemed to be] chewing something very sweet. When I had related this vision to my brother, we both concluded that we should suffer death." It is not clear how that brother was named: certainly not Secundulus, who had died in prison before the rest; nor Saturninus, who was beheaded afterwards.

This vision throws light upon two great points of primitive antiquity. First, we are irresistibly reminded of the figure of the Good Shepherd, occurring so often in the fresco-paintings of the catacombs. Again, when we hear her describe her reception of the heavenly food communicated to her in this vision, our thoughts turn to the Divine Eucharist, which perhaps she had not been able to receive sacramentally. It was the custom in early days for each communicant to answer Amen, when the priest, with the adorable particle, said: "The Body of Christ."‡ . . . Perpetua, simply as a catechumen, would not have been taught these observances; so jealousy did the early Church provide that the uninitiated should have heavenly truths

\* Apoc. xii. 9.

† Another proof how deeply our Lord's tender and touching description of Himself as the Good Shepherd impressed the early Christians. It afforded so blessed a contrast to the savage loveless paganism out of which they had been rescued. The symbol is of frequent recurrence in the frescoes and eucharistic glass vessels of the Roman catacombs, where He is represented, not only as bringing home the strayed sheep, but sometimes a *goat*, on His shoulders. The leniency and patient love for sinners herein implied stirred the indignation of Tertullian, after his lapse into Montanism, and he launched some of his bitterest taunts against the Church's tenderness towards the lapsed.

‡ "He who ate the manna, died; he who eateth this Body, it shall be to him the remission of sins, and he shall not die eternally. Therefore it is not without a meaning that thou sayest Amen when thou dost receive, professing in thy soul that thou receivest the Body of Christ. The priest saith to thee; The Body of Christ; and thou sayest, Amen; that is, It is true. Let thy heart retain what thy lips profess."—St. Ambros. De Sacram. lib. iv. c. 4.

ministered to them by slow degrees.\* But as a confessor, on the eve of martyrdom, her instruction would probably have been accelerated. It may be that the deacons, Tertius and Pomponius, whom she mentions as visiting the band of expectant martyrs, had already given them their First Communion in the prison. If not, then we have, as from heaven itself, an account of a spiritual communion which is most valuable.

Moreover, if we were employing this narrative for purposes of dogmatic proof (and its antiquity and genuineness eminently fit it for such use), it is obvious to remark that in the vision Perpetua communicated "in one kind." There is no mention of the chalice. The martyr "received and ate," and seemed to herself to "chew something very sweet"—this last circumstance being an allusion, doubtless, to the taste of the manna, that splendid type of the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar. "The taste thereof was like to flour with honey."† "Thou didst feed thy people with the food of angels, and gavest them bread from heaven . . . having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste."‡

Several other visions were granted to St. Perpetua, relating to her approaching conflict, and the joys of heaven that were thereupon to be hers. One, however, concerned her young brother, Dinocrates, who had died some time before, and whom by her prayers she relieved from purgatorial sufferings that are vividly described.

The remaining details were added by an eye-witness; for now approached the moment when she and her companions were to witness their good confession before a savage multitude in the amphitheatre. Poor Felicitas greatly feared lest her martyrdom should be delayed; it being against the Roman law to put anyone to death who was about to become a mother. "The rest also," says Butler, "were sensibly afflicted on their part to leave her alone in the road to their common hope." They began therefore to pray fervently that her child might be born before the "shows" or combat began. Our Lord was mind-

\* Especially with regard to the Holy Eucharist, this Discipline of the Secret out-lived the days of persecution, and continued down to the time of St. Augustine, St. Perpetua's great fellow-countryman, in the fifth century. E.g. "Whither does he lead the believers and the baptised? To the manna. Lo, I say the manna:—[i.e. St. A. will not speak of the Eucharist by its true name in a public treatise]. It is known what the Jews, the people of Israel, received; it is known what God rained down from heaven for them; and catechumens know not what Christians receive."—Tract. xi. in Johann. n. 4, col. 1805-6. Again: "They who know the Scriptures know what Melchizedek, the priest of the Most High God, brought forth, when he blessed Abraham. We must not mention this, on account of the catechumens; but the faithful recognise," &c.—Serm. cccvii. n. 3, col. 1833.

† Exod. xvi. 31.

‡ Wisd. xvi. 20. An inspired word which the Church has adopted for the versicle and response at Benediction: *Panem de celo prestitisti eis, omne delectamentum in se habentem.*

ful of His promise to hear the united prayer of His faithful ones; Felicitas entered prematurely on her time of travail. Suffering nature caused her to cry out in her pain; whereupon, the guard stationed at the door began to mock at what seemed her want of fortitude, and said: "It you cannot bear these throes without crying out, how will you be able to endure the torments and cruel death awaiting you?" But the heroic woman returned an answer worthy of a martyr. "Now," she said, "it is myself who suffer; but *then*, another will suffer in me, and for me, because I shall suffer for Him. Now, with the (mere) powers of nature I am paying the tribute of pain which to nature is due; but *then* the grace of heaven will overcome the torments which your cruelty shall inflict upon me." Her little new-born daughter was taken by a Christian woman, and brought up as her own child.

After enduring shame and indignity, as well as cruel treatment, they all went cheerfully to death, singing, on their way to the amphitheatre, that verse of the psalm: "All the gods of the Gentiles are demons; but the Lord made the heavens." For this they were buffeted on the face, but "they raised their voices so much the more, repeating the same verse, and praising and magnifying our Lord." "Joy sparkled in their eyes, and appeared in all their gestures and words. Perpetua walked with a composed countenance and tranquil step, as one cherished by Jesus Christ, her eyes modestly cast down: Felicitas went with her, following the [other martyrs,] not able to contain her joy." They rejected various idolatrous ceremonies that were usual with those who were to suffer in the arena; while Perpetua declared, on behalf of them all, that they came there willingly, on the faith of a promise that they should not be forced to anything contrary to their religion. When they appeared in the amphitheatre, Perpetua broke forth into a song of praise, as though already in triumph; others among the martyrs warned the spectators, and Hilarian the judge, of the coming judgments of God. Thereupon they were scourged; and then the wild beasts were let loose upon them. Saturus was spared the bear he so much dreaded, for the bear would not come out of his den, and the martyr was sent to heaven under the fangs of a leopard. Seeing him covered with blood, the savage multitude cried out in scorn: "He is well baptised." Unconsciously, these heathens proclaimed a great Christian truth: baptism in the blood of one's own martyrdom being reckoned by the Church as equivalent to water-baptism, where that cannot be had.

Perpetua, meanwhile, and then Felicitas, were both exposed to the attack of a savage cow. Perpetua was tossed into the air, and fell on the arena. Gathering her clothes around her, with the modesty of a Christian matron, she composedly tied up her hair, which had fallen loose, then went to Felicitas, who lay on the ground, much hurt by

having been tossed, and aided her to rise. "They stood together, expecting another assault from the beasts; but the people crying out that it was enough, they were led to the gate Saneivaria, where those that were not killed by the beasts were despatched at the end of the shows by the *confectores*. All the while Perpetua, on the horns of the savage beast, had been like St. Laurence on the bars of his grid-iron—rapt and absorbed in God. So completely, that she was unconscious of what had passed, until she saw her torn garments and the blood that flowed from her wounds. Together with the rest who survived, she was brought back into the midst of the arena to be despatched with the sword. This was in obedience to the howls of the spectators, not yet sated with blood; and here Perpetua had to endure a prolonged martyrdom from the unskilfulness and hesitation of the 'prentice-hand appointed to give her the *coup de grace*. But, not to dwell upon such harrowing details, let us rather ask, with her great fellow-countryman, St. Augustine: "Where was she when assailed and torn by so furious a wild animal, without feeling her wounds—when, after that fierce assault, she asked when it was to begin? How was she employed, not to behold what every one else beheld? What was she enjoying, not to be sensible of such an agony? By what love, by what vision, by what potion was she so transported out of herself, and as it were divinely inebriated, as to appear without feeling in her mortal body?" To supplement the great Doctor's questions; what are *we* about, and what sense have *we* of the power of that same Grace, who are so weak and wavering in fighting\* the good fight of faith, and laying hold of eternal life, whereunto we are called? We, who "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin?"†

## A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.

In heaven are no farewells—on earth below  
We meet and part, as seasons come and go.  
Nought here is stable. On the Elwy's bank  
Stand where the eddies, pressing rank on rank,  
Whirl past your feet: so swift the glittering race  
That change or motion scarce the eye may trace.  
Yet changeth all. Not now those waters flow  
Which kissed the warm air cool an hour ago.  
Yes, all is changed. The waves whose buoyant dance  
Flashes this moment on your dazzled glance,

\* 2 Tim. vi. 12.

† Heb. xii. 4.



Bring from the distant blue of mountain braes  
Where lies the cradle of their infant days,  
News later than the waves which caught the smile  
Of sunrise here. Those, bounding on meanwhile  
Through many a cornfield, many a woodland scene,  
Have seaward sped—and lo! the grass is green.  
Ev'n so life's stream glides with such equal flow  
The same smooth sheet before you seems to glow.  
Yet fast it fleeteth; glen and pebbly shore,  
Where late it tarried, woo it now no more.  
All things, around, within us, change and change—  
Changes are often sad hut seldom strange.

In heaven are no farewells. But now departs  
Our friend and father; and by filial hearts  
Is paid the parting tribute of their love  
Which fain its earnest gratitude would prove  
By outward token, as by inward prayer  
That God's best blessing guard him everywhere.  
Yes, Father, loved and none the less revered,  
Revered the more, the more each hour endeared  
To grateful breasts that prudent, placid sway  
Which o'er us watched untiring day by day.  
Of various race, from various climes we come,  
Some from gay France, from fair Italia some,  
Some from the Isle of Faith across the sea—  
All found a father wise and true in thee.  
Therefore thy name with blessing and kind word  
Within these studious walls shall long be heard.  
Nay, far beyond this Cymric mountain-vale,  
We, scattered wide, shall oft repeat the tale  
Of all thy modest worth. But here be given  
Our last farewell. There's no farewell in heaven.

*St. Beuno's, October 26, 1863.*

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## FLOWERS FOR A CHILD'S GRAVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADONNA."

## IX.—VENT!

THE phrase which closed the preceding chapterling was spoken by the Bishop of Birmingham at the funeral of the Passionist Father, Ignatius Spencer, uncle to a former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. "For you know that when a holy man quits this life, and has not loved it as he has loved God, he goes away no further than God, and God is very near to us. Have you never lost a dear parent or child? and have you not found that, when freed from the body, the spirit of that one had more power over you, seemed to be more free to be with you at all solemn times, and to impress you with its purely spiritual qualities and virtues, all gross things having ceased through the purification of Death and the final grace?"

Yea, not only the departed! The poor parents, also, when their little one has flown away, and their first fit of weeping is over, find their love the purer and better for it. Human love, even the most sacred—and what love so sacred (as a mother's love?)—human love is often too human. Selfishness creeps in far beyond the measure in which selfishness is allowed. Woe to the maternal hearts that love with too human a love! The wretch may be terrible by-and-by. The nursling of many a bosom might almost make our Lord's words its own in one of their meanings: "*It is expedient for you that I go.*" Such parents would be wise to pray with Victor de Laprade, whose words chime in with William Allingham's

"Glimpsing clearest (as with men)  
When the boughs are barest."

"Oui, si les bois, l'ombrage aimé du chêne,  
Ont trop caché la lumière à mes yeux,  
Soufflez, ô vents que Dieu sitôt dechaîne,  
Feuilles, tounbez, et laissez-moi voir les cieux."

M. Sainte Beuve, with his ugly realism (he had a melancholy funeral a few years ago), objects to his fellow Academician that, when the leaves fall in stormy weather, the skies are clouded and not worth looking at. But the poet speaks in a higher, a mystic sense, which the poor mother will understand who has clung with too jealous a fondness to the little human flower entrusted to her care. The cold wind blows, the leaves fall, she looks up, and sees the skies more clearly than before.

"Yes, if the woods, the oak's dear shade at noon,  
Have hid too well the sunlight from mine eyes,  
Blow, O ye winds, which God unchaineth soon,—  
Ye leaves, oh! fall, and let me see the skies."

Are there not some who have hardly "seen the skies," who have hardly cared to look up to heaven till there was a little angel there who called them mother? This is another of the ends that little angels have time to achieve in their brief career—to become links between earth and heaven. This last phrase is the name of perhaps the most satisfactory poem that has ever striven to comfort the sorrow of the childless mother. Let any Rachel who "*refuses to be comforted because they are not,*" who is as yet unable to believe that

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all—"

let her not heed Longfellow's "Resignation," which can furnish no more amiable idea of heaven than "that school . . . where Christ Himself doth rule;" but let her learn by heart, and take into her heart, the truer poetry and truer faith of Adelaide Anne Procter. The purity of her genius, and the brightness of her deathbed—of which we are allowed a few glimpses in a tender and delightful appreciation of her character and work, given in the fourth volume of the *Month*—make it all the more easy and natural to turn her words into the form of a message to Rachel's heart from the Heart of Jesus.

#### LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

"Our God in Heaven, from that holy place,  
To each of us an angel guide has given;  
But mothers of dead children have more grace,  
For they give angels to their God and heaven.

"How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,  
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?  
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary  
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

"How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding—  
Our God forgot, our holy Saints defied—  
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,  
And thrust those little angel-hands aside?—

"Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever  
Nearer to God by mother-love. We all  
Are blind and weak—yet surely *she* can never,  
With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall.

"She knows that when the mighty angels raise  
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone  
Is hers for ever—that one little praise,  
One little, happy voice, is all her own.

"We may not see her sacred crown of honour;  
But all the angels, flitting to and fro,  
Pause smiling as they pass,—they look upon her  
As mother of an angel whom they know;

- "One whom they nestling left at Mary's feet—  
The children's place in heaven—who softly sings  
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,  
Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings :
- "Or gives them her white lilies or her beads  
To play with ;—yet, in spite of flower or song,  
They often lift a wistful look, that pleads  
And asks them why their mother stays so long.
- "Then our dear Queen makes answer, she will call  
Her very soon : meanwhile, they are beguiled  
To wait, and listen while she tells them all  
The story of her Jesus as a child.
- "Ah ! saints in heaven may pray with earnest will  
And pity for their weak and erring brothers :  
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still—  
The little children pleading for their mothers."

X.—"WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

One who wished to comfort a mother in the first blankness of her desolation, reminded her of Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his only son at God's command. "God would never," she answered, "ask such a sacrifice from a mother." A retort, which M. Villemain cites as an exemplification of Vauvenargues' saying, "*Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.*" Very natural, too, is the answer given on a like occasion in this

WAIL OF A CORNISH MOTHER.

- "They say 'tis a sin to sorrow,  
That what God doth is best :  
But 'tis only a month to morrow  
I buried it from my breast.
- "I know it should be a pleasure,  
Your child to God to send ;  
But mine was a precious treasure  
To me and to my poor friend.
- "I thought it would call me 'mother,'  
The very first words it said ;  
Oh ! I never can love another  
Like the blessed babe that's dead.
- "Well, God is its own dear Father,  
It was carried to church and blessed ;  
And our Saviour's arms will gather  
Such children to their rest.
- "I shall make my best endeavour,  
That my sins may be forgiven ;  
I will serve God more than ever,  
To meet my child in heaven.

"I will check this foolish sorrow,  
For what God doth is best :  
But, oh ! 'tis a month to-morrow  
I buried it from my breast."

This is one of the "Cornish Ballads" of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, who has chanted so well the "Quest of the Sangraal." It is good and simple, but not so good as the one we quoted just before. Who will say that Adelaide Procter did not write better poetry from knowing how to say her prayers, and especially the *Hail Mary*? This is not said against the Vicar of Morwenstowe, who seems to have what Tertullian calls a heart naturally Christian,\* but against the elegiac poems that speak of death only as a farewell to this world, and prescind altogether from what follows after death. There is a sort of conventional paganism patronised by poets, which they seem to imagine gives a classic air to their verses; but their poetry would be higher and truer if they had Catholic hearts, and wrote from their hearts. Compare, for instance, Barry Cornwall's daughter with Victor Hugo on the same theme. But, before we do so, let us (as a sonnet contains only fourteen lines) disinter from an old Annual Barry Cornwall's sonnet "To Adelaide," now that we know who Adelaide was and what she grew into:—

"Child of my heart! my sweet beloved First-born!  
Thou dove, that tidings bring'st of calmer hours!  
Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers  
Are past—or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,  
No spot, no blemish, pure and unforlorn!  
Untouched, untainted! Oh, my flower of flowers!  
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers;  
To stranded seamen, life-assuring morn.  
Welcome—a thousand welcomes. Care, who clings  
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold;  
New hope springs upward; and the bright world seems  
Cast back into a youth of endless springs!  
Sweet mother, is it so?—or grow I old,  
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?"

The life ushered in thus with poetry was a perfect poem, a tender hymn unto the end, as pure and holy as her own hymn about Little Angels and their Mothers. But Mr. Brian Waller Procter's more familiar *nom de plume* has drawn us away from Victor Hugo. How much more poetical, even for the mere poetry of it, and how much more like the childish heart's conception of heaven, is the picture drawn by the author of "Legends and Lyrics," than that drawn in his best mood by the author of the "Hunchback of Notre Dame?" Very fanciful, but very unhomelike and unheavenly, is one of the

\* Years after this was written he died a Catholic.

occupations the exile of Guernsey assigns to the little children in heaven in his ode, "A l'Ombre d'un Enfant:"—

"Parmi les jeux sans fin des âmes enfantines,  
Quand leurs soins, d'un vieil astre égaré dans les cieux,  
Avec de longs efforts et des voix argentines,  
Guident les chancelants essieux."

But there has been too much quoted here from our French contemporaries, and we have not room for this shortest and gentlest of the famous "Odes et Ballades." Nevertheless, let us rashly and unbidden bestow the modest immortality of this page upon an almost extempore version of it which a skilful hand jotted down many years ago.

TO A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

"Oh! 'mid suns and stars, and spheres of light,  
'Mid the azure portals and the sapphire frieze,  
'Mid the holy rays, 'mid the arras bright,  
Where sighs the eternal breeze ;

"In the torrent wherein are plunged all souls,  
Where, drenched with love, glows the seraph-choir—  
In the flaming orb that for ever rolls  
Round the Holy One's throne of fire ;

"'Mid the spirit-children's changeless joys,  
When of some star that has fled astray,  
With efforts long, and with silvery voice,  
They guide the erratic way ;

"Or, when in her arms some heavenly maid  
May lift, and ask, with a laughing kiss,  
If in their cradle they grew afraid  
Of a life so sad as this ;

"Or, when in his ample and luminous ark,  
From sky to sky ranging his dazzled host,  
Christ to fulfil his own word, doth mark  
Near Himself their happy post :

"Ah ! in that world where nought is fleeting,  
Where all is sweetness, and joy, and love—  
Yet far, O child ! from thy mother's greeting,  
Art not thou an orphan above ?"

No, no ! the child who is left behind is an orphan ; not the child who goes before. For those who leave us go to our Father who is in heaven ; and is not Mary our Mother ?—and is not she there ?

XI.—"MOTHER, I AM HERE !"

"Some children belong to God and to their mothers ; but some seem to belong to God only. These die soon ; and they like to die. Yet they love their mothers better than other children do ; those are happy mothers who have such children. We call them God's early

blossoms. Most mothers have one such." So writes Father Faber, in "Ethel's Book." Another Frederick, the brilliant young professor Ozanam, in one of the letters which his premature death has lately confided to us, attributes the religious fidelity of his family to the fact that eleven little brothers and sisters were praying for them amongst the angels. "Ah! ceux-là sont bien aussi de la famille." Happy the households which have thus half of their family circle on high to form a chain, and stretch hands down to those who gaze upwards from below! It is this feeling that breaks out in many parts of the letters of that pious American lady, Jenny White del Bal, to a Jesuit Father. "I am sure my angel child in heaven is now praying for you," she writes, "to repay you for the aid and consolation you gave his poor parents when he was taken from them. I have felt that he is a guardian angel to me." She dates another, "March 8, 1864—a year after the death of my angel-child James." To her parents she writes: "You know from your own trials that the grief at a child's death can never cease to be remembered with a bitter pang. But, thank God, I can feel happier and more resigned than at that time seemed possible. I fully realise my angel's happiness, and his great power to help us here. And it is a great pleasure to me to think I have a child a saint with God, to whom I recommend all my cares and troubles, and who will, I think, pray so constantly for us that we shall not fail to be reunited to him one day."

It was something of this Catholic feeling of the kinship and communion between the living and the dead, between those that have gone before and those that are left behind, which inspired Wordsworth's "We are Seven;" and indeed every mother of dead children is poet enough to plagiarise the thought unwittingly. "We have now four youngsters besides our little angel in heaven," wrote one whose words have a better right to be here than I have to place them here. "Besides our little angel in heaven." Yes, it is the same to the very end through ever so many years. If the first-born dies, the next in succession never becomes the mother's eldest except under some such protest. Even if the old home be broken up, and many hundred leagues of land and sea lie between the new home and the spot of holy ground which is sanctified by the very dust it sanctifies, all the more vividly tender is the mother's remembrance. In the backwoods of Ohio, the wife of the Irish emigrant, lying awake at night, thinks of the tiny mound at which she knelt the day before she left the old country so far away, the grave of her first baby, near the wall of the chapel at home. She thinks of it, and thus she speaks of it in Dion Boucicault's simple lines:

"It rises like my heart just now,  
It makes a *dawny* hill—  
'Tis from below the voice comes out,  
I cannot keep it still.

"O little voice! ye call me back  
To my far, far counthrie,  
And nobody can hear ye speak—  
Ah, nobody but me."

Is that little voice a far-off whisper from heaven, to make the heart of the mother purer and purer, and her yearning for heaven more and more eager and hopeful? Is it but the lost child that murmurs fondly from its place among the holy innocents, "Mother, I am here." So Hester Sigerson (to whom a tasteful compilation, called the "Harp of Erin," introduces us), this is the word of comfort she puts on the lips of a little angel whose mother haunts the new-made grave, even while the snow is on it. After many very pathetic questions and answers about "the happy, happy baby, blooming and fair, with smiling, kissing rose-lips and bonny bright hair, and little dancing footsteps, the lammie of play," that was suddenly laid low:

"Still, still gazing earthwards, thus she sorrowed on,  
When softly from the heavens a little voice sang clear,  
'Mother, I am here.'"

Yes, do not gaze earthward, but try to listen to the little voice from heaven. Why does the little sister, in the "Adventures of Philip," ignore heaven? "They are allowed to come back. They do come back. Else what's the good of little cherubs being born, and smiling, and happy, and beautiful, say for sixteen days; and then an end? I have talked about it to many ladies in grief similar to mine was, and it comforts them." Poor comfort: for the little angels never come back, though the vacant place may be filled, and the pattering of tiny feet kept up in the nursery.

Our little angels shall never come to us; but we must go to them. Heaven is filling up. How often may we write as one who wrote lately?—"Since my last letter, week has followed week insensibly, and meanwhile another has been added to the band of dear ones *qui dormiunt in somno pacis*." Heaven is filling up. We shall soon feel more at home there than here. Well, well, we must really make up our minds to that, and resign ourselves to go to heaven in our turn. And really we must work a little harder for heaven, and love God a little better.

Yes, so it is. Heaven is filling up fast. Have we not very many of our own friends and kinsfolk there already? They are ours still. "Au ciel on se reconnait" is the name of a solid and attractive little book on this subject, which has been translated under the title, "In Heaven we know our Own." The natural side of this reunion of friends in heaven has seldom been imagined with more ingenious grace than in "A Child's Dream of a Star,"\* in the second number of

\* Quoted in full in this Magazine at page 697, of volume V.



*Household Words*, thirty years ago: "'Is my brother come?' 'No, my mother!' A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he who was left behind stretched out his arms, and cried, 'Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here—take me!'"

The same phrase again—"I am here!"—and implying again the same desire to be *there* where those are whom we love. Not in vain, if all this be in a spirit of Christian faith and hope, and according to the tenderness of the Heart of Jesus, who said on the very last evening before He went: "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again, and take you to Myself, that where I am you also may be." Come, Lord Jesus! But come first, and by Thy grace make us fit, and keep us fit, to go with Thee when Thou shalt come.

## XII.—AN ANGEL OF THE NEW WORLD.

Most of these snowdrops and lilies, which I have twined together with my little angel's memory, as with silver thread, are foreign flowers. A handful of daisies from one of our meadows at home might seem a more suitable adornment for her grave. I have brought them from so far away in the hope that, though they must needs have lost almost all their perfume on the road, they may at least have for some the charm of novelty. It would be very easy to swell out to any extent this *olla podrida* of mothers' tears and little angels' prayers, if I were to seek ingredients in the poets of our own tongue, from Shakespere and Ben Jonson to Felicia Hemans and Gerald Massey, from each of whom apposite citations occur to my mind in naming them. But it would not be right to suppose that these would be perfectly new for many of the eyes which, in the course of years, may rest on this page. Surely, however, it is well to enshrine here so peculiarly appropriate a poem as "Our Angel," which appeared in the *Boston Pilot* of April 30, 1870.

"Seventeen months our wee, white maid  
Grew in the sunshine, fair and sweet,  
Till the dearest music of life was played  
By the touch of her hands and the fall of her feet:  
Then, as the dawn of the April day  
Wooded new life to the winter sod,  
Our little white maiden turned away,  
And went to dwell in the smile of God.

"Ah! well we know that the fairest years  
Of the brightest future ever we planned  
Are dark with sorrow, and pain, and tears,  
Compared with the joy of that blissful land.  
But, oh! for the woe of the empty hands,  
And the longing heart, and the tear-dimmed eyes,—  
Trying to reach where our darling stands,  
And follow her footsteps in Paradise!

" Little white angel up in heaven,  
Safe in *his* arms whose smile is love,—  
Does the wailing cry of our fond hearts riven,  
Ring through the peace of the courts above?  
Does the shadow of grief, like a vague surprise,  
Reach through the glory round the Throne,  
Drawing thy grave, sweet, earnest eyes  
Down through the worlds to meet our own?

" You cannot answer back, my sweet!  
But One who came down to us long ago,  
Gathered the children about his feet,  
And taught us the lesson we fain would know—  
That if but a glimpse of the light above  
Should flash for a moment through earth's dull pain,  
We'd lose all else that is ours to love,  
Rather than welcome thee back again.

" 'Tis not for ever to say farewell,  
Child of our heart, so pure, so fair!  
We will kiss the lips we have loved so well,  
And play with the rings of the soft brown hair;  
For I know when my soul in the silence waits  
The wonderful kingdom of God to see,  
Down like a star through the beautiful gates  
My little white angel will come to me."

For the "seventeen months" of the first line put seventeen years, or a little less, and much of this delicate music might be the cheerful dirge of one who went lately to be the second of a little household of graves in holy Glasnevin. Did she hear the cuckoo on the left side for the first time this summer, as a warning that she was to die with the May? according to the fanciful superstition which has lately been sung very sweetly about "Cuckoo! cuckoo! calleth me away." Or, as they told me of the child who came into the world and went out of the world just one year before her, does affection recall her tender piety and self-denial shown in such little things as these; how, in saying the *Rosary* with all the household every night, she never rested her arms on chair or table, but knelt without support, however sleepy or tired, poor child! and how, after her night prayers, she would sprinkle with holy water her own bed and those of the younger children, never missing for one night through many years this little motherly act of faith and piety? Little childish trifles like these may be as precious where they are gone as the invention of the electric telegraph. Let us fill the unseen crevices of our daily lives with more of such trifles, and become as little children, that we may enter the kingdom of God.

## XIII.—OTHER YANKEE MOTHERS.

If not Yankee mothers, they are American ladies who express very skilfully the feelings of a mother's heart. Unless I give it hospitality in this page, what Irish mother will ever see the clever piece in which Mary Vandyne describes the despotic sway exercised by the newly-arrived baby, whom she calls "The Bald-headed Tyrant?"

"Oh, the quietest home on earth had I,  
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;  
Like a dream of pleasure the days fled by,  
And peace had folded her pinions there.  
But one day there joined our household band  
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

"The despot came in the dead of night,  
And no one ventured to ask him why;  
Like slaves we trembled before his might,  
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry;  
For never a soul could his power withstand,  
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

"He ordered us here, and he sent us there,  
Though never a word could his small lips speak—  
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,  
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,  
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command,  
Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-land!"

"But his abject slaves they turned on me;  
Like the bears in Scripture they'd rend me there,  
The while they worshipped with bended knee  
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair;  
For he rules them all with relentless hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

"Then I searched for help in every clime,  
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,  
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,  
And low before him I made my bow,  
'Wilt thou deliver me from out his hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's land?"

"Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,  
And a smile came over his features grim,  
'I'll take the tyrant under my care:  
Watch what my hour-glass does to him.  
The veriest humbug that ever was planned  
Is this same bald-head from No-man's-land.'

"Old Time is doing his work full well—  
Much less of might does the tyrant yield ;  
But, ah ! with sorrow my heart will swell,  
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.  
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,  
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

"For the loss of peace I have ceased to care ;  
Like other vassals, I've learned, forsooth,  
To love the wretch who forgot his hair,  
And hurried along without a tooth,  
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,  
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land."

A friend of mine, visiting London lately, mentioned to me in a letter a certain tomb in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII.'s chapel, which represents a child as sleeping in its cradle. It seems to be known as the cradle-tomb: My friend mentioned also some touching verses which are placed over it. By return of post I ordered her to sacrifice another of her precious London days to procure for me a copy of this poem. It is by another American, Susan Coolidge :

"A little rudely sculptured bed,  
With shadowing folds of marble lace,  
And quilt of marble primly spread,  
And folded round a baby's face.

"Smoothly the mimic coverlet,  
With royal blazonries bedight,  
Hangs as by tender fingers set,  
And straightened for a last good-night.

"And traced upon the pillowing stone  
A dent is seen, as if, to bless  
That quiet sleep, some grieving one  
Had leaned, and left a soft impress.

"It seems no more than yesterday,  
Since that sad mother down the stair,  
And down the long aisle stole away,  
And left her darling sleeping there.

"But dust upon the cradle lies ;—  
And those who prized the baby so,  
And decked her couch with heavy sighs,  
Are turned to dust long years ago.

"Above the peaceful pillowed head,  
Three centuries brood ; and strangers peep,  
And wonder at the carven bed—  
But not unwept the baby's sleep.

"For wistful mother-eyes are blurred,  
With sudden mists, as lingerers stray,  
And the old dusts are roused and stirred  
By the warm tear-drops of to-day.

*Flowers for a Child's Grave.*

"Soft, furtive hands caress the stone,  
And hearts, o'erleaping place and age,  
Melt into memories, and own  
A thrill of common parentage.

"Men die, but sorrow never dies—  
The crowding years divide in vain,  
And the wide world is knit with ties  
Of common brotherhood in pain—

"Of common share in grief and loss,  
And heritage in the immortal bloom  
Of love, which flowering round the cross  
Made beautiful a baby's tomb."

I think this next and last quotation comes to us from America also. I only know it as an anonymous newspaper scrap; but I wish to preserve it as enforcing a very useful lesson, namely, that regret for the children gone ought to make mothers prize and cherish the children round them. Mothers, God help them, must often feel tired. The mystery is how they can bear up at all. Their patience makes it easier for us to understand the infinite patience of God's love. These lines are addressed to "Tired Mothers:"—

"A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair;  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight—  
You do not prize this blessing over much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

"But it is blessedness. A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,  
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

"And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,  
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,  
This lisping tongue, that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

"I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor ;  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more ;

" If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky,  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But, ah ! the dainty pillow next my own,  
Is never rumpled by a shining head ;  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown :  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead !"

If there can be any readers so perverse as to grumble at the generosity with which our not very common or common-place extracts are piled together, we can only say that not for such as they have we compiled them.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## BRACTON ; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY OLIVER SLOANE.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### THE LONE BARN.

WHILE the younger of the unattractive pair of characters, whom stern historic truth compels us to lay before our gentle readers, was thus enacting his guilt, Sir Edward had his own accounts to settle with that persecutor, Knollis. A singular coincidence it was, that the same night should bring to each brother the hour of his especial personal crime. Was it some dark, unrecorded anniversary in the fortunes of the spoliated religious house that was thus wreaking its vengeance ? Had Lee, the King's Commissioner, held on that night a Baltassar's carouse within the refectory at Ernham, and quaffed a health to the royal spoiler out of vessels consecrated to the Most High ?

Certain it is, that while Walter Bracton, released by his captor, fled with the speed of a man possessed through the Priory woods, his elder brother was spurring quite as fast along a road that led eastward from London, to perpetrate a yet darker deed.

For we are now to transport ourselves to a spot of ground between Laytonstone and Wanstead, on the present outskirts of the Essex forest. Extending northward to Epping, from which place it is named, the woodland district in ancient forest days had stretched away to Romford, and beyond it. There, a little off the road through the forest, lay the lonely barn appointed by Sir Edward for his rendezvous with his tormentor. In our day, the ever-growing metropolis has steadily eaten its way in this direction also, though at a slower rate than it has swallowed up the rural districts in more favoured quarters. Kensington gravel and the breezy Hampstead heaths have been more rapidly covered by London, and by those suburban villas, London's 'vaunt-couriers, on its inroads, than the marshy grounds that lie east of Middlesex. The barn of our tale of more than two generations ago has probably disappeared in the trim lawns and parterres of some John Gilpin of credit and renown. Yet the old man employed in keeping in order the citizen's villa-grounds, if closely questioned by an inquisitive wayfarer over the hedge, might still, perhaps, lean on his spade, and recall the tradition of his young days regarding the deliberate murder committed there "sixty years since," and more, as he heard it from his father. The trial, too, at Chelmsford—but we must not anticipate.

Knollis, then, with a companion whom he had persuaded to share the adventure, and whose name shall be Dick Smethers, plodded through the darkness to that sequestered barn. Its loneliness, indeed, had decided Sir Edward's choice. He knew of no spot within that distance from London so fit for his purpose. Knollis had pleaded, in his rude, grumbling way, for some other rendezvous, under pressure of such an undefined presentiment as braver men than he have sometimes felt of their impending death. The little transaction between the baronet and himself, a simple transfer of hush-money, might have been effected, so the man very reasonably thought, at many a place in London he could point out. Why appoint a spot so utterly out of the way, and in the dead of night? When Bracton insisted peremptorily that the meeting should take place in that deserted barn, and in no other place, his vehement manner had so impressed his victim, that Knollis had more than once thought of exposing the baronet straightway at his club, and so renouncing further claim upon him, rather than pursue the matter to such an issue. His greed of money overmastered the half-formed intention, and sealed his doom.

Bracton, on his side, was playing for the last and most desperate stake in a life of hazard. Should he win it, then he had almost resolved to bid farewell to the gaming-table, and permanently to reform his life. He would retire upon his estate, do his duty to his tenants, live as a country magnate, and make his daughter happy. Helen's filial love was the one bright spot to him, in a life otherwise

squandered upon self, or vice, and darkened, of course, in the same proportion. His regard, for her, in turn, was the one hallowed remnant to him of a happier past. What might not be hoped for, under her gentle influence? All was not lost, so long as the dark passage he was pursuing tended towards so cheering a goal. But, meanwhile, this incubus, this stifling *constrictor*, Knollis—he must cross the path no longer. He must disappear!

Thus, on that night, the determined murderer, and the uneasy foreboding victim, took their several paths, and converged upon the barn in Epping Forest. Through the darkness, through the silence, except where the dead leaves crisped under the footsteps of the two men on foot, or where from another direction the horse-hoofs of Sir Edward's roadster struck fire, or gave a muffled sound from the sward that lined the road,—the agent and the victim in the crime that was preparing neared its final scene. Little dreamed they of the watchers who accompanied their footsteps: the good angels, the dark, malignant spirits, each upon his errand. But so it is every hour of the life of this trial world, and of the swarms that crawl upon it through their allotted span. We perceive whatsoever comes within the narrow circle of the bodily organs of sense. Because we see them not, we remain purblind to the incorporeal but powerful friends, or foes, that watch us in all our ways.

Was it a whisper from his guardian spirit, that bright, unseen companion at his side, that infused a nameless dread into the soul of the man who walked forward to his doom? He vents it, to his human comrade, in mutterings mingled of ill-humour and fear.

"I tell thee what it is, Dick," he growled, "I have a gaingiving come over me, as I think on yonder barn; it well nigh makes me turn back, now we are within a stone's throw of it, and that's the truth." Such, at least, was the substance of what he said, without emphasising it after the manner of the actual speaker.

"Goblins, man!" answered the other, whose words we give in an equally mitigated version; "what makes thee turn chicken-hearted at the eleventh hour? I tell you," he continued, "this man, whoever he may be, dare not play you false. You have him in your grip; and for all else, am I not by? Two stout fellows, with these slips of oak in hand! On with us; and when you have pouched the gold, we'll have a rousing time of it in the old place we know of."

Knollis shook his head, and walked on heavily. An unusual conflict was going on within him. Shame at his own irresolution, fear of his companion's gibes or anger, the greed of gain, a settled hatred of the man he was bent on fleecing, these motives urged him forward. And yet, well-nigh overmastering them all, was the undefined but very present dread of what he should meet in that building that now frowned before them, its black outlines dimly shown against a sky almost as sable as itself.



They struck out of the unfrequented road, on which no belated countryman's step, nor horse's hoof, was audible. The creaking of a market cart, slowly feeling its way towards the London market, for the morrow's dawn, would have brought with it a sound of companionship. But all around lay in that dead stillness, which most of us have known in a night in some country spot, when the very trees seem hushed in sleep. The only sound that broke the silence was a deep breath from one among a herd of oxen, lying in a neighbouring meadow, or the occasional shrill twitter of a bat flitting by.

A gate admitted the two men to a farm-track, once used for the passage of wains when crops were stored in the barn, but now overgrown with dank nettles and weeds. This obscure track led to a narrow open space in front of the building. It was, to say the truth, a forbidding place.

Knollis and his companion undid, with some little delay, the rude fastenings of the barn-door, and groped their way into the pitchy darkness. They had come, however, provided with a tinder-box, which few of our readers will be old enough to remember as the only means of striking a light in those days. The end of a dirty candle, stuck into a crevice, and screened from the night air, served dimly to light the place.

Knollis immediately busied himself in preparations for hiding his companion, in which he was joined by Smethers himself, though under a sort of protest, against what he held to be a needless arrangement. Why could they not both face the expected visitor? And, after all, who *was* he? For the blackleg, it need hardly be said, had carefully concealed the name of the man from whom he looked for his hush-money. He had no intention that the other should share with him a secret from which he still expected to derive considerable profit to himself. Dick Smethers, he argued, plausibly enough, might be well content with the percentage promised to him, on condition of his coming hither to act as his comrade's bodyguard.

Smethers, therefore, was effectually concealed behind some loose sacking, and other litter which the barn afforded, but with a loop-hole through which he could see all that passed, and be ready at a moment's notice to break in upon the interview, in case of need. He was still disposed to jeer his companion upon his unnecessary fears; but Knollis was so down-hearted, and his face so ghastly pale, that Smethers found himself in the new position of trying to enact the consoler. He reminded his comrade, then, that here were two strong men, each with his bludgeon; to which Knollis rejoined by cursing the improvidence that had brought him here without his pistols. He had threatened Sir Edward with them in the grounds at Ernham; what if the other were now coming to turn the tables upon him? A hair would have determined the scale in his self-debate, and sent him

out in full flight through the darkness. But then, his companion? For Smethers was not a man to be trifled with.

They had not long to wait. A distant sound reached them, uncertain at first, then growing more distinct. Knollis, standing in the small circle of the candle's light, strained his ear. Do what he would, he shook with the dread that possessed him. Even Smethers now remained hushed and expectant; he, too, began to feel the situation. What they heard was the sound of a horse's rapid tread, now striking on the flints, now muffled on the sward.

It drew nearer every moment. The rider came on steadily, making what speed he could in the uncertain moonlight that now began to chequer the darkness. They were the pale gleams which at the self-same moment were lighting Walter's guilty steps to the spot, four counties distant, which both brothers knew so well. A small lantern was borne before the horseman, strapped round his waist; it was a novel invention at that time. He had secured one of the few imported into London from France, for he had a good deal of work to do that night. Knollis once put out of the way, he to get himself safely off again through Epping Forest, and so strike homeward.

Edward Bracton is mounted on a powerful sorrel roadster. A dark blue cape, or short cloak with sleeves, conceals his weapons, and is brought up to the face to hide, as much as may be, his features also. Let us not be too curious to read those lineaments of the determined murderer. The face of man—that plastic index of his inner soul—may be schooled, under most occasions in life, to dissemble the workings that go ceaselessly on behind the dial-plate. But there are times when they are revealed, even through its instrumentality, and almost with as much accuracy as the dial tells the hour. Given a sudden surprise, and the intelligence is flashed forth; you might with as little avail bid the minute-hand withhold the hammer from striking. The eye of suspicion, or a keen observation of human nature, possesses itself of the most hidden secret, as by an instinct. And, as now in our story, an eager passion that has taken possession of the soul, like a strong man armed, holding his fortress, can so remould and distort the very features of a human face, that they recount the whole story. It is only the death of the tyrant-passion, when it lies prostrate under the hand of reason—nay of a stronger power, religion; only then can peace return to the face, because it has repossessed itself of the soul.

O man, lord, or else slave, of thy worsen self! so slow to learn the peace and joyousness of that dominion—the degradation, the hungering misery of that servitude!

But these are thoughts left behind by the rapidity of the moment; and, while we think them out at our leisure, the man of action, who has determinately put them aside, has grown out of the darkness, has arrived, dismounted at the gate, and tied his horse to it.

The two men within the barn listen to every sound. The pulsations of the horse-hoofs have ceased, and they knew that he whom they expected has come. Ay, and Fate—let us rather say, a retributive Providence—has come with him.

Now, poor wretch, you who have invited your doom—if ever you learned a prayer at your mother's knee, recall it, mutter it while you may. Turn at the eleventh hour: a moment with Him before whom you are to appear is as a thousand years. It is but as the raising of a latch, the turning of a key, and the door of reconciliation will be flung wide to you by the hand of a pardoning love. Alas! there is no knowledge of the lock; there is no sense of any mode of communication with the unseen. The door does not exist to you. A strong effort of contrition, an earnest desire for the sacrament of reconciliation, a remembrance of the crucifix, a pleading with the heart of the Immaculate Mother, often have these availed with the children of a saving Faith to pluck back the otherwise hopeless sinner, deserted of human help! Men have made those determinate acts during the last moments of their probation for eternity. On the deck of the sinking vessel, while the tempest roars its death-knell, in the wild hurry of the hot battle; from the upper story of the doomed house, while the hungry tongues of fire leap out from the windows below; in the log-hut of the pathless forest, or the squalid bed in a cellar or attic, far from God's priest, sinners have poured forth their heart's sorrow, late—fearfully late—not too late for the charity of their Redeemer. There is no such faith, and therefore no such active hope, nor keen contrition, in the breast of that victim who awaits his murderer in the barn.

"If thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy head—make signal of thy hope—  
He dies, and makes no sign. Oh, God forgive him!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

GEORGE EUSTACE TO EMILY VAUX.

"How can I sufficiently thank you, dear Mrs. Vaux, for the friendly office you have with so much kindness and delicacy performed for me? However unsuccessful the result, your goodness and my obligations remain the same. Believe me, that I appreciate to the full the good-will, the ability of my ambassadress, no less than the high motives which actuate that independent sovereignty you have treated with on my behalf. If anything could add to my wish to contract an alliance which, after considerable thought and investigation of my own mind, I have thus sought through you, it would be the nobility, yet the feminine gentleness, of the refusal entrusted to your reluctant hands.

"I will not deny that, with probably a full share of the vanity of my sex, as great—though manifested in different departments—as that popularly attributed to yours, my first feeling was that of having received a wound. I should, perhaps, appear in your eyes an intolerable puppy if I were to say that a similar proposal, made to anyone of the very few to whom I should think of making it, would have met with a different response. Thus, it is a special but most unfortunate coincidence for me, that precisely there, where many determining motives induced me to make the only proposal of that kind I have ever made, or probably ever shall, a counter-determination, and a very unusual one, on the other side, should frustrate my hopes.

"I trouble you with this little outpouring of my inner feelings, because the office you have undertaken on my behalf implied so much kind intention of promoting my happiness, as makes me confident it will not weary you. You see, I am far from raving in my despair, like a hero of romance. I am no Werter of excited fiction, to hold a pistol to my head. Few of my acquaintances, who do not look below the surface—that is, the vast majority of men, for where do we meet with more than superficial eyes or minds?—will know anything of the two facts, either of which might astonish them considerably—that George Eustace has proposed marriage, and (here, you will think, enters the puppy again) that he has been rejected. Yet you will pardon me, in your feminine mercifulness. If Signior Benedick felt a little touchy at the idea of his friends calling him "the married man," after all his caustic raillery, I may be excused for wincing at the prospect of coming before a world I cannot wholly affect to despise, as actually wearing the willow.

"This is reasoning, throughout, on the conviction that Miss Bracton's decision is irrevocable. I seem—though with an acquaintance perilously slight for the venture that has been embarked on it—to have become sufficiently *au fait* of her character to assure me of this. There is about her that calm decision, none the less firm from being so gentle, which would seem to render any further pleading on my part an impossibility, and almost an intrusion. She is incapable of trifling with anyone's affections, for I am sure she is not heartless. Too many tokens of real goodness of heart, and power of sympathy, directed, at least, to other quarters, became known to me during my brief visits at Ernham, to allow me to imagine it. Nor has she any of that narrow and petty vanity which might prompt women of an inferior cast of character to delay a favourable answer in order to elicit more of that incense of flattery, whose sweetness is only perceptible to her before whom it is offered.

"I am therefore brought to the necessity—a grave one, and a painful—of supposing that some motive, the nature of which I cannot fathom, has stood against me. Am I right, or wrong, in imagining

it may be what you would call a vocation to religion? Your letter leaves me somewhat in doubt; yet I will acknowledge, that if you could distinctly say this, it would afford considerable relief to what I will again call—I cannot mask it—my wound. It would at once relieve me from the intolerable feeling of having been supplanted by an earthly rival; still more from that other, hardly less stinging (I make an act of quasi-humility in acknowledging it) that I have been rejected on my own demerits, and apart from any such comparison.

"If it is indeed religion that claims her, that is a sanctuary into which I cannot well intrude. My own share of the commodity is less, I fear, than I could now desire, when I have need, and feel it, to possess a strong *point d'appui* to fall back upon. With her, I am sure, it is a ruling principle. And there is something about your faith, yes, I must needs acknowledge it—that claims my admiration, even in this moment, when it has probably given the death-blow to my hopes. But I am so little acquainted with any detail regarding the views or mode of procedure of a Catholic young lady in such circumstances, that I write, or speculate, in the dark. If you can give me the semi-consolation I have indicated, I feel sure that you will: but in every case, I repeat my unfeigned thanks for all you have so kindly undertaken and endeavoured on my behalf, and beg to assure you with what a sense of gratitude I remain, dear madam, your obedient, thankful servant,

"GEORGE EUSTACE, the *Rejected*.

"*Arthur's Club, August, 1812.*

"P.S.—I have kept this letter, folded up, and ready to seal, for two whole days, to give time to my thoughts to calm down under the disappointment. I have severely tested myself in the meanwhile; indeed, I hardly know when my mind has so perseveringly turned inward on itself. At length, I determine to send my letter—it goes. All the more, because, strange to say, I am going too. A circumstance occurred yesterday, which has decided me to volunteer for the Peninsula. Perhaps, indeed, the event in which you have taken so friendly an interest would have determined me to do the very same thing; for I confess that your words, however gentle, have stung me—shall I rather say, spurred me?—to throw myself into some immediate sphere of activity. "I shall pass away, and leave no mark behind!" such is your mild and most true reproach. Well, then, I go to the seat of war, to do my best among our brave fellows there, not as a soldier who draws his pay, not even as seeking the bubble Reputation at the cannon's mouth, but urged by the higher motive which your reproof, yes, your reproof, suggests. O Archimedes! you have moved, if not the world, yet one poor atom on its surface: you have moved him all the way from London to Spain, and are therefore bound, by your prayers, to consecrate his sword, and enable him to disprove the asser

tion that the days of chivalry are past. O Mentor! you have cast Telemachus off the rock where he was idling, into the sea where he must swim with vigour. But a truce to classics, and let me end by addressing you more truly. O Mrs. Vaux! 'in thy orisons be all my sins remembered,' and once more accept my thanks for what you have done for me, as well as for what you have so kindly tried to do.

"G. E.

*"Clarges-street, Piccadilly, Friday Night.*

"P.S. 2.—A messenger has just come to tell me that my poor cousin is very much worse, seems indeed almost at his last. I am going off to see him immediately. This makes it, you will say, a quixotic thing that I should go abroad just when my future appears to be thus placed in my hands. It may be so; all my friends here tell me the same. But one thing it determines me to do—to make my will without further delay. You perhaps know that, after poor Riversdale, I am the last of my line. If one of those erratic bullets, each of which, as my future comrades would say, 'has its billet,' should find me, the Eustaces are extinct—no great loss, certainly, to the world at large. At all events, I do not mean to die intestate; and it is this which induces me to ask whether Mr. Vaux will have the goodness to come here to-morrow morning, on his way to his chambers? I cannot pretend that Clarges-street lies directly in a line from Bedford-place to Lincoln's Inn: but a hackney coach will enable him to make the acute angle within half an hour, and I shall be so occupied from this time till I find myself bowling along the road to Southampton, that I shall hardly have a moment to call my own. Otherwise, I would make my way to him with pleasure. Banking business, accoutrements, and poor Riversdale, all engross me—in a word, if Mr. Vaux can come, I shall be infinitely obliged.

"P.S. 3 (a thorough lady's letter!)—Can you, with your feminine instinct, divine the disposition I intend to make of all I have the power to bequeath? And, if you should chance to know a person to whom you feel sure I should desire to leave everything, will you keep my counsel in this, as in all else?"

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE DEED DONE.

It would have been a mistake in the tragic art, so says a high critical authority, to let Medea slaughter her children on the stage. The bard of Avon, if ever any man, was alive, in most cases, to the niceties of dramatic feeling; yet his admirers are not quite sure he did rightly to cumber the scene with corpses on Prince Hamlet's departure out of life. This present narrative, at all events, declines to set forth any graphic details of the exit of Mr. William Knollis. We

are keeping Bracton's horse for him at the gate of the lone barn; no very creditable function, and one that might make us amenable to be arraigned as accessories before the fact. Nevertheless, it is preferable to being spectators of what is going to pass within.

Had you or I, gentle reader, been subpoenaed on the trial for murder, which afterwards took place at the Chelmsford Assizes, we could only have deposed that, while we lingered there at the gate, we heard confused sounds from within. Sounds of anger and contention, in which two voices could be distinguished, at the first, from each other, as they spoke rapidly and alternately. Then they were blent into one, and the tone raised still higher, to that of extreme rage. Immediately after, a kind of dull thud: then a rush, which is as suddenly stayed. And Sir Edward Bracton forces open the barn-door, bearing back upon it, and comes quickly out, walking still backwards. He points the heavy air-pistol at Smethers, who follows him with a bludgeon, but not close. He is kept at bay by the weapon in Bracton's hand.

That dull sound was the discharge of the air-pistol at Knollis, with fatal effect. That rush was Smethers, breaking down, though not so immediately as he would, the hiding-place that Knollis had built round him, to hurl himself on the murderer. The sudden stillness ensued, when Bracton, quick as thought, pointed at him the pistol, which, like Colonel Colt's ingenious and pestilent invention in our day, had a reserve that made it as effective as at the first discharge. Smethers knew nothing of the mechanism of this strange, uncouth weapon; but he looked into Sir Edward's face, and read there the confidence of a man who holds the life of another in his power. No misinterpreting that; and, bold as he was, it stayed him.

"Stand back," uttered Bracton, not loud, but between his teeth; distinctly and determined: "stand back! I do not seek your life. Leave my path clear, and you are unharmed—but move one step nearer, and you are a dead man."

There are moments, and tones, that speak for themselves. This was of them. Smethers instinctively believed him, and, though he waited, he came no nearer. Bracton's pistol, all the while, covered its aim; not the other's head—he might have dodged—but his body. It was life or death for the man before him. Sir Edward retreated still towards the gate, to which the lane led out. The lantern, strapped in his belt, had remained unextinguished, for there had been no struggle. All had been accomplished by aid of fine mechanical appliances, beautifully elaborated, genius and skilful workmanship combined. It would appear as if man seldom taxes his invention more ingeniously than when he plans to do the work of Cain by aid of science.

But the clear light of that small French lantern, meanwhile, enabled Smethers to read the features of the man who had done this

deed. The very horror and excitement of the moment served to stamp them more indelibly on his memory. "If he is to be found within the four seas of Britain," he mentally resolved, "I will have him."

He came no nearer; but he stayed, reading every line in the set face, every detail of dress, stature, and what he could see of the horse at the gate. Bracton observed this, and for a moment hesitated whether he should not immolate a second victim, to ensure his own safety. But, no; he had not arrived at that. Knollis was his only prey, and Knollis, he could not doubt, was made safe. No voice from him on any trial that might be.

"Fall back," he repeated peremptorily. And Smethers fell back a pace or two. "Go within the barn." The other hesitated. "I swear I will shoot you!" Smethers looked at him; believed him. He went inside the door, and closed it upon himself and—the body. But he was not thinking of that: he was bent on reading and identifying the living man.

"Wherever he goes, I will have him!"

Sir Edward remembered his own exposed face. With one hand he adjusted, a little too late, the cape of his cloak, in the other he held his weapon, still pointed at the door.

Backward he moves, along the overgrown path towards the gate. Now, if he should stumble! For Smethers, within the barn, glares with a vindictive eye through a cleft in the shrunken boards, and clutches his bludgeon with a hand that shakes, not with fear, but eagerness. He would leap upon him like a panther, if only he had one chance. He is hungering, he turns half sick with desire of revenge. A chained mastiff howls, even, with piteous rage, to get at the man who passes beyond his tether. The apprehension of instant death at Bracton's hand is this man's only chain, and it would take little to make him snap it.

But Sir Edward is at the gate. He can now cover the lantern, to avoid making his horse uneasy. With his disengaged hand he loosens the rein. Is there a chance for Smethers as he mounts? That is the question the two men were asking themselves, each in his own thoughts. Smethers yearns to see him turn and place his foot in the stirrup. The distance would render a wild rush hazardous in the extreme; but he would chance it. His heart beats thickly, audibly; he grips the bludgeon (loaded, too, in its way, heavy with lead) till the blood almost springs from under his nails. If he had known what it was to pray, he would have prayed then with his whole soul that this guilty man might be given to his stroke—one stroke! He would not ask for more: let those strike twice who needed.

Shall he dash open the door, rush through the dark, through the space of lane, startling the horse with a wild halloo? It needs but to disconcert for a moment the markman's aim, and his bludgeon crashes



on his skull ! But no ; Sir Edward will give him no such chance. Retreating backward still, pistol in hand, the rein thrown over his arm, he walks some fifty paces along the road, then deliberately mounts, sets spurs to his horse, and rides away.

He is gone ;—and Smethers ?

The man leaves his dead comrade in the barn : he will give information as he goes, by any chance that may occur. That is now a secondary object—the first essential thing is to track the murderer. He sets out after him with a wild purpose to hunt him even to the ends of the earth.

But Bracton, the pursued, had the double advantage over Smethers, the sleuth-hound, of possessing a superior general intelligence, and of having already matured his plans. This was not a man to rush without foresight into so perilous a venture. He has thoughtfully prepared each step, and provided himself with every requisite for a successful issue. The horse he rides has been chosen with an eye to his powers of endurance. The rider carries with him a considerable sum, not to satisfy the greed of him who has paid for his unbounded avarice with his life, but to secure all necessary relays. One horse will not suffice for the ride that is before him. Finally, besides his lantern, which he will cast away as a suspicious article, with the first touch of dawn, he has provided himself with a pocket-compass, by which to guide himself along the high roads, and byways, and open commons, and broken fox-covers that may lie between that barn and the distant Ernham. He has carefully noted the points of the long ride on a posting map, which may be still found on bookshelves among contemporary works of the end of the last century. This predecessor of our Ordnance Survey is dedicated to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, then Postmaster-General, and gives a bird's-eye view of rural England, its post-roads and its parks, before Stephenson had "opened up" the country with his iron horse, broken in upon its patriarchal solitudes, or made their echoes hideous with the harsh and piercing engine-whistle, to the extinction of the cheery mail-guard's horn.

What chance has Smethers, afoot and unprovided, against such a combination ? Everything tends to the escape of his prey.

He has a dogged determination to do what in him lies. It remains to be seen whether this will avail. When a man determines on doing a thing, not in itself impossible, he has ten chances to one in his favour, provided he will take all the means.

Bracton now gives a pull at the girths, and enlivens his good horse with the spur. By lantern-light and moonlight he sets forward at a hand-gallop along the forest-road that leads in a north-easterly direction.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Life of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated from the French of Father Leopold de Chérancé. By R. F. O'CONNOR.* (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THIS is a new and attractive life of one of the most attractive of God's saints. The introduction to the work puts forward as one of its special claims to attention that it is the first to embody the narrative of Bernard of Besse, a writer almost contemporary of the saint himself, which has only recently been discovered at Angers. We are surprised that a fuller account is not given of this lost work, and of the circumstances of its discovery, as Father de Chérancé relies on it as transferring many of the exquisite *Fioretti* to the region of authentic biography. Mr. O'Connor has executed his task with so much care and skill that we wonder he has used the words *avid* and *pulsating* when *greedy* and *beating* would have served his purpose so much better. The many clients of St. Francis will welcome this new Life of their patron, which is brought out with the usual good taste of the firm whose name has for so many years appeared on the title-page of so many excellent Catholic works.

- II. *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1881.* (New York: Catholic Publication Society.)

THIS very useful and interesting publication makes its thirteenth annual appearance. Only some thirty pages are devoted to the almanac and calendar, while the remaining hundred pages give carefully compiled accounts of various interesting places and things. But the *personal* sketches are the chief feature of the *Annual*, the present issue containing accounts, which are comparatively full and original, and evidently drawn up with care, of the late Dr. Russell of Maynooth, of Cardinal Manning, of Mother Mary Aikenhead, and of several others. Good portraits are given of all these. This *Illustrated Annual* is sure to circulate widely in Ireland according as it becomes known, especially as our publishers at home have provided us with nothing of the sort.

- III. *Alsop's Manual of Universal Church History. Translated with additions, from the ninth and last German edition. By the REV. DR. PABISCH, and the REV. T. S. BYRNE.* (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THE little work which we have just noticed gives a portrait and short biography of Dr. Pabisch, the learned translator of the work now before us, who died in his fifty-fourth year, in October, 1879. His version of his countryman's well-known work adds much, even to the most complete edition of the original, chiefly as regards the career of

the Church among English-speaking nations. Messrs. Gill will finish in another portly volume their fine Dublin edition of this solid and useful text-book of ecclesiastical history.

IV. *St. Angela Merici and the Ursulines*. By the REV. BERNARD O'REILLY. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

DR. O'REILLY, who has published in New York several popular works, especially the two very handsome companion volumes entitled, "The Mirror of True Womanhood," and "True Men as we need them," has been induced to do for the Ursulines what "S. A." has done so admirably for the Irish Sisters of Charity, and, more recently, Father Coleridge for the Irish Loretto Nuns; the latter, indeed, so recently that we cannot speak till next month of the new biography of Mrs. Ball. *St. Angela's Life* has not so much novelty as that of the two other Foundresses we have named; but her American biographer lends much freshness to his theme; and his book, with its bright exterior, will be welcome to the Ursulines everywhere, and to their pupils, and to many more besides.

V. *The Catholic Birthday Book*. New Edition. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THIS elegant little quarto has been greatly improved since we saw it first. The omissions to which we then called attention have been well supplied. We wish that the plan of the "Deathday Book," which we introduced to our readers last month, were as well executed as this one; for it is more useful to be reminded of the anniversaries of the friends who have gone from us than of the birthdays of those who are with us still.

VI. *A Treatise on Purgatory*. By ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA. Translated from the original Italian. 2nd Edition. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

CARDINAL MANNING, in his preface to the first edition of this work, dated twenty-two years ago, speaks of the original as a "wonderful book," and of the translation as "both faithful and excellent in language." The Saint's treatise is not suited for ordinary devotional use, for which purpose it would require many developments and explanations. We have hastened, however, to notice it, for it has been brought out in time for November, the month of the Holy Souls. As the 2nd of this month is All Souls' Day, let us smuggle away into this corner a very seasonable "appeal for a beloved soul," which was published in the *Month* in November, 1877, translated from the French poetess, Mary Jenna:

" If far from Thee he pines in twilight dim,  
Mercy, just God ! I pray Thee on my knees ;  
His hope in Thee, thy tender love for him,  
Dear Lord, remember these !

- " Our souls abide in tenements of clay,  
At every step we stumble as we go;  
Thou knowest, Lord, how difficult the way  
We travel here below.
- " How hard, amidst the loves and hopes and fears  
Of this wide world, calmly to do our part,  
Nor give its thrilling joys, and songs, and tears,  
Too much of our weak heart !
- " But, O my God, I offer unto Thee  
The Blood of Jesus : *that* all bonds can break,  
And lift all burdens. Now, depart from me  
Awhile to that dark lake,
- " My angel guardian ! stir with thy cool breath  
His fiery mantle ; whisper, soft and low,  
Comfort to soothe that anguish worse than death  
Souls without God must know.
- " Let thy fair aureole shine upon his night,  
Thy loving arms protect him from his fears ;  
There, all are weeping ! let thy voice unite  
With these sad sighs and tears.
- " Point from his prison to the heaven above,  
Tell him that thou, when all this pain is done,  
Wilt greet him there—that there the God of love  
Is longing for his son.
- " Tell him no saint, in his ecstatic prayer,  
Musing upon the Eternal Loveliness,  
Has ever caught one glimpse of what is there,  
That unimagined bliss !
- " Put thy arms round him, give him sweet relief,  
And then, if he should ask who bade thee fly  
To soothe his anguish and assuage his grief,  
Oh, tell him it was I !
- " Keep in thy breast, a sacred trust and dear,  
His loving pain, his longings, and his cries ;  
Then soar to heaven, and whisper in God's ear  
The echo of his sighs.
- " And then from heaven to earth and earthly things  
Come back, for ah ! God knows if I shall be  
Faithful for long, without thy two white wings  
Between the world and me !"

As I hope some may use these fervent lines practically as a real appeal for some beloved soul ; and as sometimes the feminine pronoun may be wanted all through, this second reading of the first stanza may be rashly offered for this emergency :—

- " If far from Thee she pines in twilight drear,  
Mercy, just God ! I pray Thee on my knees ;  
Thy love for her, her patient hope while here,  
Dear Lord, remember these."

The only other place where gender interferes with rhyme is at the end of the seventh stanza, which may be changed to "Yearns for His exiled one." Or, if you wish to make this a prayer for more than one, change *done* in this stanza into *past*, and let the last line of it be, "Will welcome them at last."

St. Catherine of Genoa will sweetly forgive me for tacking on so much poetry to her almost inspired prose.

VII. *Novena in Honour of St. Laurence O'Toole*. By a Client of St. Laurence. (Dublin: Duffy & Sons. 1880.)

THIS little book has just appeared in time for the novena which begins on November 5th. The meditations and prayers are very good and appropriate. A sketch of the Saint's life is prefixed, into which nearly all the authentic details are carefully condensed. Cardinal Cullen, who filled the double office which the patron-saint of Dublin filled in his day—Archbishop of Dublin and Apostolic Delegate—made a pilgrimage once to his predecessor's shrine at Eu, in Normandy. The Archbishop of Rouen expressed his willingness to transfer the relics of St. Laurence to Dublin; but he added, "when your Grace comes to translate them from Eu, you will require at least two regiments of infantry, a few squadrons of cavalry, and a small park of artillery; for my good people have such a veneration for your saint, who is the protector of their city, that they will only yield up his relics to superior force."

## HOPE.

I'M yearning ever for a something great:  
 Now say, my soul, for what. "Is it not Fame?"  
 No; yet I fain would bear an honoured name.  
 "'Tis Wealth, then?" No; that ne'er would satiate;  
 But still I value wealth. "A healthful state?"  
 I treasure Health; but it is not my aim.  
 "'Tis Knowledge?" No, my answer is the same.  
 I love it; but, why should I hesitate?  
 It is not what I want. "'Tis Holiness?"  
 I half consent, but still must answer No,  
 For virtue would not make my yearnings less.  
 Yet calmer now, more clear my musings grow:  
 The something great I want is Happiness,  
 And God on virtue will the prize bestow.

G. J. B

## PAT.

A MINIATURE FARCE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

## SCENE I.

*A Bog in the county Galway.*MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE *soliloquising as he walks.*

THAT is Castle Shaughraun over yonder. I hear Mr. Blake Ffrench Piers has been running the hounds steadily through his property till he has almost nothing left. Going the way my poor father went; and I hear there are grown-up children to suffer for his folly. How well the old chimneys look with all that crimson light upon them! What extraordinary colours the sunset conjures out of these moors, making a bog look like paradise. A fool's paradise, I fear. Well, it is a lovely scene, as I behold it for the first time, thankful that I have been so far blest as to be able to buy back the patrimony from which I had to fly as an infant with my parents in their troubles. My father told me I should find old Piers living in a bog, and throwing his money after the hounds. Yet this is a gorgeous landscape, and everything around appears smiling and peaceful. How well those herons look, perching on the edge of yonder golden pool, edged with a fringe of inky rushes! But, by Jove, here I have come to the very verge of my neighbour's private grounds, and hark to laughter and voices coming through this close-cut hedge!

*First Voice.*—Nora, did you notice how enthusiastically Mrs. Bagnal talked about the new Mr. Joyce to-day?

*Second Voice.*—Rather about his house and furniture, Delia. It was nice of him to furnish so handsomely at once.

NORA.—Looks as if he intended to marry, Mrs. Bagnal thinks.

*Third Voice.*—In that case it would have been nicer to leave the choice of the furniture to the lady. I predict he will be an old bachelor.

DELIA.—How fortunate Mrs. Bagnal does not hear you, Pat. She already sees her Alice mistress of Mount Joyce.

NORA.—She will not invite us as long as he is in the country.

DELIA.—Then I hope he will disappoint her, and, as Pat says, live and die an old bachelor.

PAT.—Poor Mrs. Bagnal would not be the only disappointed person. It seems to me the whole country has its head turned about him. Shabby creatures! All because he is rich. If he had remained in the poverty to which his father reduced him, not one of them would have discovered that he had a handsome nose, or "such a pleasant look in his eyes."

DELIA.—Why, Pat is turning cynical. Of course, my dear boy, he couldn't have a handsome nose if he were poor. Our noses would be lovely if we were rich; but, as it is, they are good for nothing but to turn themselves up at the blindness of our neighbours.

NORA.—And our pleasant eyes might as well cast baleful glances. I suppose it will come to that with us. We shall grow like poor old Miss Medusa, who scowls at everyone she meets:

PAT.—Nonsense, girls. You know you are called beauties! If only you keep up your spirits—and with a few patches and darns—

NORA and DELIA.—Oh-h-h-h! (*A duet of distressful wailing drowns Pat's cheerful young voice for a few moments.*)

PAT.—Well, all I have got to say about the hero of the hour is that my admiration would not be given to his money, his fine house and furniture, his handsome nose and pleasant eyes, but to the pluck, and industry and energy—yes, girls, the determined character that enabled him to do what he has done. Here he is, a successful man, still under forty, and he came into the world heir to poverty and ruin. That is the man for me! Yet the fools round about here rather ignore or excuse the fact that his money was made in trade. They prefer to make believe that he was born with the conventional silver spoon in his mouth.

MR. JOYCE (*aside, behind the hedge*).—Good boy, Pat! I shall be happy to make your acquaintance; also to judge for myself whether the young ladies' noses are lovely or not. Meantime, if I am to retain any respect for myself, I had better play the part of eavesdropper no longer.

[*Exit MR. JOYCE.*]

[*Enter (the garden behind the hedge) MR. BLAKE FRENCH PIERS.*]

MR. PIERS.—My dear girls, I have invited our new neighbour, Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce, to spend a few days with us.

DELIA, NORA, and PAT.—Oh-h-h-h!

MR. PIERS.—Well, what is wrong?

DELIA.—Why, father, I don't think we are at all in a position to receive visitors. Think of the house, the appointments, the servants, or rather poor Molly. And this gentleman—

MR. PIERS.—And have things arrived at such a pass that my own children reproach me with my misfortunes? Gladly would I send to Dublin for Fry to do up our rooms anew; but he would not come! Cheerfully would I place a staff of servants in my house such as once overran it; but, unfortunately, the servants of the present day are demoralised by American ways, and insist upon getting their wages. The son of my old friend, O'Flaherty Joyce, must take us as we are. He will at least find blue blood, the bluest in the country, at the head of my once princely board.

PAT.—He would rather have good claret, sir.

MR. PIERS.—You are my youngest child, Pat, and have always

been my pet as well as my Pat. I did not expect this levity from you.

PAT.—Never mind, dear old dad; we must try to make the best of it; and if the gentleman doesn't like us he needn't come back.

MR. PIERS.—Then I will leave you, girls, to make preparations for our visitor. [Exit. MR. PIERS.]

DELIA.—It is too bad! We shall be disgraced! We have not got a decent gown among us!

PAT.—Oh, yes; we have our clean prints, and I have just finished turning and trimming up my old black grenadine.

DELIA.—Mary Patrick, it is all very well for you to talk, who have got a newly-turned grenadine.

PAT.—I will give it over to you; you can wear it in the evenings; and we shall have time enough to put Nora's old black silk to rights.

NORA.—And what will become of you?

PAT.—I am going to consider. It is plain we cannot afford to exhibit three Miss Castle Shaughrauns.

DELIA.—What do you mean to do?

PAT.—We have too many ladies here, and not enough servants. I think I shall turn parlour-maid for a week.

DELIA.—Pat!

PAT.—Decidedly. We couldn't have poor old Molly carrying in the dishes. We must have a girl to scrub and muddle for her, and I will do the ornamental useful, in my print dress and a little cap; and you two can have the rest of the gowns.

NORA and BDELIA.—Delightful!

PAT.—And I must say, girls, it is not the matter of gowns that troubles me half so much as the state of the house and surroundings. The furniture that won't shine, though I rub it till my elbows ache, and the threadbare carpets that look as if all the foxes from time immemorial had been hunted over them, in at one door and out at another, with all the mounted blazers and the pack in full cry at their heels. I tell you, the marks of generations of fox-hunters are as plain in our home as if it had been nothing but a happy hunting-ground for centuries.

DELIA.—Well, Mary Patrick, you are a very odd girl. One day you are so wild and hoydenish that we call you Pat, and mistake you for a boy, and the next you put on the housekeeper and the mother to a most ridiculous extent. If father threw all his money after the hounds, he only acted as gentlemen of good blood so often do, and *we* can't be blamed for it. And how do you know that, if we make ourselves look pretty, this rich man may not transplant one of us to his newly done-up demesne, where we can wear silks and satins as long as we live, never darn a stocking again, and revenge ourselves for past slights by snubbing the whole country side, and turning up our



noses at them—noses that will then be allowed to be the prettiest in the world!

PAT.—Well, Bidelia, I will give you my blessing and my grenadine dress, and hope you may be the chosen one.

NORA, *pouting*.—And what is to become of me?

PAT.—I promise to titivate your old black silk, and with fresh flowers you must make the best of yourself. You are at least better off than I am, you know. I shall not have a chance at all.

NORA, *laughing*.—You are no beauty, and could not make the best of one if you had it.

DELIA.—No, indeed, Pat, you are no beauty; though it must be admitted you are a capital fellow.

## SCENE II.

*Morning room at Castle Shaughraun.*

PAT *putting finishing touches to the arrangements of the room and the breakfast table.*

PAT.—There now, the room is as nice as I can contrive to make it. It is clean, at least, and neat, as my arms know to their cost. Impossible altogether to remove the footprints of the fox! Oh, dear, I hope the girls will be careful not to come down with any holes anywhere, or pins where stitches ought to be. I wonder which of them the guest will admire most. Delia's complexion is like china, and her nose is exquisite; but, then, Nora has such white teeth, and such beautiful eyebrows. I don't know which I should choose if I were a man. What fun it would be if one of them were to become Mrs. O'Flaherty Joyce in spite of our shabbiness! Heigh ho! I wish I had been a beauty! No one admires me except papa, poor dear old goose, and good old Molly. "Well, Miss Mary," she said just now, "it does make me angry to see you in a servant's apron, you that is the purtiest of your father's daughters, all misguised up like that, with your curly hair smudged down on your forehead, and a cap that is only fit for myself to be wearin'. If you would take yer sate at the table, an' let me do the sarvin', it's you the rich gentleman would be choosin' for a wife!" Poor old Molly is in her dotage, of course, and it's well nobody heard her but myself. No, Molly, I was not born a beauty; my nose will turn up, no matter how charitably you look at it; and that being so, it's a pity I could not have been a man. I should have gone out into the world and worked, and renovated the family fortunes, like Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce. As it is, I can do nothing but patch, and darn, and scrub. [*A knock is heard.*] But here is the gentleman. Now, Pat, for your brogue! [*Exit and enter again with MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE.*]

PAT.—The masther and the young ladies 'll be here in no time at all, sir; an' will yer honor be takin' a sate in the manetime?

[Enter MR. BLAKE FFRENCH PIERS, attended by his two daughters.]

MR. PIERS (*grasping MR. JOYCE's two hands*).—Welcome, my dear friend, welcome to Castle Shaughraun. It is not as luxuriously furnished or as nobly appointed as it was in the time of King Roderick O'Connor; but the days of Ireland's glory are no more. Thankful we may be that the Saxon has left us the humble hen that lays this egg for our breakfast, Do you like them much or little boiled? Here h'm (*aside to DELIA*): What is the new maid's name, my dear?—Oh, Polly, here, boil this egg a little more for Mr. Joyce!

PAT (*aside*).—Dear old dad, how completely I have "misguised" myself; he hasn't the ghost of a suspicion of who I am. But, then, he is such an unobservant old dear!

MR. PIERS.—Delia, my dear, I only see two of my children. Where is my daughter Mary?

DELIA.—Mary? Oh, Mary is away amusing herself after a fashion of her own. You shall see her again after a few days.

MR. PIERS.—I confess I am disappointed in her. Why did she chose such a time to absent herself? Mr. Joyce, I have a third daughter who could have made our breakfast-table livelier than it is this morning. But she is an erratic child; now staid and busy as a matron, tender and helpful as a Sister of Charity, now mischievous as an imp and frolicsome as a fairy. If she were to come to me some day and say, "Papa, I have just been at a picnic party in the moon," I should hardly be surprised. I think she has a broomstick somewhere.

DELIA.—Papa, Mr. Joyce's hair is beginning to stand on end. He will think us an uncanny family. Here are the eggs. [Enter PAT, with tray.]

MR. JOYCE.—I have not yet made acquaintance with your son, Mr. Piers.

MR. PIERS (*getting very red and purple*).—My son, my son, Mr. Joyce? Sir, I have no son. Castle Shaughraun is without an heir.

MR. JOYCE.—I beg your pardon—but I really thought—I certainly heard—. At all events, you have a nephew, who probably takes the place of a son.

MR. PIERS (*stiffly*).—No, sir, I have no nephew.

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—Confound it; I seem to have made a great mistake. What a terrible misfortune that there should be no heir to Castle Shaughraun. Who in the world was the boy called Pat, with whom the young ladies conversed as if with a younger brother? He was the only creature who, since I came to the country, raised a voice that chimed in with my own sentiments and opinions. I had set my heart on making friends with that lad, asking him to stay with me,

giving him some decent shooting, and a glass of champagne, and perhaps helping to provide him with a good start in the world. And now he seems to have melted into thin air. By Jove, what a pair of bright eyes that little serving-maid has got! Such an intelligent face too, except when you speak to her, when she puts on an idiotic stare, and speaks stupidly and with a brogue. I never saw a face so perplexing. Odd that I should notice a waiting-maid, in presence, too, of her charming young mistresses; but it seems to me as if she read my thoughts and could clear up my puzzle about the missing Pat. I could almost believe she was amusing herself at my expense. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will try and make an excuse for having a word with her. Strange that I should think of such a thing; very. But I will make another attempt to solve the mystery above board.

MR. JOYCE (*aloud*).—Have you lately seen your pleasant young relative, Mr. Patrick—a—Mr. Patrick——

DELIA.—We have no male relative called Patrick, Mr. Joyce. All our connections have secured most genteel English names to carry off the Hibernicism of their surnames.

MR. JOYCE.—Your young friend, then.

DELIA.—We have no young friend of that name.

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—I am completely puzzled; I cannot ask any more questions without betraying that I have played, however inadvertently, the part of an eavesdropper.

### SCENE III.

*The Drawing-room at Dinner-hour.—Pat placing lamps, &c.*

PAT.—They have all come in from the meet, and the girls are in great spirits. They are quite taken with Mr. Joyce. He is a good fellow, I am sure, and I do hope he may be my brother-in-law, he has such an honest face; but I am almost afraid to look at him, he is so quick to see everything. From the way he watches me I sometimes fear he has found me out; not that I should care on his account, for I am sure he approves of all kinds of work and helpfulness, but we should be so laughed at, all over the country. Oh, here he comes; I must be on my guard!

[*Enter MR. JOYCE.*]

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—Here is the little waiting-maid and my opportunity. (*Aloud*) Ahem, Polly, a—did you chance to see my—a—writing-paper, which I left on a table near the window in my room? (*Aside*) That will do, I think. By Jove, how pretty she looked when I came into the room before she saw me, and how her face has changed!

PAT.—Paper, sir? Sure no, yer honor; it's meself seen nothin' o' the sort. What 'd I be doin' wid the likes o' it?

MR. JOYCE.—Hard to say, Polly; you might have been wanting to write a letter to your sweetheart.

PAT.—Then what's that, yer honor?

MR. JOYCE.—Why, do you mean to say you don't know? A young man, to be sure, who thinks you ever so good and pretty, and is hoping you will marry him some day.

PAT.—There's none o' that sort about this country, yer honor.

MR. JOYCE.—I cannot believe that; and in a land of *Pats*, too. (*Aside.*) She certainly started. I am sure she knows something; I will probe her a little further. (*Aloud.*) By the way, Master Pat is a merry young rogue, isn't he? Perhaps he ran away with my paper.

PAT (*looking all round, suddenly and anxiously*).—Whisht, yer honor!

MR. JOYCE.—What do you mean?

(PAT *puts her finger to her forehead and taps it meaningly, then nods her head, and looks round mysteriously again.*)

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—Gracious heavens! is the boy out of his mind, and have they locked him up or made away with him? Perhaps he is subject to fits of insanity. But is he always suppressed? Does no one know of his existence? (*Aloud.*) Do you mean to say that this is a forbidden subject?

PAT (*in a whisper*).—Yis, yer honor.

MR. JOYCE.—This is very singular. But——

[*A voice outside is heard calling softly "Pat, Pat!" Pat nods her head three times with an air of awful mystery at Mr. Joyce; then signing to him not to follow, she steps stealthily out of the room.*]

MR. JOYCE.—This is quite tragical; I must and will learn the fate of the unfortunate lad. Truly there is a skeleton in the cupboard at Castle Shaughraun. And to think of those two innocent-looking girls, and that smiling old reprobate pretending to have no knowledge of his existence! I am amazed, alarmed, horrified.

[*Enter MR. BLAKE FRENCH PIERS, with guests for dinner, and his daughters.*]

MR. PIERS.—Welcome, my dear Miss Medusa. Welcome, my good Father O'Connor, to the ancestral halls of Castle Shaughraun. Alas! for the fine old time when we could have entertained you in royal style; but these are not the days of Ireland's kings. Allow me to introduce our new neighbour, Mr. O'Flaherty Joyce. Have you read of that shocking case in the papers, the young heir to a French property fraudulently confined in a lunatic asylum?

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—Confound his audacity! No wonder his mind should run upon such subjects. He might have the wisdom, however, to hold his tongue; but criminals are often, I believe, indiscreet. The subject, probably, has a fascination for him.

MR. PIERS.—Mr. Joyce, you will take in my daughter, Bidelia? Miss Medusa, will you permit me? Father O'Connor, Nora will be proud of your escort. *[Exeunt all.]*

PAT (*peeping in*).—When will the girls learn that I am no longer Pat, but Polly? They nearly ruined everything. I wonder how far our guest has found us out. To think of his opening a conversation with me! I fancy I have put him off the scent, however. He believes there is a lad called Pat who is out of his mind. If he follows up the subject, I will humour him and make a mystery in one of the garrets. I have not had such fun for a long time. But I am forgetting my duties. To business, Polly! *[Exit.]*

## SCENE IV.

*A Corridor at Castle Shaughraun.—Polly dusting.*

*[Enter MR. JOYCE.]*

MR. JOYCE.—Now, Polly, I am anxious to speak to you. Yesterday you gave me to understand that there is a person concealed in this house in some mysterious manner, and supposed to be out of his mind. I must tell you that I am a magistrate, and, however painful it may be to pry into the concerns of my host, still I am strictly bound to see that no injustice is done to a fellow-creature. Here is a sovereign for you, Polly, and see, it is a lucky one too, with a hole in it. And now I expect you to tell me where the lad Patrick is confined.

PAT.—Musha, yer honor, an' is that goold? Many's the time I heerd tell o' goold. Well, well, what a purty colour it is!

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—The ignorance of these people is extraordinary. To think of the girl never having seen gold before! (*Aloud.*) But come, Polly; I want to know if I can do anything for Master Pat.

PAT (*looking mysterious and frightened*).—Will yer honor follow me close wherever I take ye to?

MR. JOYCE.—To be sure I will.

PAT.—An' ye won't tell on me?

MR. JOYCE.—Never.

PAT.—Come, then, an' if ye stick to me ye'll surely see Pat.

*(Pat flies up two or three flights of stairs, and then up a narrow winding staircase ending in a dark passage at the top of the castle, Mr. Joyce keeping closely behind her.)*

PAT (*in a whisper*).—Now, sir, do ye see that door? Just knock aisy, an' don't frighten the crature, an' maybe he'll let ye in, an' talk to ye—if so ye can persuade him ye haven't a horse-whip about ye.

MR. JOYCE.—Shocking, too shocking; poor lad. But Polly—Polly!—

PAT.—Whisht, yer honor, they're calling me below. If you don't want me to be kilt!—You can find yer way down again yerself.

MR. JOYCE.—I am not so sure of that. But go of course; I would not get you into trouble. *[Exit PAT down the dark staircase.]*

MR. JOYCE (*knocking at the garret door*).—Pat, Pat, my lad! a friend is here. Open the door, and speak to me. This is very singular; he is actually afraid to speak or move. Pat, I say. Can he be asleep? He is not a violent lunatic, at all events. I assure you, my boy, I am here as a friend. Hark, I hear a movement! He is going to trust me.

PAT (*who has arrived in the garret by another door, and speaking in her natural voice*).—Hush, for heaven's sake, if you do not want to have me murdered. Go away and leave me to my fate.

MR. JOYCE.—This is monstrous. My dear boy, I have power to help you. (*Aside.*) By Jove, how familiar his voice seems to me, though I only heard it once! I feel drawn towards this lad in a way I cannot understand. It is one of those unaccountable——. Open the door, I entreat of you.

PAT.—No; it is impossible, and I must not speak any more. Thanks for your kind intentions; but my fate is sealed.

MR. JOYCE.—We shall see about that. At least, tell me your story, my poor fellow. He will not speak again. Shall I break down the door, or go away and bide my time? The latter were the wiser course. Let me see. I will get out of this wretched den as fast as I can; and I will have a talk with Mrs. Ffrench, who is a connection of mine, and a relative of the people here. She will be prepared to act as a mutual friend. I know her to be a good woman, and hope she will advise me how to proceed. Now, let me find my way down these bewildering stairs. I turn to the right—no, the left. This is not the way I came. By Jove, I have lost my way! One might as well be in the Bastile. If ever I get out of this confounded Castle Shaughraun, I shall not be in a hurry coming back again; except it be for Pat.

#### SCENE V.

*A Drawing-room at Mrs. Ffrench's house, ten miles from Castle Shaughraun.*

*[Enter MRS. FFRENCH and MR. O'FLAHERTY JOYCE.]*

MRS. FFRENCH.—I have been thinking a good deal over our last conversation, Mr. Joyce, and I have made up my mind I may as well admit that there exists a mystery at Castle Shaughraun. I am placed in an awkward position; but, as you say, the fate of a fellow-creature is in question. You wish to know the entire history of a member of the family called Pat. As a magistrate, you feel bound to make the inquiry.

MR. JOYCE.—Certainly.

MRS. FFRENCH.—That being so, I will introduce you to Miss Mary Piers.

MR. JOYCE.—Ah, the young lady who was absent from home during my visit.

MRS. FRENCH.—I consider her to possess more common-sense than the rest of her family. If you engage her on the subject, you will get very near to Pat.

[Enter PAT in her riding habit.]

MR. JOYCE (*aside*).—By Jove, what a charming girl! Not so handsome, but much more winning than her sisters.

PAT.—I am pleased to see you, Mr. Joyce. I hope you enjoyed your visit to Castle Shaughraun.

MR. JOYCE.—I received every polite attention there, Miss Piers. But I should have found my visit more agreeable had you been at home.

PAT.—I cannot assure you of that. But I always accept a compliment when I get it.

MRS. FRENCH.—Well, my dear, we must not waste a magistrate's time. I will leave you to arrange your important business together.

[Exit.]

MR. JOYCE.—Will you take a seat, Miss Piers? I am sorry, very sorry—to—to—. (*Aside*) By Jove, how can I speak to her on such a subject? What a delightful creature she is! Doesn't look like the daughter of a criminal. How familiar to me her presence seems! I could almost believe I had known her before. But that is impossible.

PAT.—To business, Mr. Joyce. You are anxious as to the fate of a member of our family called Pat.

MR. JOYCE.—I confess it, Miss Piers. I am very sorry —

PAT.—Magistrates ought never to be sorry. In short, you want to know all about a lunatic who is one of us —

MR. JOYCE.—I hope not a lunatic —

PAT.—What, do you question it? At least, then, subject to fits of insanity.

MR. JOYCE.—Do you assure me that such is the fact, Miss Piers? That this bright and intelligent boy —

PAT.—Sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl.

MR. JOYCE.—I do not understand.

PAT.—Well, sir, that is part of the mystery. The creature is under a spell. One day it is a boy, the next a girl. Is it any wonder if we shrink from exposing such a phenomenon in our home? This is only one form of his oddity. I could tell you of many.

MR. JOYCE.—My dear Miss Piers, you take away my breath. I feel that there is some extraordinary mistake at the bottom of all this. Whatever the boy's misfortunes may be, is he to be so cruelly punished for them? (*Aside*) I am beginning to think they are all mad. Such a charming creature, too! (*Aloud*) I will ask you to allow me to make the lad's acquaintance. I had once an opportunity

of hearing his sentiments on a subject next my heart. It was by accident. I overheard —

PAT.—Indeed!

MR. JOYCE.—Yes; and I have taken a lively interest in him ever since. I would take him away with me to travel —

PAT.—How nice!

MR. JOYCE.—I would give him every advantage. Arrange this quietly for me, and I promise to make no scandal—to screen your father's name —

PAT.—You are too good. But, Mr. Joyce, there is a difficulty. The creature is in one of its fits, and is at present a girl!

MR. JOYCE.—Miss Piers, this jesting is —

PAT.—I do not jest, I assure you. Unless you think I am a boy you must believe what I tell you; for I am Pat.

MR. JOYCE.—You are Pat!

PAT.—Sometimes Pat, sometimes Polly—at present Mary Patrick Piers.

MR. JOYCE.—Miss Piers, you—overwhelm me!

PAT.—I will give you five minutes to collect your senses.

MR. JOYCE.—Stay, I do not require so long. I begin to see it all; but tell me —

PAT.—I will tell you. At Castle Shaughraun we have too many girls and no boys, too many ladies and no servants. Sometimes one of the girls has taken to rather hoydenish freaks, and been dubbed Pat, and one of the ladies has turned housemaid, and become Polly. Ah, Mr. Joyce, what a responsibility there is in being a magistrate! Do you see this sovereign? It is a lucky one, with a hole in it; not so large as a key-hole, yet one might almost speak through it—I would not say *listen* for the world.

MR. JOYCE.—Miss Piers, have mercy on me. I see my mistake, my confounded absurdity. But if you have not a lunatic brother, you are certainly a witch yourself.

[Enter MRS. FFRENCH.]

MRS. FFRENCH.—Well, is this dark mystery cleared up yet?

MR. JOYCE.—Mrs. Ffrench, you have come in time to see my confusion. I never was so completely bewildered, outwitted, and conquered by a woman. I confess myself not only conquered, but enalaved. I feel that I cannot live without Pat. May I, in your presence, lay my hand, my fortune, at his, or her, feet? Miss Mary Patrick, I shall never know happiness till you consent to be my wife.

PAT.—Why, who is lunatic, now? Do you not see, sir, that I shall have to take an action for libel against you, for slandering my father!

MR. JOYCE.—Certainly, if you please. But that will do after-



wards. Mrs. Ffrench, intercede for me. Miss Mary Patrick, say that you will consent?

PAT.—Stay, sir; I cannot be cut off from my family. Did I not hear you say, upon the dark staircase, that if once you got out of that confounded Castle Shaughraun, you certainly would never come back?

MR. JOYCE.—Yes; but did not you hear me add, “unless, perhaps, it be for Pat”? I will surely keep my word. If Pat does not say “Come,” I will never go.

MRS. FFRENCH.—My dear, you will never be so inhospitable as to shut the door in the gentleman's face.

PAT.—Well, if he will come on the invitation of a witch—and a lunatic ———

CURTAIN.

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## THE LEGEND OF THE BISHOP'S STAFF.

BY KATIE TYRAN.

IN ages long ago in Germany  
There lived a knight, a sinful man was he.  
In wicked revelry by day and night  
His life was spent—a man of wealth and might :  
Far in the purple distances around  
His stately castle, miles of fruitful ground  
And many flocks and herds were his alone;  
Full many a vassal 'neath his yoke did groan,  
Calling him Master. The wild years passed by ;  
With age came grief. One day with bitter sigh,  
Looking from his high tower o'er hill and dell,  
All the fair smiling land he loved so well,  
He knew his wickedness, his evil ways—  
He wept as back his thoughts went to old days,  
When 'neath the burning skies of Palestine  
He had seen the fiery spear of Paynim shine,  
And foremost in the fray his snowy crest  
Gleamed ever with the Red Cross on his breast,  
Fighting to save the tomb of Christ his Lord  
From the dark bondage of the Paynim horde.

Then thought he of the years that lay between,  
The wild and wicked years of deadly sin,  
And most of one dark sin that soiled his soul.  
Then said he : " The Lord's love can make me whole.  
I will arise, and this fair heritage  
Will offer unto Him, and mine old age  
Will pass in poverty and nothingness.  
The Christ who died upon the cross to bless  
And pardon sinners, will my life forgive,  
Out of his mercy, and will let me live  
Till I have made atonement for my sin,  
And, that complete, my pardon will I win,  
And by the bishop's holy words be shriven,  
And then with joy, mine evilness forgiven,  
Will walk with naked feet to Palestine  
To lay me down beside my Saviour's shrine."

First did he set his many vassals free,  
And all his bounteous wealth allotted he  
To feed the poor ; an abbey fair to raise  
Where monks from morn to eve would chant the praise  
Of the high God ; a stately hospital  
Built for the sick ; his name through all  
The land was blessed : a generous hostelry  
For wayfarers he raised. The time went by ;  
Some years had passed when, all his task complete,  
Poor and unknown, he sought the bishop's feet.  
The bishop, a dark, haughty man was he,  
Of stainless life, but cold austerity  
To those less perfect showed he, hardly meet  
A servant for the Lord, whose holy feet  
Wet with a sinner's tears of sorrow were,  
And dried with the gold masses of her hair.  
He knew not that the pilgrim poor and old,  
With palmer's gown of gray, whose heavy fold  
Of hood concealed his face, was the same knight  
Reputed holiest, crowned with the light  
Of the poor's love that wins the love of heaven,  
Praying with broken sobs to be forgiven  
For evil of old days. The bishop heard,  
With ice-cold face and lips that spake no word,  
The knight's confession ; then his wrath awoke  
In bitter words that the soft silence broke :  
" Listen ! When this my staff shall bloom and break  
In lily-buds, thy pardon will I speak—

Of sinners thou the vilest!" Then he turned;  
But ere he could depart, with words that burned,  
And passionate wild sobs down at his feet  
Fell the sad knight, forgiveness to entreat.  
"For Christ's dear love, forgiveness!" cried he there  
With deepest anguish. All unheard his prayer.  
Coldly the bishop spurned him from his sight;  
Then with bent form and eyes that saw no light,  
Passed out the knight—a woeful man was he—  
Far in the open land unwittingly  
His way he wended. It was winter time;  
The snow was on the world, the bitter rime  
Whitened the knight's gray robe, and in his face  
A wild wind blew, the snow came down apace.  
At last he reached where a great abbey's rood  
Rose fair and pale against the neighbouring wood,  
And knew it not for that himself did raise;  
But, as he passed, low voices chanting praise  
Broke on his ear. Weary, as one distraught,  
"Here will I rest without the doors," he thought.  
"I know that Mary's Son, who bides within,  
Is mild and merciful, and though my sin  
Be red as scarlet He will whiten me  
Even as snow." And then full wearily,  
He laid him down. It was the time of Mass,  
He saw the acolytes in white robes pass  
About the altar that shone bright and fair  
With lights, and wondrous waxen blooms were there,  
Shedding rich perfume. One deep voice heard he  
Break on the glorified silence solemnly  
But sudden, as the incense mounted higher  
And *Holy, holy, holy*, sang the choir.  
With both his hands he covered his wan face,  
Saying, "What do I in the holy place,  
The vilest of his creatures?" Then he passed  
From out the church. The snow was thickening fast.  
He wandered till the night came darkly down;  
And never the snow ceased. His pilgrim gown  
Was wetted through, his guiding staff was lost,  
He hardly felt the deadly biting frost  
Numbing his wan weak hands, raised helplessly  
To shield him from the snow, when suddenly  
He saw a little ray shine fair and bright,  
A wayside Calvary's soft flickering light;  
And, hastening there, he stood a little space  
Gazing upon the pallid, sculptured face

Of the dead Christ until his wandering mind  
Seemed a strange joy and happiness to find.  
He knelt and thought the face grew pitying sweet ;  
Weeping, he laid his arms about the feet  
And rested there ; the snow that fell all day  
Had drifted in and 'neath his body lay.  
A wearied sleep came to him ere he slept,  
Nearer a little to the Christ he crept.

The dark hours sped. At length the knight awoke.  
What wondrous light was this that round him broke ?  
What bloom of paradise was on the air ?  
The knight, with happy wonderment, was 'ware  
Of one who ministered unto him—seemed  
His heart with rapturous joy to faint. He dreamed  
That he had passed, and at God's feet had rest ;  
But as his mind came back, upon his breast  
He saw one hand of Him who helped did lie,  
And lo ! the palm was pierced ! With sudden cry  
He looked ; the Rood's dear arms stretched bare and wide—  
The Crucified was kneeling by his side !  
The face that gazed on him with pitying love  
Was pale and bloodstained, and, the brow above,  
The cruel thorn-crown hung ; the eyes were dim  
And very weary that looked down on him.  
O dear Lord Christ ! Thy ways are far above  
Thy creatures' knowing. Thrilled with happy love,  
The knight his pardon knew ; his sin forgiven,  
He from the Master's arms passed into heaven.

The bishop the next morning went to prayer  
Into his oratory. What sight was there  
To make him pause in wild and blank amaze,  
And weep, and strike his breast, and cry for grace  
And pity from the Lord ! His staff was bright  
With bloom of silver lilies tall and white—  
Lilies from God's own garden—and the place  
Shone with their lustre. Falling on his face,  
The bishop prayed for pardon of his sin,  
And as he prayed were some who entered in  
And told him how in the morn dark and gray  
They'd seen a little wayside Calvary  
With wondrous heavenly glory bloom and burn,  
And feared to enter till the day's return,

When the light vanished, and within they found  
 An aged palmer lying on the ground,  
 Dead in the snow. The bishop hastened there  
 And raised the hood, and, when the face was bare,  
 He knew the knight, who all his wealth had given  
 To the Lord's service, and had passed unshriven  
 From out his presence yesterday. A fair  
 And happy smile the patient lips did wear.  
 Oh, blessed death, beneath the Tree of Pain,  
 Where hung the Christ who surely not in vain  
 His Blood for sinners gave!

In after years

The bishop raised in penitence and tears  
 A stately temple there, and laid the knight  
 Where the high altar, gleaming fair and bright,  
 Of rare and precious marble rose. At last,  
 When many a sad atoning year had passed,  
 His own time came; his penitence complete,  
 Himself was laid beside the good knight's feet.

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## A SKETCH OF MELBOURNE.

BY MELBOURNENSIS.

**E**IGHT or nine years ago, Mr. Anthony Trollope, who has written some interesting stories for the amusement of the public, came to Australia, and, being of a book-making disposition, published two goodly volumes containing his opinion of what he saw at the Antipodes. One of those opinions is that Australians "blow." "Blow" is Australian for "brag," and has probably derived its origin from the phrase, blowing one's trumpet, unless we choose to believe that the blowing of a whale has suggested the slang. The only excuse that Mr. Trollope finds for the Australians is that they have, especially in Melbourne, really something to "blow" about. However, to "blow" at all is, of course, reprehensible, particularly in this age, when we live in the light of the nineteenth century, and when nothing like "blowing" exists in the land of John Bull, in America, or the other parts of the civilised world. While endeavouring, then, to give an idea of how Melbourne looks, I shall treat Mr. Trollope's advice with 'ue respect and try "not to blow."

It is usual to hear strangers, who see Melbourne for the first time, express their surprise that it is so like a town at home. They can scarcely realise that they are at the Antipodes, so many thousands of miles from Europe. Almost the sole difference which distinguishes it from most towns in the Old World is the regularity with which it is laid out. The streets are wide and straight, and cross one another at right angles. This gives the map of Melbourne proper the appearance of a chess-board. The suburbs are generally laid out in a similar manner. The principal streets are about a mile in length, and in some places trees have been planted along the footpaths. The public buildings are, for the most part, stately structures. Those which deserve special mention are the Post Office, the Town Hall, the Treasury, the Public Library, and the churches. The Catholic cathedral, St. Patrick's, even in its present unfinished state, is universally admitted to be superior to any pile, lay or ecclesiastical, in Australia. Large gardens, filled with trees, fountains, and statues, offer cool, shaded walks, very pleasant during our hot summer; while railways, which connect Melbourne with Hobson's Bay, afford facilities for the enjoyment of sea breezes and salt-water bathing. The population of Melbourne and its suburbs is over 200,000, and the prosperity of the city is easily seen in the rich and extensive warehouses, the streets crowded with busy and well-clad people, and the large number of ships and steamers at the wharves. The Melbourne water-supply is brought from a reservoir twenty-three miles distant, and no house in the city or suburbs is without its fresh-water tap. But enough of this guide-book sort of description. The reader will be able to realise better what Melbourne is, if he allow me to conduct him through one of the principal streets.

Here is Bourke-street, the busiest of them all; let us turn into it. Opposite this, the eastern end, stands the Parliament House, as yet unfinished. It does not show to advantage at present, any more than the legislators who assemble within its walls. Many an edifying row has taken place in it, and many a wise and grave senator has lost his h's and his manners in the excitement into which he was thrown by an agreeable epithet applied to him by a political opponent. What martyrdom some men undergo, what sacrifices of ease and quiet do they not make, in consenting to accept the paltry £300 a year given to our colonial Members of Parliament!

As we stroll down the street we notice the inequality of the houses. In one place we see a huge hotel, four stories high, capable, one would think, of lodging all the members of the neighbouring Parliament House; while close to it is a row of small two-story shops, which are far from maintaining anything like uniformity in their style of architecture. This is repeated at intervals as we advance, although beyond doubt the majority of the houses are fine buildings. We soon pass

the new Eastern Market, which occupies half a block, and was erected at a vast expense. Like many a similar speculation, it has not succeeded as well as its designers, the City Council, expected. The market gardeners of Hawthorn, Brighton, and other suburbs frequent a more popular and less expensive ground in another part of the city. Close to the Eastern Market, seated by a shop-door, is a dusky Australian aboriginal, selling matches. He probably remembers the time, some forty years ago, when the kangaroo and opossum sported where Melbourne now stands. He may have fought and hunted on this very spot, which is at present so busy and brilliant a scene, where rich shops are filled with all the luxuries of civilisation, and where 'buses, cabs, and carriages whirl past, their wheels flashing in the sunshine. He is one of the very few aborigines that remain in or near Melbourne, and what sad memories must at times fill his breast! How he must wonder, too, at the power and skill of the white man, set visibly before him in all his eyes rest on!\*

At one of the cross streets we find a man with a stand of divining birds. Anyone who gives a shilling may have his fortune told by one of those diminutive canaries. As we pause for a moment to look at them, a pale, delicate boy pays the requisite fee. One of the birds immediately hops over to one of several small pigeon-holes containing slips of paper. It takes one in its bill and hands it to the man in charge. He gives it the boy, who reads, with a startled air, *Thou shalt die an early death*, and then, with a forced laugh, tears the prophecy in pieces. What needless cruelty (for I relate a fact) to frighten the poor lad! Yet how indignant he would be if anyone asked whether he was frightened. Cole's long Book Arcade, the door-posts of which are painted with the seven colours of the rainbow, engages to supply the public with all kinds of books, from sensational novels (like the "Pirates of the Prairies," price 2d.) to works upon philosophy and theology. A small crowd is collected round the window of the Wax Works, to gaze upon the figure of a female murderer, which is exhibited as a sample of the wonders to be found within. Further on we pass a succession of elegant drapery establishments, some of which are loud about their "selling off," and invite all to come to the "Great Sacrificial Sale." The busiest part of the street runs by the Post

\* An amusing story is told of the admiration with which the Maories of New Zealand regard white institutions. This admiration induced them once to imitate trial by jury. A Maorie was accused of theft, and a judge and jury were appointed to try him. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to be imprisoned for one hundred years. A white man who was present remonstrated, and represented that no one could remain in prison for a hundred years, and no prison in Maoriland could hold a prisoner so long. He respectfully requested that a less severe penalty might be inflicted. His request was granted, and the prisoner was condemned to pay the fine of a bottle of rum. The bottle was at once produced, and all present, including prisoner, judge, and jury, drank it in a merry if not very dignified fashion.

Office. This large and stately building stands at the junction of Bourke-street and Elizabeth-street. Flights of wide stone steps lead up to it, and a handsome verandah, with massive pillars and arches, surrounds the sides which front the thoroughfares. The scene here at the departure of the English mail is very animated. There is then much weighing of letters and parcels, putting on of postage stamps, eager making of inquiries. Letter-carriers pass busily to and fro, and boys rush about crying the illustrated journals and the "*H-Argus*," the "*H-Age*," and other newspapers specially prepared for the out going mail.

A fashionable promenade, yclept "The Block," lies partly in Bourke-street. It is amusing to walk along it between four and six o'clock in the afternoon. "Swells" are to be met there in faultless attire; they twirl the cane, pat with jewelled hand the full-grown or incipient mustache, swagger with an affected air, and show too often their ill-breeding by the bold fixedness of their stare. Ladies also "do the Block," arrayed in smiles (slightly inane) and all the extravagance of the latest fashion. The gay groups stroll slowly along the broad pavement, seeking admiration and amusement, and criticising, mentally or orally, one another's "war-paint."

On Saturday night, when the week's work is over, Bourke-street offers to the observer a busy and animated spectacle. The footpaths are densely crowded; the shops, flooded with gaslight, display their different attractions; and street cries and the shouts of cabmen and 'bus drivers fill the air. Here a hand-organ plays outside a café or restaurant; there a ballad singer bawls to the accompaniment of a violin; sensational evening newspapers are sold by young lads who yell at the top of their voices. The little trotter boy sits under a verandah with his basket and a lighted candle, which casts a faint yellow glare on himself and his wares. Near a street corner the vendor of hot coffee has placed his stall, resplendent with light and shining delf, to invite the thirsty to partake of the cup which cheers without doing anything worse. He finds not a few to patronise him. But too many in Melbourne love to quaff the bowl, which has so often proved fatal to body and soul, to intellect, fortune, and character. Intemperance is one of the chief causes why our lunatic asylums are so full, as it is the source of much of the unhappiness which is to be found within the limits of our prosperous colony. As we pass the hotels and cafés, we see the crowds that fill them, and we hear shouts of profanity, lewd songs, and sounds of senseless merriment. From one a policeman leads a bleary-eyed toper, who leans upon his conductor quite affectionately, realising in no wise that he is in the clutches of the law. At the door of another a half-drunken, though well-dressed fellow is pouring out a torrent of oaths and blasphemies: I suppose he feels it a relief to do so. If remonstrated with when



sober, he will probably excuse such conduct in much the same way as Harry Warrington does in "The Virginians," "'Here, I own, I broke out a-swearing. I can't help it; but at times, when a man is angry, it *do* relieve him immensely. I'm blest, but I should have gone wild, if it hadn't been for them oaths.'" It is, however, a pity (to use no harsher word) that people cannot manage to find some less blameworthy method of relieving their oppressed feelings.

Three of the principal theatres are in this street, and they are largely patronised on Saturday night. An immense illustrated placard outside the Opera House proclaims the attractions of "Pinafore," which is the popular favourite just now. Loafers hang about, directing many a longing glance down the well-lighted passages which lead to the theatrical paradise, and discussing in unintelligible slang the respective merits of their favourites among the comic actors. They vary their amusement by annoying in various ways those who pass into the play-house. They tear up paper and fling it at one another, but it manages somehow to settle over a party just arrived by an elegant carriage. They jostle the play-going crowd, and tread on an old gentleman's corns. When he turns in pain and indignation to see who did it, his hat is driven down upon his eyes, and a merciless poke in the ribs takes his breath away. Before he can even attempt to seek redress for his wrongs, the crowd forces him, boiling with fury, towards the interior of the theatre, while a mocking laugh pursuing him adds insult to injury. Those loafers, called in Melbourne "larrikins," are a *striking* (*vide* the old gentleman just mentioned) social nuisance. The term "larrikin" is supposed to be derived from the mispronunciation of the word "larking," and is synonymous with "rowdy." Numbers of boys and young men collect at street corners and similar places of resort; they indulge in rough play, uncouth tricks, and obscene language; they insult passers-by; they attack and beat unoffending Chinese; and in the darker and less frequented streets they follow (whenever they think they can do so with safety) the garrotting and house-breaking line. Many a struggle takes place between them and the police. Yet the evil maintains its ground, and if the present Education Act, which excludes the teaching of religion from the schools, continue much longer in force, rowdiness will grow and flourish, and will prove, if not looked to in time, a serious danger to order and good government.

The Suez mail goes to-morrow (September 16th), and its near departure compels me to bring this hurried sketch to a close. I regret that I have no time to describe, among other glories of Bourke-street, that eminent butcher's establishment (I shrink from calling such a magnificent place by the vulgar name of shop), which is always shown with pride to our country cousins, an establishment in which dozens upon dozens of carcasses—white, fat, and sleek—are dis-

played, hung up in graceful semicircles, and seen to best advantage by flaring gaslight. Nor can I delay to speak of the heavily-laden wains which make their way daily with the treasures of man's industry, towards the stately Exhibition Buildings, where the different nationalities are just now striving emulously to get their different "courts" into becoming order for the opening day on the 1st of October. As Charles Dickens says somewhere, "neither time nor salmon waits for any man," and if the outgoing mail is to carry these pages to the dear old city on the banks of Anna Liffey, I must not write another word.

*Melbourne, September 15th, 1880.*

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## FLOWERS FOR A CHILD'S GRAVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADONNA."

### XIV.—OUR SUMMER HAUNT.

BUT nearer home than America, or France, or Germany, whither we have gone to gather flowers for our little angel's grave, I know a flower or two as sweet as any, and still more sure than those to be unknown to you, dear reader. One of these home flowers is a lily, on which our little Lilian has stronger claims than the caprice of affection might seek to devise for her. It was hers, her own from the first, when affection fed not on her memory, but on her presence. And side by side with this lily let me place a snowdrop that sprang up before it in the same fair and fruitful garden, which is a soul. I call it a snowdrop, not merely because it is pure and white, and tiny and timid, but because it is about a snowdrop, and that is its name by baptism. There were no snowdrops in the gardens or along the hedges in the month in which this snowdrop peeped up first. No one ever knew of it but me. It was in the warm heart of the summer time that this miniature ode was written. It behoveth me not to reckon up how many summers have flown since that happy summer which gathered a company of old and young friends together into one dwelling by the sea, far away from cities, and even from watering-places. Does the sun really ever shine so brightly now as he used to shine, and is the summer air ever so mellow as it used to be by the seaside, on those old summer mornings, at that most charming of all the hours—the hour which links

the freshness of dawn to the warmth of noon—when the damp night-chill is gone, and the dew is almost dried on the grass, and the smoke of breakfast-making goes up straight from the cottages, and the secret chorus of young hearts is—

“ This earth is very lovely. O my God!  
I thank Thee that I live ? ”

The sea, close up under our open windows, was so calm and clear that the very shadow of the mountain three miles off, across the bay, was as distinct as the mountain itself, showing its white cottages here and there amongst the green and yellow fields that skirted it along to a third of its height. Yet even there, with the sense of chronic holiday in our hearts, and with the mountains behind us, and the sea before us, and then the mountains beyond; and with hungry breakfasts, and luncheons, and dinners, and suppers, and sundry intermediate meals; and with the oil of youth lubricating one's lungs, and the gastric juices of youth “rankling in one's veins;” and with the keen, bracing sea-breezes, and the vivid sunshine, and the mountain rambles, and picnics, wherein perspiration and plethoric baskets, and the contagious mirth of youthful *endimanchés* hearts, enhanced so much one's appreciation of the picturesque; and with pleasant bouts of reading out on the rocks, where they stretch farthest into the sea; and with boatings and bathings, and golden sunsets on the waves; and then the moon! Even there, and in the midst of these and all the other little seaside sensations and events, we, in that genial summer haunt of ours, were glad when the fading day allowed us to close the window-blinds, and to light the candles; and to be social, and to sing, and play divers silly and merry games, more suited to the long evenings round the winter fireside. Now, in the doggerel rhymes exacted from us by some of the indoor games of those summer nights, one little maiden, not older than St. Agnes, shone so pre-eminently, that a certain austere patriarch of the party waxed curious to know how she would succeed in more serious and premeditated verse, and he begged hard for a sample. The little kinswoman of my little angel, for soon we shall come back to her, obeyed. And strangely, there, in the glowing heart of summer, when it seemed as if cold and snow never would return, she sought her inspiration among the snowdrops. All three—the little flower, the little poem, and the little poetess—might seem to possess some sort of spiritual affinity in their fragile grace and tender purity. Nay, this snowdrop also hid itself till the snows returned; for I was far away from that summer haunt, and it was winter, when, opening one of my vacation-books, I discovered a scrap of paper on which these lines, “made to order,” had been scrawled in large, childish characters, and then deposited there by stealth:—

THE SNOWDROP.

"A sweet little thing  
Is the snowdrop in spring,  
In its snowy white robe dressed—  
A pearly gem  
On an emerald stem,  
With a dewdrop on its breast.

"Oh! a brave wee thing  
Is the snowdrop in spring,  
For the winter's scarcely gone,  
When it lifts its head  
From its frozen bed,  
And says, 'Bright spring, come on!'

"And a welcome wee thing  
Is the snowdrop in spring,  
For it heralds the summer sun.  
At the first warm ray  
It melts away,  
And the snowdrop's task is done."

Now, taken in all the circumstances of its origin, which are here vouched for seriously, is not that *merum nectar*, as Scaliger says of an ode of Horace's, and Hannay of one of Edgar Poe's?

XV.—EARLY BLOSSOMS.

There was a still earlier blossom, which I would fain place side by side with this snowdrop. This also, to its own great surprise, strays now into print for the first time, like all but one or two of the poems woven into this quaint medley. All along we have thought only of mother and child, *Madonna col Bambino*. But when a little angel flutters its silver pinions and soars up to heaven, there are tears on other cheeks beside the mother's. The following poem was inspired by such a bereavement to a genuine authentic child in the very first of her teens. In truth, I could wish it to be more childish. There would be, perhaps, more of promise in it if it were less precociously mature, less Mrs. Hemanish:—

LINES ON MY SISTER'S DEATH.

I.

"I saw thee when the rose of health  
Was bright upon thy cheek,  
And in childish tones of happiness  
I heard thee, darling, speak:  
Thy blue and laughing eyes were full  
Of mirth and health's own glow,  
And the clustering curls of silken brown  
Waved o'er thy forehead's snow.

## II.

"I saw thee when the rose had fled,  
 And left thy young cheek wan :  
 Thy blue eyes still shone brightly,  
 But its joyousness was gone.  
 We saw the flower withering,  
 Not all our care could save ;  
 And our darling fast was sinking  
 To the cold and gloomy grave.

## III.

"I saw thee :—thou wert motionless !—  
 The marble of thy brow  
 Thrilled thro' me as I touched it—  
 I think I feel it now /  
 The lips, so often smiling,  
 Their ruby all was fled :  
 And the hand so often clasped in mine,  
 Lay motionless and dead !

## IV.

"But I'll see thee, my own sister,  
 I'll see thee once again,  
 With a crown of angel-brightness,  
 In that land which knows no pain.  
 Thy spirit ne'er for earth was made—  
 For holier joys it burned :  
 And—whence it came—thy happy soul  
 To heaven soon returned !"

E. M.

A goodly number of years separated this poem from the "Lily," with which, however, it is linked in the closest kinship. Let me (as I wish to keep my "Lily" for the last) separate them here by one last set of stanzas on our special theme, for which I do not claim originality, though I have not seen them in print, and cannot say when or by whom they are written. They had been set down in this place as an excuse for contrasting with them a poem which happily would not feel strange in this magazine, which the same hand has often enriched. But "My Treasure" was not only published before in *Good Words* for August, 1861, but recently it has been enshrined anew, with its Millais illustration, in a dainty volume, "Touches of Nature: by Eminent Artists and Authors;" and, besides, it has been slyly introduced into the *IRISH MONTHLY*\* in a review of "The First Christmas." That exquisite poem depicts a young mother's joy: another, with less tenderness and less brightness of thought and diction, describes thus

## A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

"To mark the sufferings of the babe  
 That cannot speak its woe—  
 To see the infant tears gush forth,  
 Yet know not why they flow ;

To meet the meek uplifted eye  
That fain would seek relief,  
Yet can but tell of agony—  
This is a mother's grief.

“ Through dreary days and darker nights,  
To trace the march of Death ;  
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
The quick and shortening breath ;  
To watch the last dread strife draw near,  
And pray that struggle brief,  
Though all is ended with its close—  
This is a mother's grief.

“ To see in one short hour decay  
The hopes of future years ;  
To feel how vain a father's prayer,  
How vain a mother's tears ;  
To think the cold grave now must close  
O'er what was once the chief  
Of all the treasured joys on earth—  
This is a mother's grief.

“ Yet when the first wild throb is past  
Of anguish and despair,  
To lift her eye of faith to heaven  
And think her child is *there*—  
This, this can dry the gushing tears,  
This yield the heart relief,  
Until the Christian's pious hope  
O'ercomes the mother's grief.”

XVI.—LILLIAN'S OWN LILY.

Did the little laureate of the snowdrop, like the *perce-neige* of her earliest song, or like those American infant prodigies, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, or like the sister of that other precocious poetess quoted a moment ago—who, by the way, was as near of kin to her as Margaret Davidson to Lucretia—did she, too, “melt away?” Thank God, no ; though she seems to have prayed for such a fate soon after in this other childish rhyme :—

A SIGH.

“ I've been dreaming all the hours  
Since the day begun !—  
Better I had spent the morning  
Toiling in the sun.  
And the end of all my dreaming  
Since the morning's birth  
Is a longing after heaven,  
A wearying of earth.

Oh, that I were pure and sinless—  
 Oh, that I might go !  
 Would that heaven were not so high,  
 Or that earth were not so low."

Heaven is just as high as ever, and earth is just as low. Have the other aspirations of the girl-dreamer been fruitless also? Not the first one, I am sure; but before the second prayer is granted, many a beautiful and holy thought will, please God, have passed round from heart to heart, from the heart that in childhood interpreted so well the snowdrop's destiny. Yes, the snowdrop may, indeed, "melt away at the first warm ray" of the sunshine, for then its "task is done." But the snowdrop has a sister called the lily, taller, more mature, more matronly, perhaps more beautiful, seen from a further distance, lifting itself up with a prouder grace, yet meekly—less timid, but just as white and pure. And so, some years after our little summer snow-drop appeared, and yet several years ago, one day that the tiny human bud, which was never to bloom except in Paradise, basked at the sunny window of a certain parlour—when my little angel was a very, very little girl, playing gravely at the skirt of a maiden quite too young for the venerable name of aunt—the heart of the maiden welled up again into music like this:—

OUR LILY.

- " A bed of lilies basking in the sun,  
 Their snow-white petals blushing over faintly,—  
 Their cups all brimming full of golden light,  
 That eddies round them with a radiance saintly ;
- " A young laburnum drooping from the wall,  
 Upon the path its golden blossoms trailing,  
 Just thrilling to the echo, sweetly soft,  
 Of winds in distant forests sadly wailing ;
- " Framed with the leaves, my baby-Lilian stands—  
 The lilies love their little human sister,  
 And shed their light around her sunny curls,  
 And, swaying, touch her cheek as though they kissed her.
- " She stands with wide blue eyes and lips apart,  
 A bright carnation in her fingers crushing,  
 Lost in an infant reverie of thought  
 To see the kindling west and mountains flushing.
- " My little golden-headed Lily-bud !  
 Say, canst thou penetrate those realms of splendour  
 That hide but mystery all vague and dim  
 For eyes less spirit-like and souls less tender ?
- " And do thy snow-white kindred whisp'ring tell  
 Rare secrets of those far-off glorious regions ?  
 And does thy sinless gaze e'en now behold  
 The gleaming pinions of their angel legions ?

- " Look at me, Pet ! and not so wistful wise—  
 We cannot spare thee, e'en unto the angels :  
 We need thy smile, thy tiny, tripping feet,  
 Thy small voice chanting little sweet evangels.
- " I've seen that yearning look in other eyes  
 That now are closed, and in the green earth sleeping ;  
 But thine are of another shape and tint—  
 Thou camest to bring us laughter and not weeping.
- " Ho ! for a race—and then thou'lt tell again  
 The words I taught thee, funny little lipper !  
 My birdie, come ! and never mind the sky—  
 Thou must not listen while the lilies whisper."

R. M.

" We cannot spare thee, even to the angels." Did our lily's invisible guardian angel smile at this, and whisper to the angel who was visible that this lily, like the snowdrop, must " melt away," for her light, brief " task was done," and now the Lord had need of her, and wished to gather this " golden-headed lily-bud" for Himself, and to lay it tenderly on his bosom? So, at least, it was to be. And my little angel went home to her snow-white kindred, " those spirits whom we picture to ourselves so vaguely beautiful, flower-crowned, silver-winged, and full of kindness, in whose eyes we are all children." This phrase is honestly marked with inverted commas ; but do not ransack your memory, dear reader, for the passage from which it is borrowed. You have never seen it before, unless yours be the hand which wrote these words in the margin of a certain MS. serenade, " To my Angel," which has since been turned into print. If so, forgive this indiscretion with all the rest. Forgive me for going back to the first days of your early spring to pluck, with rash but not ungentle hand, an opening bud or two, which had deemed themselves " born to blush unseen," and which now blush more deeply to see that they are seen. It is to lay them where our little angel is buried, the first-born of a new family in the holy city of the dead.

## XVII.—THE OLD CHAPEL.

Good and useful it is, and not disagreeable, to prowl in meditative mood round the tombstones of an old graveyard, and read the names and dates thereon. The inscriptions are seldom what they ought to be. There is too much Paganism in most epitaphs and elegies. They stop half way, ending with " ashes to ashes, and dust to dust;" but *non omnis moriar*, " and in my flesh I shall see God my Saviour." Of course the living cannot accompany the departed further than the grave, except by prayer and hope ; but this, the real point of the situation, is not often brought out so well in churchyard inscriptions



as in the following, which is marked also by initials happily familiar to our pages :—

“Mock not the dead with idle lays,  
Nor write vain flattery on my tomb  
Since Truth Himself has spoke my praise,  
Or fixed my everlasting doom.  
You know not which—yet, oh ! my friend,  
Your knees in hopeful pity bend.” T. E. B.

I have been told that the following is to be read in a Lancashire graveyard. Perhaps it is not, like the preceding, printed now for the first time :—

“Whoso him bethought  
Seriously and oft  
How hard it is to flit  
From life into the pit,  
From pit into the pain  
That ne'er shall cease again—  
He would not do one sin  
The whole wide world to win.”

A gentler sermon is preached by the tomb of my little angel, away in the furthest corner of the graveyard that lies round the “old chapel.” It is a good place to be buried in. No romantic rural spot, guarded by the ghost of an ancient ivied abbey, where only a rare pilgrim may kneel to say a prayer—not such, nor yet immured in a smoky town, but just far enough out in the suburbs to be green and fresh, and, again, just near enough to receive many a visit; neat, homely, not spoiled by too much care; sloping from the hill, which is crowned by the old chapel, down towards the river that, at the distance of a mile or two, meets the innermost curve of that noble bay between the two mountain-ranges we have glanced at before in a different context, from a point nearer the open sea. The people have no other name for it than that, “the old chapel.” The saint, under whose invocation it may have been dedicated to God’s worship, will forgive them for ignoring him, for they love the “old chapel.” It is no ivy-clad ruin, it is by no means picturesquely uninhabitable; it is in the vigour of a commonplace, hale old age, still fit for a good deal of work.\* The brunt of the battle, day by day, must of course be borne by the fine Gothic church three streets off; but, on Sundays, Mass is celebrated also in the old chapel, and, on certain days in each month, the faithful gather to the Requiem Mass, and afterwards disperse among the graves. “May the light of heaven shine on all the generations of

\* While transcribing these antique crumpled leaves, I hear threats of renovation and improvements and memorial windows of stained glass. But, dear faithful people, do not improve it too much, do not make it too new, let it still be “the old chapel.”

souls that left ye!" was the prayer a poor mendicant prayed for me one day, in return for a kind denial, like Aubrey de Vere's

"Speak to the end, poor orphan. I  
Am poor, thou canst not poorer be;  
Yet, having nought to give thee, why  
That nothing give ungraciously?"

Here many generations of souls that have left us have laid aside the fleshly garments of their pilgrimage, to be assumed again in all glory and lustre and beauty, let us pray. And here pious mothers, from time to time, bring the children out to kneel beside their own enclosure of grassy mounds, and to strew fresh flowers and prayers. Perhaps the mother is dressed in black. The father of the children has gone already to our Father who is in heaven. And, generally, there is a smaller mound or two, the grave of some little angel, the first that sat in the mother's lap. Only two or three of the other little ones can remember sister Mary, and to them she seems always their elder sister, so old, so matronly. But now, spelling slowly her line on the large stone, they are surprised to find that she kept her tenth birthday in heaven. The mothers who preside at these reunions round the family tomb ought not to insist too rigidly on silence and long faces. Why should we not be cheerful there and everywhere? Let our piety be always gay and amiable, even among the tombs. "Weep but a little for the dead, for they are at rest" (*Eccles. xxii. 11*). "Concerning them that are asleep, be not sorrowful, as others who have no hope: for, as Jesus died and rose again, so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring to Himself: and so shall we be always with our Lord; wherefore comfort you one another with these words" (*1 Thess. iv.*). It is, I trust, in this spirit of Christian joy that I have allowed many thoughts that may seem too quaint and homely to mingle with more solemn thoughts, while twining together this garland of snowdrops and lilies for the grave of my little angel.

#### XVIII.—GOOD-BYE; FORGIVE ME.

To all things under the sun there comes an ending; and there are some things under the sun, of which one wonders why they ever had a beginning. Our mosaic began with an attempt to indicate the close connection between the Heart of Jesus and little angels. Even Rogers, with his æsthetic heathenism, thinks of our Divine Lord when, in "Human Life," he speaks of childhood thus:—

"Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,  
When the rich casket shone in bright array,  
'These are my jewels!' Well, of such as he,  
When Jesus spake, well might the language be,  
'Suffer these little ones to come to Me!'"

And a recent poet, Alexander Smith, who died before fulfilling the promise of his "Life Drama," apostrophises thus a little child :—

"O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;  
The motions of thy dancing limbs are awayed  
By the unceasing music of thy being!  
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee:  
'Tis ages since He made his youngest star—  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
Thou later revelation! Silver stream  
Breaking with laughter from the lake Divine  
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe,  
What wilt thou be hereafter?"

And she, for whom most of these things were at first written, or, at least, thought of, which now are offered to all who choose to read them, is she wroth at this profanation of holy ground? These things were not written in the hope of consoling her, but because she was already consoled; for I remember the saying of our gentle Goldsmith, that premature consolation is the remembrancer of sorrow; and I remember that phrase in a newer story, almost worthy of being mentioned in the same breath with the "Vicar:"—"We did not try to console her, it was too soon yet for that, we only loved her." That is a cruel custom described by Gerstaecker: If a child up to four years of age dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel. Right enough: but then the little corpse, dressed in a snow-white frock, is laid out in joyful state, with flowers, and holy pictures, and wax-lights; and the poor mother must dance, and laugh, and sing with the rest of them; for is not she the mother of a little angel? But you, dear sister, we did not treat you so harshly. We let you weep; we let you obey the mandate of the wise man, never wiser than in ordering the poor human heart to weep over those that are gone. *Modicum plora*: a little, but only a little. And now you have wept enough. And now, when, at the bidding of St. Francis de Sales, you look up to *cette brave petite Sainte*, who was yours, and is yours for ever, you do not weep any more, but only over your eyes there comes sometimes,

"A happy mist  
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green  
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

You have wept enough, or, rather, your little angel has prayed for you enough, to enable you to bear your cross meekly, nay, with gladness. The little grave is green enough to kneel upon, and then, after many a prayer, to talk round with hushed voices and hearts subdued. But, thank God, you did not wait for the second or the seventh harvest of daisies to kneel there and pray, and to bless, with loving

submission, the hand which has taken away, not for ever, the gift it gave.

“ No, no, my own darling, I would not recall you—  
I leave you to God's sweet will :  
For I know you're with God, and happy! happy!  
And I know you love me still.”

So was a daring hand beginning to translate the better poetry which the Heart of Jesus put into your heart, after the first storm of tears had passed over and cleared the air. “ If a *Hail Mary* could bring back my darling to my arms, I would not say it.” Ah! not to bring back the child to you, but to bring you safe to your little angel, go on strewing your days and hours with *Hail Marys*, that your last words on earth may be, “ Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for me; have mercy on me, O Heart of Jesus!”

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## BRACON; OR, SUB SIGILLO.

A TALE OF 1812.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### THE MURDERER'S RIDE.

Who has not known the exhilaration of a slapping ride across country? When, gentle reader, did you last find yourself well mounted, on a horse capable of the determined flying leap, clever at topping a wall—your tried companion, gifted with speed and courage, good temper, endurance? Horse and man, with their excellent mutual understanding, are then sworn companions and friends; a common purpose lies before them, and a stirring one; and thus we accomplish our mileage as the crow flies, not as road-surveyors mete it out with their chains and perches, laying down their ponderous mile-stones; not as our elders and betters may pursue the devious tenor of their way by the slow aid of wheels, stopping anon to bait their tired post-cattle, or to rest the family pair of chestnuts and porsy coachman. Over the hedge, with a loose rein; now sit well back, as our good steed descends the other side; then away through the meadow, stretching onward, free and far, as Mr. Scott has it of his noble stag—would he had hymned our nobler nag—it would call up a Pindar to do it; and meanwhile, hip, hip, and away!

Such joyous memories quicken the heart, and make the life-blood

stir; they fill the mind's eye with swift and pleasant alternations we have known a-horseback; while those autumnal woods crisped their leaves under the hoofs in the fresh October air, while we swept through undulations of meadow-land, and streams, and the broken fox-covers; broad, winding lanes, green as Robin Hood's merry men, with velvet sward, ever trimmed by Nature's hand, that perfect landscape gardener; while the pace, amid these her chosen haunts, is a well-maintained seventeen mile an hour, or more.

But there are riders and riders. The guilty and the guileless ride alike. We have to return to the murderer, and the severe, nay, desperate chevvy that lies before him.

From Epping to Ernham—these are the whence and the whither for that blood-stained man: a stretch of some hundred and thirty miles, even could he follow the crow's flight. But he has first to dodge his pursuer, then to ride through the night-hours, during which needs must he follow the road, or puzzle slowly amid byways. Throughout his long gallop, there are devious miles and miles, where the straight line cannot be taken; they will add another good thirty miles to his flight. For, risk it as he may on the reckless steeplechase,

“—the path the human being travels  
Follows the river's course, the valley's windings,  
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,  
Honouring the holy bounds of property,  
And thus secure, though late, attains its end.”\*

But away! while we thus linger, Richard Smethers is on the trail. The pursued has already determined on his plan. He will ride east-by-north, as men would phrase it at sea, so much as the sinuous forest-roads permit him; thus he will feign to be making for the Essex or Suffolk coast. Then, having thrown the sleuth-hound off the scent, having broken up the chain of evidence that might be brought hereafter, he has to strike up north-west, and bisect (so his tutor might have said at Cambridge) the island for a considerable portion of its length, till he reaches home, and—Helen.

His plans have been well laid. Shame upon us, when for worthier ends we take such ineffectual and ill-considered means! Bracton has planned this murder with more forethought than scores of men employ on how to save their souls. He has brought everything with him: a pocket-compass, a well-folded map to guide his course; a roll of bank-notes and purse of guineas, for relays of horses. Half his fortune would have been well bestowed, so he reasons, to emancipate the other half from these intolerable exactions, to rid him of this incubus. Knollis disposed of, and himself once safe at Ernham, then he may tell pale-hearted fear it lies, and sleep, in spite of thunder.

\* Schiller, “The Two Piccolomini.”

Sleep! has he then lulled his conscience, more than that other, who "murdered sleep?" Do no compunctious visitings knock at his heart? No vision of the murdered man rise before his eyes? Hardly yet: the time for that has not come. He will have leisure at Ernham; leisure to quake at his own dread memories. The avenging furies, that will cling like vampires round his roof-tree, and sit with him by the hearth, and scream discordant in his ear, have not overtaken him upon their slow but certain way. Lame of foot, they are left behind by the desperate gallop. At present he flees, not from remorse, but Smethers!

Romford, then Brentwood; these are the points of his feigned flight, before he doubles. The first place is six good miles from where his gallop begins, the second at least an equal distance further. The forest-paths are intricate; but with his compass and his lantern he can hardly be much at fault. One or two false turns he makes; once he comes suddenly on an open space, having for its centre the charred remains of what had been the Fairlop Oak. Here his compass warns him to double back, and he looks to his pistols, for he cannot be far off from the avenger of blood behind. Yet what can a man, armed only with a bludgeon, do against a steady aim? He will not risk it. Enough of murder; he is a novice in that dreadful trade, and his purpose is flight. He is driving wildly upon the point of being at Ernham within an incredibly short time. Turpin rode from London to York almost at a sitting, and thus was able to prove an *alibi*, when charged with a crime perpetrated in the capital. Sir Edward may have had some confused remembrances of that story. He has not the advantage of being mounted on Black Bess, but he will go as near that feat as he can. Flight, then, not—he does not like that other word—flight, flight! He stops to tighten the girths, and mentally traces the long way that lies before him. At length he emerges on the open road, and his course his clear. Smethers, meanwhile, has gained upon him.

A couple of short miles, well-galloped, and the light he carries flashes on the white bars of a turn-pike. Is this in his favour or against him? Both; for while the delay occurs at a point perilously near to the man who dogs his way, should Smethers have made speed and the gate-keeper be surly, yet it will afford evidence, if needed hereafter, that his course has lain in this direction. But no time is to be lost. His shouts arouse the sleepy functionary, who at length appears at the upper window of his gate-lodge. But to Bracton's peremptory demand to be let through, the other as sturdily demurs.

"Here, good fellow!" cries Sir Edward; "here's half a guinea for you. Let me through at once. It is a case of life and death—I am a doctor, and am sent for on an urgent case 'of sickness.'"

"Ay? and prythee, how long ago may the messenger as comed

for thee ha' gone thro' my geate?" answered the man, with a grin, being no novice in the ways and wiles of travellers.

"Come down at once," insisted the horseman, "and I will make the half guinea a whole one. If you delay me, you shall hear of it from the Chelmsford magistrates, I promise you."

The gate-keeper balanced the matter in his thoughts: but a guinea is a right good bit of gold—and a magistrate is also a name to conjure by. It might prove as much as his place was worth to delay the horseman—if, indeed, he was a true man. Hodge Wilkins had abrewd suspicions, all the while, that the man who was chafing, and whose horse was pawing and snorting below, had chosen the highway for his especial line in life. Nor was Bracton's countenance at all reassuring, as the gate-keeper peered at him out at window. There were highwaymen every whit as personable as he. "Sixteen-string Jack," who had been hung in the days of Dr. Johnson, "towered," in the opinion of the great lexicographer, "above the mark;" so likewise did Claude Duval, of whom this janitor had never heard.

The delay was enough to make any man chafe, under existing circumstances. At length it ended; the old man shuffled down, pocketed the coin with another grin, bestowed a shrewd look of scrutiny at both horse and rider, then unlocked and swung open the heavy gate.

Bracton sprang through it without a word, and continued his gallop.

He is not half way to Romford, when Smethers comes panting up to the turnpike, falls against it exhausted, and holds on by the bars. When he can gain breath, he too, in turn, shouts to the gate-keeper, for water—water! if better cannot be had. When that appeal meets with no response, he shouts—"Murder!" and is listened to. The man sleepily, and angrily, puts his head again out of the window. No sovereign this time, though; so Smethers has wearily to climb the gate. In a few gasping words he explains the case, and learns that the horseman had spoken of Chelmsford. Then he knows, or thinks he knows, Bracton is making indeed for the coast: a bad prospect for his vengeance. Having no clue to the name or calling, or usual residence of the man he is hunting down, his only chance will be gone if his quarry gains the sea. Smethers walks on as well as he may; but the run hitherto, and the previous excitement, have done him up. He staggers along the road from sheer weariness of heart and limb.

The town of Romford consists principally of one long and spacious street, flanked by an old gray church tower. As Bracton cantered through, more easily now, the church clock struck eleven. There was a light in the churchyard; the parish sexton had been belated in digging a grave. He was resting on his spade, looking out upon the main street. The light from Bracton's lantern attracted him; he

watched the rider as he passed, and craned his neck to look after him. The baronet courted observation at this stage of his progress; the more who remarked him the better. He did not turn his face; but neither did he give his horse the spur.

"That un rides late," thought the sexton, as he shouldered his pick-axe and shovel, and sought his chance of a quart of ale at the Lord Nelson's Head. Here he found half a dozen toppers, sitting late over their drink and dominoes. He came among them with the nearest topic of Romford intelligence; that the clatter they had all heard, but thought it not worth stirring for, was caused by a horseman, well mounted on an active sorrel, who wore a short blue cloak, and had a lantern strapped to his middle. Whereupon the *junta* fell to considering what could make a well-dressed man ride at such a time o' night. Finally, with that amiable tendency to condemn the unheard and defenceless which we have all admired as characteristic of man in estimating his brother, they decided that the stranger must be a highwayman, who had not ventured to stop at an honest public, and in all likelihood, they should hear something of his doings on the morrow.

This self-appointed tribunal had not to wait so long. The landlord of the Nelson's Head must have infringed the terms of his licence by keeping his house open so late; for before the sexton, the tailor, the brewer's man, the attorney's dissipated clerk, and Hodge, and Tom, prorogued their sitting, Richard Smethers appeared at the bar, white as a ghost, and faintly asked for a glass of ale.

Needless to say, that as soon as his story was told, all Romford, that was not in bed was astir with the news. The constable, indeed, had to be knocked out of his first sleep, and the miller's horse was hastily saddled for him, all awry. The veterinary surgeon lent the best animal in his stables for the use of a half-pay lieutenant of marines, who had come back from that eastern coast towards which the murderer was supposed to be spurring. The officer was in uniform; and armed. He took up Smethers behind him—Smethers, as much animated by the near prospect of vengeance, as by the hasty refreshment he had snatched at the Nelson's Head. The doctor's son, a harum-scarum youth up to everything adventurous, and nothing steady, spent the time that should have been employed in saddling his father's brown mare, in vehement attempts to induce the cautious owner to lend her. This parental obstinacy threw him full twenty minutes behind the rest, but if he can make up by hard riding, we may reckon him the most dangerous to the pursued of all the party; inasmuch as he is better mounted, and rather a crack shot with the pistols he always keeps in prime condition.

After all, 'tis but a sorry cavalcade, when compared with the first-rate horseman and the clever, serviceable roadster galloping forward,



ahead of them. The issue of the race depends on how far ahead Bracton may determine to strike off at the angle, and the dexterity with which he will accomplish it.

Into Brentwood, with what speed they may. There, at the door of the principal inn, a small crowd is gathered, shown by the light of a couple of stable lanterns, and by the tranquil moon, that now witnesses every deed of this summer night. The inn windows are open, and those of the nearest houses. Huddled into extempore costumes, every one is talking eagerly. In the midst the sorrel, unsaddled, unbridled, reeking with the gallop, is led to the stables by the hostler—and by the ears.

A few words explained all. The man they had come for had passed not much more than a quarter of an hour. He had lost valuable time in persuading the landlord to part with his favourite gray mare, a regular spanker; had left his own sorrel, together with several ten-pound notes in exchange, drained a pint of claret on horseback, pistol in hand, and was off on the high road to Chelmsford, amid many ahrewd surmises, and a half-formed resolution to stop him in those whom his arrival had summoned from their beds. Bracton's weapons and determined mien, together with his liberal dealing in the matter of horse-flesh, had turned the balance of the popular mind against such a design. A shower of silver among the hastily formed crowd, to drink his health, completed the favourable decision.

Personal fear, personal greed, have largely determined human acts, ever since our first father tottered through the gate of Paradise, outward bound.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### AN OBITUARY.

*From the Morning Post for September 4, 1812.*

"We have to record the demise, on Tuesday last, at his villa residence near Kilburn, of the Right Honourable John Charles Constantine, Earl of Riversdale, Viscount Eustace, and Baron Dawnay, in the peerage of England; Viscount Kirkpatrick and Baron Fyers in the kingdom of Scotland, and a baronet; a grandee of Spain, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Huntingdon, Colonel of the Huntingdonshire Volunteers, Hereditary Trustee of the British Museum, and honorary D.C.L. For some time past, his lordship's health has been such as to inspire his numerous acquaintances with the gravest apprehensions; but within the last few months, we are informed, a degree of mental isolation, and a withdrawal from the usual interests attaching to a man of rank and fortune, supervened upon the protracted bodily sufferings to which the late earl has at length succumbed. Into the cause or extent

of the affliction thus alluded to, it would be, of course, intrusive on our part to enter; but we believe it to be well understood throughout the upper circles of society, that the lack of sympathy with all political movement and social action, which rendered Lord Riversdale's life practically that of a recluse in the midst of a period of unusually intense public interest, extended also to his religious convictions. There are men to be found amongst us with louder voices to proclaim their opinions, since the atheistical outburst in a neighbouring country at the end of the last century has appeared to endorse them—who boast their freedom from the trammels of a traditionary belief. With such outspoken infidelity the deceased peer was understood to have no sympathy; and this is now asserted with earnestness by the few to whom he ever opened his real thoughts. Hardly at all times correct in his personal conduct, indolent in wielding the great influences for good that were so abundantly ministered to him by his high position and great estates, he always professed at least a decent respect for the general principles of religion. He was also known to be alive to the advantages of an established national worship, and was easily prevailed on (for his actions in general amounted to little more than a compliance with the suggestions of others) to furnish ample means for the repair of the parish church at Riversdale, his lordship's principal seat in Huntingdonshire. Few, however, of our readers will have forgotten the reported *mot* of a disaffected farmer, who, at the tenantry dinner that followed the reopening of the sacred edifice, pronounced the noble lord to be a supporter of the Church as a buttress, rather than as a pillar, inasmuch as he supported it from the outside. We should hardly have committed ourselves to the indiscretion of alluding to these characteristics of the noble earl who has passed away from the midst of us, and in the height of a London season, but for a report, whispered without being stated, and which we sincerely trust will prove to be devoid of any foundation. This rumour is to the effect that Lord Riversdale's last hours were spent, not in the communion of our venerable Established Church, but of that rival Church, or, rather, schismatical sect in this land, which it is the insane policy of a certain class of statists or empirics to allow still to exist with toleration. It may be augured with sufficient certainty what would be the activity in propagandism of the restless priests of the Catholic body, and their most zealous adherents, backed by the foreign power to which they appear to own a more willing allegiance than to the throne and constitution of these realms, if the laws were relaxed which have wholesomely held in check their misguided zeal. On this ground, Lord Riversdale's demise may tell with good effect upon the vexed question, now agitated with so much vigour on either side, of Catholic Emancipation. If his alleged mortmain perversion shall have the effect of opening the eyes of his peers, and of the country at

large, to the danger affecting all our hearths and homes from the Roman quarter, then it may be said of him, in the words of our great national dramatist regarding the thane of Cawdor, that nothing in his life will become him like the lesson he will have bequeathed in leaving it. We may still, however, await, with a degree of confidence, some authoritative denial to the very injurious assertion here alluded to. If it has been impossible to claim Lord Riversdale as an energetic or influential member of the established and time-honoured system, symbolized by the words 'Church and King,' we would not, therefore, willingly see his name appropriated as a partisan of the Catholic policy, or a proselyte to the doctrines of that alien religion. Meanwhile, it only remains that our obituary notice should close with the announcement, not new to the majority of our readers, that the title and estates of Riversdale, with all the hereditary honours thereto belonging, devolve to the late earl's cousin, George Eustace, Esq., member for Sudbury, and only child of the late Honourable George Constantine Eustace, second son of Charles, twelfth Earl of Riversdale. The present possessor of the title and estates is at the moment serving as a volunteer in his Majesty's army in the Peninsula. It may be permitted to us to express a hope that on his lordship's early and safe return from the seat of war, he will assume the position awaiting him, of no inconsiderable magnate among the peers of the realm, with a more consistent view of what is expected of him in religion, in politics, and in social life, than was ever the endowment of his noble predecessor."

*From a radical print of the same date.*

"One of those cumberers of the soil of a free people, the burden and blight of whose *vis inertiae*, like the personal bulk of Tityus, is to be measured by acres, as they 'lie floating many a rood,' has been removed by death. Lord Riversdale breathed the last of his profitless exhalations, almost as we go to press. He had vegetated—if that be not a slander on the vegetable kingdom—he had existed, then, for some thirty years, much like his fathers before him, until, on Tuesday last, he 'thaw'd, and resolved himself into a dew.' Fifty thousand a year, drawn from the broad lands of one of the richest and most exclusively aristocratic parts of England, with a political influence which we thank him for never having exercised—our one obligation to the departed peer—all this has suddenly changed hands. To speak more truly, it has dropped from the nerveless fingers that were incompetent to wield it. Whether the Liberal cause will be gainer or loser by the extinction of so feeble a life, remains to be seen; for it depends on the character of a successor, who is absent at the moment, and has been little known beyond the circle of his frivolous compeers. A point of honour (so called), connected with some foolish challenge over a gaming-table, is reported to have sent out this spark as a volunteer to

the Peninsular army; in which case, though his accession to title and wealth will doubtless give into his unskilled command the lives of brave men, as in so many other instances of jobbery, we shall hardly have the advantage of his lordship's personal acquaintance before the termination of this needless and disastrous campaign. Probably the Riversdale tradition of doing nothing but float down the stream of existence, will be still cherished as an heirloom in the family. How long is England to lie under the superincumbent weight of these—well-named—'incumbents,' clerical and lay?"

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### CAIN THE FUGITIVE.

THE murderer maintained his steady gallop from Brentwood onward, as if, indeed, he were making for the distant coast. He has no time to lose; determined enemies are on the trail. Though his horse is a good one, as he assured himself with practised eye and hand before buying it, yet a cast shoe or a sprained fetlock might end this race for life. He is warily on the look out, on either side, as he rides, searching for some feature in the changeful road that shall furnish the definite point for striking into his new track, and so increase the distance at every stride from the pursuers, whom he will thus throw off on a false scent. North-east and north-west are to express the divergence.

He reaches the given point, and does not hesitate. A stream shimmers like a glittering snake across the road, its changeful streaks of light revealed in the rays of the summer moon, before it flashes to his lantern. The moon; ay, that universal lamp for the guiltless and criminal alike, though it has scarcely half-filled its orb, befriends him now. Bracton pulls up his horse, and puts out the light he carried.

Then he walks the mare into the small stream, keeping her hoofs carefully from any side-tread upon the gravelly road. The trail is now lost; every hoof-mark is washed from the gravel by the running water. It might baffle a Sioux Indian to discover which way the fugitive has gone. Each tiny wave in the sparkling brook obliterates his whereabouts all the more.

But how to leave the road? The water streams in from the northern side through a small culvert, protected by stonework some few feet high; over this, a stiff hawthorn hedge, long overgrown, interlaces its tough branches. The mare's head is towards this side, but it looks too risky. Perchance she may not be good at such a puzzle of a standing leap; though an Irish hunter would get upon the stonework cleverly, and be safe away, Bracton might be caught, like Absalom, or his horse impaled. He determines upon

trying the southern side, for there the course of the brook is more unimpeded. He backs, therefore, in the water, slowly, carefully, till horse and rider impinge upon the hedge; then, with skilful hand upon the rein, backing still, they scramble through the wounding branches, not without lesion of the blue cloak, and sundry thorn-points as mementoes of that night's ride.

It was well for the fugitive that the meadow into which this stream glided was nearly level with the road; had it not been so, steed and rider together might have got an ugly fall. But once in the meadow, he is safe, and he loses no time to get out of the moonlight, under the shade of a copse that straggled irregularly a pistol-shot from the road.

Not too soon, either. He is hardly ensconced in the thicket, when the sound of hoofs at full speed is borne to his ear. From the confused trampling, Bracton learns that his pursuer has gathered a reinforcement; and in truth, here they all come—the *posse* that hastily formed themselves into a pursuing party at Brentwood. The marine officer, who has, for the nonce, become a horse marine, with Smethers behind him; the constable, and that wild-blood, the doctor's son (he has caught them up already); onward they gallop; they are passing like a whirlwind.

Sir Edward has dismounted. His knowledge of horse-flesh teaches him that his steed is likely to whinny at the sound of hoofs. He casts off his riding cloak, therefore, and covers the mare's head with it. Darkness generally cows both man and beast, and the mare stands still. Bracton allows ten minutes, and the tramlings of the pursuers are lost again in the distance.

Now to retrace his steps up the stream; but not before cloak and lantern, roughly tied up in a bundle well weighted with stones, have been committed to a deep hole formed by the current in the recesses of the sheltering copse-wood.

Up the stream, across the road again. All is as still as though he were in the great African desert. It is such a breathing calm as might well appal the man's guilty heart. If he were wandering in the woods at Ernham, it would have had power over him. Just now he is bent on escaping; no other thought can find a place.

Under no slight disadvantage, Sir Edward takes his standing leap from the water and loose pebbles over the stonework in the opposite hedge; but the mare is equal to it, and after a scramble that displaces some of the stones, and a narrow escape of broken knees, horse and rider find themselves safe in a field of rye. But it will not do to leave such evidences of their having struck off the road here. Bracton therefore follows the hedge, until a tough young sapling juts above it, then dismounts, and ties the mare securely by a cord which he has brought at his saddle-bow. All has been foreseen; he has every requisite.

He goes back to the stone culvert, and clammers down into the road. Toilfully he builds up again the stonework by the light of the moon. This loses him valuable time, it is true—what if his pursuers should return upon their traces? Yet it is all-important that he should obliterate, at this especial point, every token of his flight.

And now, mounted once more, he steadies his horse to consult the pocket compass, then the map—no easy reading by a north country moon, summer though it be. He is to make for Chipping Ongar, a stretch of seven good miles as the crow flies; then for Harlow, an equal distance beyond. But he cannot ride as the bird flies; and the difficulty he now must face is this rye-field, that would leave tokens of his passage through it, as unmistakable as foot-tracks in deep snow. He rides round the extensive field at a foot's pace, that the grey may tread lightly on a margin of green sward left untouched by the ploughman and the sower; the dry summer turf will recover before morning from the pressure of the hoofs, even if they who will come in search of him should hit upon the point of his departure from the road. There are now a hundred chances to one against that.

On the further side of the field, remote from the road, a gate leads into a narrow straggling lane, much cut up by wheel-tracks and the passage of waggon teams. Now he may tread securely. He skirts a solitary farmyard. The growl of a chained mastiff, half roused from sleep, is the only notice he receives; and now he is out upon a cross-road, none of the best, that leads to Chipping Ongar.

We are not surveyors for an ordnance map of England, and can do no more than skim the surface of Bracton's guilty flight. A consummate horseman, he keeps the good gray at an easy gallop; no distress and no delay. The shadows of the extensive castle at Ongar, built by King John, intercepts for a few moments the light of the summer moon; but the further road lies whitened in its rays, and he soon flashes into it again. At Harlow he enters Hertfordshire, keeping upon the eastern boundary of the county; leaves Bishop's Stortford to the right, encounters the river Quin, which his steed takes gallantly, and so emerges on the high road from Hertford to Huntingdon, the "Ermine-street" of ancient days. At Royston, he gets into Cambridgeshire, and has now made a twenty mile gallop from Harlow.

Time to draw bridle, and refresh the gray. Sir Edward is little accustomed to grooming; but this is a man who turns his hand to anything that affords the means to the end he has in view. He dismounts, unsaddles the mare, ties her to a gate; then, with a wisp or two from a haystack, addresses himself to the process of currying, in a style that would have astonished the head-groom in the stables at Ernham. He is far away now from all pursuit, but his horse must be spared yet awhile. When once he can strike upon the coach-road

that leads through that beautiful part of Nottinghamshire, the old Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood, now called the "Dukery," from the noble parks and mansions that beautify it in succession—when the dewy branches of each great woodland estate hang one after another over his road—Newstead, Mansfield, Thoresby, Welbeck, Clumber, Worksop Manor—then his riding has reached its term. Then he will find some secure and lonely spot, cut the throat of the good gray, topple the carcass into a pool, or bury it, no matter with what amount of labour; then fling away his riding-whip, and hail the passing stage-coach as a traveller on foot.

The first pulsations of a new day made themselves felt in the east, as Bracton rode along the elevated chalky ridge called Alconbury Hill. He has spurred through the brief summer night; now there dawns upon him the first morning of the life of—a murderer! Yes, he begins to feel the appalling shadows that make up that word. The avenger of blood is no longer spurring on his track; but a black fiend has its abode in his bosom, and what shall dislodge that fearful guest? No need of a mark on the slayer's brow supernaturally impressed, as that of Cain. "Man of Blood," is branded there indelibly by the hand of his own crime. As we trace his figure against the sky in the pale dawn, while the bat and the owl flit to their lurking-places, he is ten years older than he looked by the pale glare of the chandelier at Crockford's. Age is less reckoned by years than by acts, experiences, sufferings, the wear and tear of soul or body. The great world around us may chronicle its events by epochs or centuries, but the progressive history of the little world in each man's breast is the advance he makes, by every conscious act during his brief span, upwards or downwards, towards heaven or hell.

How gloriously arose the sun over Whittlesea Mere, over the flats and fens of Cambridgeshire, flinging upward his mantle of light, heralding his advance by royal largesses bestowed on land, on wood, and water, "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy!" It struck cold upon Bracton, as the very moonbeams of night. All things external and indifferent are to us as they find us, and Nature plays to our hearts a tune in the key to which we have already strung their chords. To the guilty wretch we are now concerned about, as to the musing, melancholy Hamlet, "this goodly frame, the earth, seems a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire; why, it appears no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." Truly had a thoughtful poet written, truly had Eustace quoted him, with deep shuddering does Bracton now feel it:—

"In our life alone does Nature live—

Ours is her wedding garment, Ours HER SHROUD."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WALTER TO SIR EDWARD.

"BROTHER,—Read first what I write to you, before you look to see the place I am compelled to date from. If you become bewildered when you have finished my letter, you can hardly be so much as I am at this moment. There is some dreadful mistake, of course, which time, I trust, will clear up; though I remember that Justice used to be represented as blind—and we have both known such cases of innocent men being transported, or even executed, that I shudder to think the clearing up might possibly come too late for me, and for you too. For, after all, you would not be honoured by feeling that people studiously avoided talking of a rope—I am not joking, I assure you.

"I have been arrested, and—not to delay what must be told—I write to you from Chelmsford gaol. But even this is not all. They who play with Fortune, as you and I have long done, may chance in the course of things to get on the wrong side of that capricious one's favour. The present case is much worse than any ordinary trick of the fickle jade; so much worse that I hesitate to give its real name to the charge now made against me. But the common proverb says, it *will* out, so out it comes. I am here, then, charged with—*Murder*!

"The very gravity of the thing is, in one way, a consolation; for I hope it will be the more easily disproved. That I am innocent, brother, I need not tell you. Whom was I to murder, and why? I was only just returned from abroad. When I came to the Priory ruins the other night—of which, of course, you have heard—I had not been forty-eight hours in England. One rencontre, indeed, I had, within that time: I stopped a horseman for his purse, under such compulsion as makes the wayfaring peasant root up a turnip out of your fields. I was penniless and hungry. Even then, I got more than I bargained for, and came off with a stunner that has certainly lessened, for a time, our likeness to each other. In one thing we are still alike: there is no blood on our hands, thank God! Whatever the seventh commandment\* may have to record against us, we can at least look up clear regarding the fifth. 'Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.' Do you remember when we sat together at Covent Garden, and heard Kemble say that, under his breath, in 'Hamlet,' looking askance at the guilty king? But this is an impatient digression.

\* Few non-Catholic readers, probably, will cast their eyes over these chapters; but if it should so chance, they are to be reminded that the Church, in dividing the text of Exod. xx. (a process as arbitrary as it is necessary, since the Hebrew text has no divisions) follows St. Augustine, in making what non-Catholics call the second commandment an expansion of the first. Thus, with the Catholic, the fifth forbids acts of murderous violence, and the seventh, sins against justice.



"The facts, then, are briefly these : After leaving the old ruins—a moment I shall never think of, brother, without bitter shame and remorse—I returned towards London, not knowing what other course to take. In you, I had lost my only friend in the world ; or, not to speak of any warm friendship, the only one to whom I could apply in my need. I know not to what desperate courses I might have been driven, but for the strange misadventure that has given me a home—that is, a cell—and my daily food in the prison allowance.

"I had spent my last penny on a coarse supper 'in the worst inn's worst room' by the roadside, on the highway between Banbury and Woodstock. Worn out with hunger, and the wear and tear of mind and body alike, I leant my head on my arms on the table of the inn-kitchen, and lost myself for some time in a dead sleep. I was aroused by the entrance of several men, rudely, and with some noise.

"The foremost of them came up to me, looked fixedly in my face, then turned to another.

"'Mr. Smethers,' he said, 'is this your man?'

"I turned with anger, you may be sure, from the one to the other. The second approached, and seemed to read every line in my countenance. There was a wolfish look in his, that was horrible.

"'The very features,' he said, 'and no mistake ; but how has he come by that black eye ? And the clothes—why, they are worn and soiled.'

"'What does this mean, my men?' said I, getting up to show fight.

"'Ay, ay, we are accustomed to that sort of thing,' said the first man, pulling out his constable's staff, and getting between me and the poker.

"'Just say,' he continued to him whom he had called Smethers, 'whether you believe him to be your man or no?'

"'Why, look here,' answered the other, showing a paper, 'if this be not the very description, line for line.'

"I should not have been a Bracton if I had submitted thus to have my portrait taken against my will. I bade them angrily leave me to myself. I was on the point of declaring my name, and my relationship to you, but prudence kept me silent on those points. I determined not to disgrace either you or myself, and to utter no syllable, not to be betrayed into so much as an indication, of who I am. This secret I have kept till now, and will keep to the end, whatever may happen. Happen ! I shrink from the word—the whole thing is so strange, so inexplicable.

"It is through a brave old Irishwoman, with whom I have found means to communicate—through a golden key to the turnkey, or the promise of one—that I send you this. She is bound to strict secrecy, and would do anything for a Catholic in trouble : for so I have repre-

sented myself, and truly. You know, indeed, that, like others I could name, if I am no ornament to my religion, at least I own no other. Do you wonder at my having been able to secure this messenger? I must tell you, then, that I have promised the under-gaoler five guineas for pen, ink, and paper, for a quarter of an hour's conversation with the old goody, and for letting her pass unquestioned. I am sure I may draw upon you, and that you will also reward her liberally. Are we not brothers, after all? Edward, I implore you, forgive the unhallowed purpose with which I came back to the home of our ancestors, and let my future life, when once this hideous mystery has been solved, prove the sincerity of my remorse.

"After comparing me with the description they had on their paper, of somebody else, they pronounced that I was undoubtedly that somebody, and bade me follow them at once, if I did not want to be handcuffed. It was of no use to resist; the constable had his pistols, and the others were not empty-handed. I went with them, endeavouring all I could to discover from their talk what was the definite charge against me. Of this I could learn little enough. A crime of violence had been committed somewhere east of London, and we were, therefore, bound for Chelmsford, the assize town. Whether it was robbery, or murder, or both, I was accused of, I was unable to elicit. In either case I could have afforded to laugh at the suspicion, but that I am here, so alone and friendless, and determined, moreover, not to involve *you* in my disgrace. On that point rest assured. I will trust rather that a merciful, a *forgiving* Providence will raise up some proof of my innocence, even at the last; and there I lay my appeal. Guilty of many sins, I can hold up my head regarding this. I will face my accusers (this Smethers, an ill-looking scoundrel, I fancy is somehow the chief of them) with a clear brow. I will sooner demand an ordeal—the law of England still allows it, perhaps—than fail in defending myself, or drag you into this mystery.

"But my poor wife! I am almost unmanned when I think of her, and of my innocent child. Poor Lucy! she little reckoned on this when she linked her fortunes with mine. And Edie—well, well. There is a God above; He knows I am no murderer. To Him, again I say it, I make my appeal. And you, brother, will aid me to establish my innocence. An inward feeling assures me of this, although I am unable to see by what means it will be brought about.

"I have said enough. Farewell! Release me by every means in your power. This comes from one unworthy to bear any family name, but who, after all, shares

"YOURS.

"Chelmsford Gaol.—

What an address for a Br——other!"

(Carefully erased).

## SONNETS

IN MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

I. *January* 10, 1880.

FRIEND of past years, the holy and the blest,  
 When all my day shone out, a long sunrise;  
 When aspirations seemed but sympathies,  
 In such familiar nearness were they dressed;  
 When Song, with swan-like plumes and starry crest,  
 O'er-circled earth, and beat against the skies,  
 And fearless Science raised her reverent eyes  
 From heaven to heaven, that each its God confessed  
 With homage ever widening! Friend beloved!  
 From me those days are passed; yet still, oh, still,  
 This night my heart with influx strange they fill  
 Of beaming memories from my vanished youth:  
 On thee—the temporal veil by Death removed—  
 Rests the great Vision of Eternal Truth!

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 II. *Feb.* 20, 1880.—*After reading again his letters.*

At times I see that ample forehead lit,  
 Bright as the day-spring round the mounted lark;  
 At times I see thee stand in musing fit;  
 At times in woodlands of that twilight park,\*  
 Deciphering well-loved names on beechen bark:  
 Where Rotha's moonlight ripples past thee flit,  
 I see thee kiss a grave—then by it sit—†  
 Her grave that left the land's chief Poet dark.  
 This day I read thy letters. Word and scene  
 Recur with strangely mingled joy and ruth;  
 Thy soul translucent, yet thine insight keen,  
 Thy heart's deep yearnings and perpetual youth;  
 Thy courtesy, thy reverence, and thy truth—  
 All that thou wert, and all thou might'st have been!

\* Abbotstown. The allusion is to one of Sir W. R. H.'s letters.

† Another allusion to the letters. The grave was Dora Wordsworth's.

## NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.* By Sister MARY FRANCIS CLARE. (London: Burns & Oates. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

THOSE who have any experience of printing and publishing know that it costs a good deal to bring out a very moderate edition of a small devotional work, too small to occupy a position even on the topmost shelf of a dignified library; and those who have this experience are sure to join in our astonishment at the long series of volumes, many of them very portly and sumptuous—dealing with many different departments of literature, histories of places and persons, fiction, music, ascetic theology, &c.—with which the Catholic public has been provided by the amazing courage, perseverance, and industry of Sister Mary Francis Clare Cusack, better known as the Nun of Kenmare. The latest addition to the Bibliotheca Kenmariana is the work named at the head of this notice. It consists of two parts, the first treating of the types of Our Blessed Lady and the mysteries of her life; the second of her principal and most favoured shrines. It is a large and handsome tome, bound very effectively, and illustrated by several good engravings after the “Old Masters;” while the margins of each of the eight hundred ample pages are made up of many pictures. It is a book to be looked at rather than read, interesting and edifying as the reading of it is: for it is too huge and too lavishly decorated to be handled familiarly. It will no doubt be patronised even by persons with scanty enough means, but who, in their simple faith, think rightly that nothing can be too grand for the Blessed Virgin.

- II. *The Girl's Spiritual Calendar.* Translated from the French of the Author of “Golden Grains.” By JOSEPHINE M. BLACK. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.)

WE should like to know the name of this French priest whose pious writings are received with such avidity by the religious public. Of the Dublin translation of “Golden Grains” three editions have been bought up in a short time; and there are at least two other English translations of the same work, which, of course, in its original French, has received an immensely wider circulation. The present pretty quarto will find favour with convents and their pupils. It is much more handsomely and less economically produced than in French, in which it forms only a small part of a closely printed volume. It is thoroughly well translated into pure, clear, and natural English, as the translator's name would lead one to expect, if one recognises it in its altered form. Our Magazine has from the first been a sworn foe

to anonymity ; it has given the names of its own contributors in full wherever it could get or take permission. Most people like, or ought to like, to know the persons to whom they are indebted for good thoughts and bright fancies. In this spirit we venture to assert the identity of the author of this excellent translation with the author of other articles and translations whose titles bear the same Christian name, though the surname has changed—a circumstance which sometimes occurs in the career of a daughter of Eve.

III. *God in His Works: A Series of Reading Books for the Children of the Church.* By the Sisters of Mercy of the Kinsale Community. (London: Burns & Oates. 1880.)

THE Kinsale Convent of Mercy has sent out far and near colonies of devoted nuns, many of these colonies becoming in turn wonderfully effective centres for the propagation of this charitable institute. Another service of a different kind this zealous community is now attempting in the publication of a series of reading books, of which the third has just been issued. The present volume treats of plants and flowers, of sun and stars and seasons, the dryness of exposition being occasionally relieved by what an old writer calls "the mellifluous meeter of poesie." Questions for examination follow each chapter, and a good vocabulary of difficult words winds up the volume.

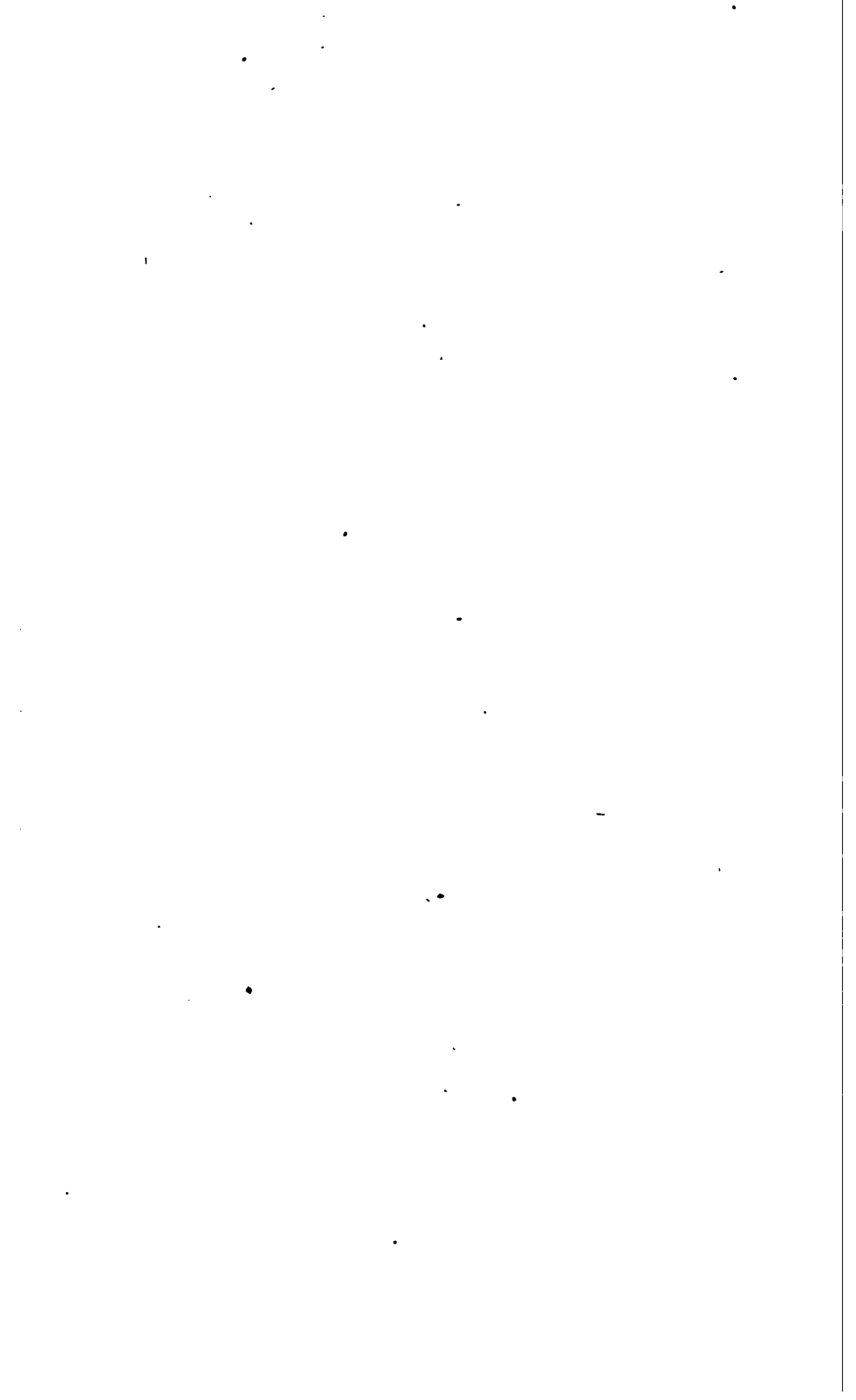
IV. *Historical and Biographical Stories, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.* Compiled by JAMES J. TREACY. (New York: P. J. Kenedy. 1880.)

THIS is a most attractive collection of extracts, many of them fresh and new, the best and most attractive, however, being those that are *not* new. An ardent Catholic spirit has guided the choice of most of the materials. Though most readers will wonder why certain favourites of their own are absent, and why certain pieces that are given were not rather excluded to make room for their betters, this would be the case with almost any possible selection of readings. The present selection will be deservedly popular in the United States. The frontispiece is injudicious, as it prepares us for a more directly sacred book than Mr. Treacy wished to compile.

END OF VOLUME VIII.

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